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CALIFORNIA MEMORIES

By JACKSON A. GRAVES

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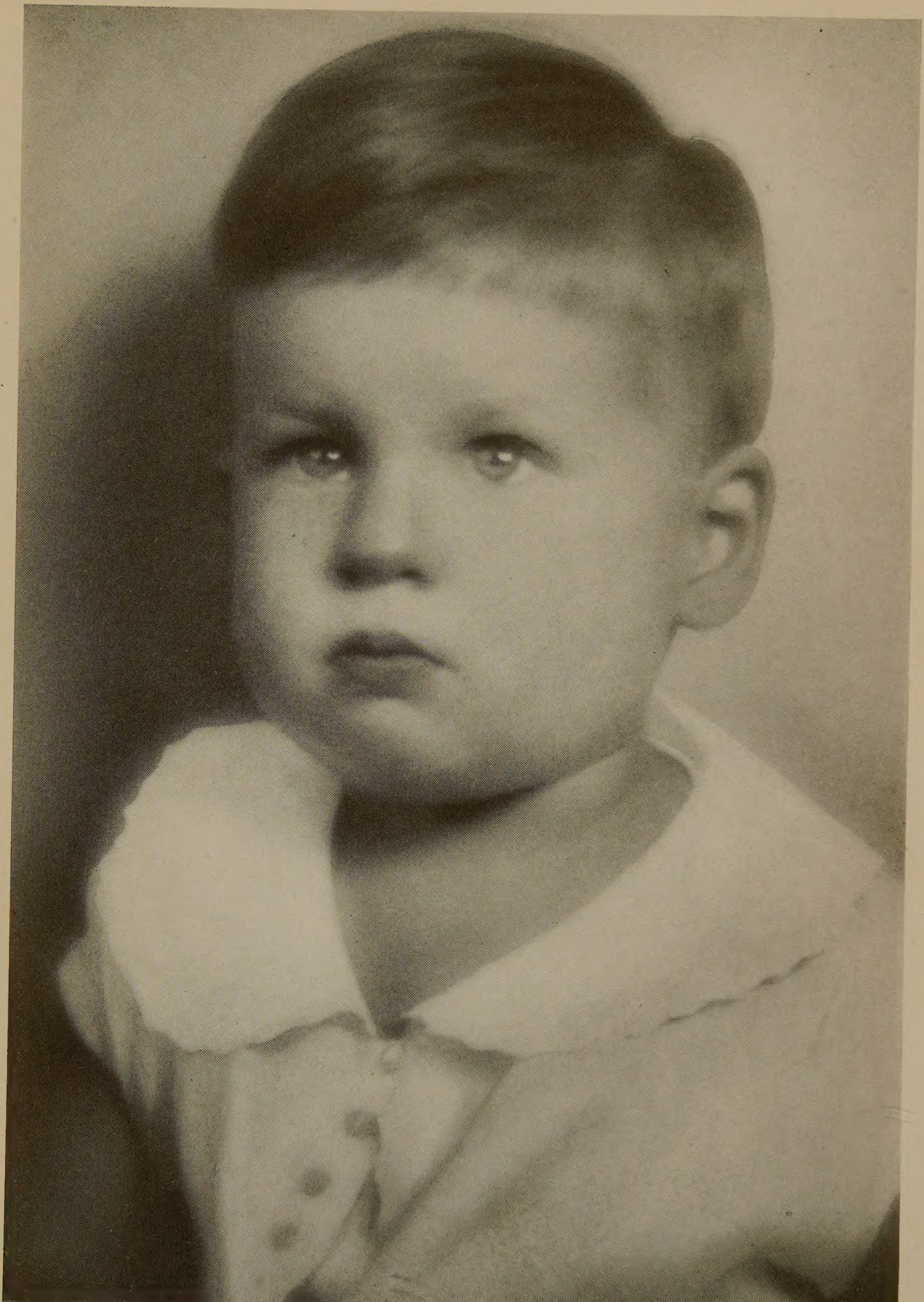

My Youngest Grandchild, Selwyn J. Graves,
Seventy-Five Years Younger Than I Am

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CALIFORNIA MEMORIES

1857
1930

By
JACKSON A. GRAVES
President of the Farmers and
Merchants National Bank
of Los Angeles

Author of
"MY SEVENTY YEARS
IN CALIFORNIA"

TIMES-MIRROR · PRESS
LOS · ANGELES · 1930

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By J. A. GRAVES

AFFECTIONATELY
DEDICATED
TO MY
TEN GRANDCHILDREN

PREFACE

Many years ago, the great Voltaire wrote the following: "Books are now multiplied to such a degree that it is impossible, not only to read them all, but even to know their number and their titles."

Were he living today he would probably have intensified his remarks. In view of the fact of the number of publications being annually turned out, it may be presumptuous on my part to add thereto, but if this volume is as well received as was "My Seventy Years in California," I will feel more than repaid for the time and labor expended in writing it.

There is much herein that I believe worthy of preservation. I have endeavored to truthfully portray the physical appearance of portions of California. Some of my descriptions give pictures that can never be seen again, because of an increasing population which, in addition to making changes in the manners, habits and customs of our people, in many instances, by improvements made, even alters the appearance of our landscapes.

Great as the progress of California has been in the past, it is nothing to what the progress will be in the years to come.

While this volume contains much original matter, I have included in it, altered and abridged, some stories of auto trips and hunting excursions that have in the past appeared in local magazines or the daily press. I trust that the reading public, to whom this volume may come, will receive enjoyment therefrom.

J. A. GRAVES

AN INNOVATION

THEODORE ROOSEVELT was a great innovator. He ignored traditions and scorned precedents. I am going to follow the example of the illustrious Theodore and for once do the same thing. Instead of an introduction to this volume, I will reproduce here the criticism of "My Seventy Years in California," printed on March 3, 1928, in the *Financial and Commercial Chronicle* of New York City—to my mind the greatest commercial journal in the United States. This criticism was voluntary on its part and not the result of any solicitation by me. It runs as follows:

BOOK NOTICE

MY SEVENTY YEARS IN CALIFORNIA, 1857-1927, by J. A Graves, President of Farmers and Merchants National Bank of Los Angeles. The Times-Mirror Press, Los Angeles. Four hundred and seventy-eight pages.

We have read this book entirely through with interest and pleasure. In these days when biography of leading men in the world's affairs, whether to praise or blame, has become almost a fad, it is refreshing to read the simple and engaging story of a manly man who played his full part in his time and place with ability, courage, honor and fidelity to every duty and trust. Told without self-laudation, the narrative covers the period of growth and development of the State of California from the days of the pioneers to the present, and tells of the generous part which the author played in its affairs. While it is an intimate recital of association with friends, family and local affairs, it touches upon all phases of the history of the "Golden State" and will command a wide reading as a "human document" that reveals in an attractive way the real life of the people of a virile and loyal community far removed from the more rapid moving panorama of the Eastern seaboard. And yet, as the author remarks in passing, this seventy years shows more progress in many ways than the centuries that went before, and in the last fifty years California has kept abreast of modern mechanical and material improvements and builded cities that are marvels of enterprise and endeavor.

Emigrating from Iowa and coming to California in 1857, through the Golden Gate, the father of Mr. Graves settled in Marysville, by way of a river boat from San Francisco, at the time the third town in the State. Then begins the story of early life upon a ranch five miles out, full of hard work but not without its own peculiar recompense. Here is a bit of description of life at that time: "We always made our own hams, bacon, lard, and had plenty of spare-ribs and sausage meat. Some of the sausage was stuffed and smoked and lasted until away in the Spring. In the Fall we would put up a barrel of sauerkraut and kill a young steer, pickle some of the meat, make corned beef of some of it, smoke some of it, and eat the rest fresh. As far as living was concerned, we had everything that anybody ought to have. We made the old-fashioned lye hominy, taking selected ears of corn, putting the corn, after shelling it, through the fanning mill, and then outdoors there was a hopper, made of boards, in which all the ashes from the house were put, and when the rains came, a jar was set under the drainpipe of this ashbin, and gave us lye. With that lye the outer covering of the corn was removed, in making hominy, then the product was washed thoroughly until all the lye was out. With fried hominy, sausage, spare-ribs and cornbread for breakfast, plowing seemed easy." Mr. Graves describes with felicity many incidentals of boy life, "the old hard-kicking muzzle-loading shotgun," and a distressing circumstance with a "cannon" used for firing salutes, the raising and marketing of vegetables, hunting rabbits for spending money, driving cows to the new ranch, a country boy's delights with dogs and horses. But we cannot linger on this part of the book.

After a "desultory" education, if we may use that word, Mr. Graves became a lawyer, practicing first in San Francisco. Here we have a picture of the city between 1870 and 1880, the bar, the courts, the clients. One peculiarity of this book is that the reader is not left to tire with a continuous or chronological narrative. There are pauses and intermissions filled with stories and anecdotes and personal views and judgments. In 1875, the author removed to Los Angeles to take a place in a law firm. He was successful from the start. In one place he states that feeling he could not become a "great lawyer" he early devoted himself to the more lucrative phases of civil practice in which he excelled. We are given an account of the old Mexican and Spanish land grants and the means of perfecting these titles in the courts. In this the firm of which Mr. Graves was a member became expert, enjoying a large patronage. There is a pause here to narrate game hunting experiences, the importing of blooded horses, then a dash into politics and the political bosses of Los Angeles. Then we come back to the law with interesting accounts of cases and amusing incidents of practice. The organization by Mr. Graves of the first abstract company. In all this Mr. Graves mentions a wealth of names and with liberal praise where due and sometimes with caustic comment of faults and failures. In doing this he has indelibly written into the annals of the city a roster of its leading citizens as he knew them.

Though interested in other banks and their incorporation while a practicing attorney, Mr. Graves became, in 1903, President of the Farmers and

Merchants National Bank, having been Vice-President from 1896. He then forsook the law, devoting himself to banking and other varied and large interests. Of this bank he writes: "When I took charge of the bank in June, 1903, its total assets were something like eight million dollars. At the present time they are close to sixty million dollars. There are larger banks than the Farmers and Merchants in Los Angeles, but they are the results of combinations and mergers. The Farmers and Merchants National Bank is the same old bank, never consolidated and never merged, although it has had many opportunities to do so. Its growth is all its own. It is universally recognized as sound, fair in its dealings, safe and responsible." Then follows a succinct account of banking in Los Angeles as it came under the close observation of Mr. Graves who organized the first clearing house. In this connection, as it is a growing question, we quote this long-time banker's observations on branch banking, which has made great strides in his State: "The branch bank idea is, to some extent, a new one. It is an experiment which has not yet been fully tried out. It came into vogue in California during most prosperous times—during a period of unparalleled inflation. What will happen to the branch banks, in case of a serious depression, such as we have many times undergone, yet remains to be seen." . . . "If it is desirable that a banker should have full knowledge of the inner workings of his institution, a correct understanding of its assets and liabilities, then branch banking will destroy that, which has been regarded in the past as a prerequisite of good banking. No human intellect can grasp the details of one hundred institutions, and, necessarily, he who is responsible for the workings thereof must rely upon subordinates." . . . "That the branch bank idea is not altogether popular, is proven by the fact that, in many of the prosperous cities of the State, where branch banks have taken over all of the independent banks located there, very shortly afterwards an independent bank is organized by local people." . . . "If, under the branch bank idea, one bank could, in time, acquire all the branch banks in the State of California, and thereby, in time, crowd out all the independent banks, then, of course, depositors would be at the mercy of such a monopoly, as to interest to be received on their deposits, and as to interest to be charged to them on moneys borrowed. I think it safe, however, to say that the spirit of America will never allow a complete monopolization of banking by any financial power which may arise."

Mr. Graves, in his fishing and hunting expeditions and in his business travels, has seen much of the picturesque scenery of the State and possesses a poetic appreciation of its charm and beauty. His style of description is simple, vivid, direct. We quote a portion of an article inserted in the book called "Our Southern Seas": "With the advent of Spring the sea becomes a thing of marvelous beauty. One bright May morning, years ago, I left San Pedro in a launch and coasted along in the shallow waters past Long Beach and Newport Bay, down as far as where Balboa is now located. Not a ripple disturbed the placid waters. We often say the surface of the sea is as 'smooth as glass.'

The expression is erroneous. The sea is never still. It is never smooth. The surface may be unbroken, but it is ever undulating. Slight may be the undulation, but it is there, always there—a thing of perpetual motion. When there is no wind to ruffle the surface, the motion is almost imperceptible, but it is there, just as regular as the breathing of a sleeping infant, and frequently as gentle. Such was the sea on that May day. Two of my sons, now lost to me, were with me. How they reveled in the joys of that delightful experience! For miles we sailed through a very garden of gloriously colored jelly-fish. They were everywhere. Their colorings were more radiant, more varied and more beautiful than those of the rainbow. The warm rays of the sun had brought them to the surface. There they expanded to immense size. Some of them cast out long feelers or streamers in every direction. Every tint in their delicate and filmy organism was magnified. Occasionally the launch would touch one of them. Instantly this quivering mass of color would contract into a compact body. Its contraction was accompanied by a kaleidoscopic shifting of colors, bewildering to the eye. The sea birds and the fish of the sea seemed to be exulting over the splendors of the season. The smaller gulls and terns, and still smaller waterfowl that frequent the ocean, whirled and circled in the air as if in play. They gave forth shrill cries as they cavorted from the air to the water and from the water to the air. They flew here and there and everywhere, as if mad with pleasure. They were not feeding. They were just having a good time. The pelicans, both gray and white, usually so solemn and sedate, even assumed a livelier aspect. Flying fish broke the water on all sides of us. Schools of sardines, acres wide and many feet deep, swam around us. Schools of porpoise sported through the water. Snake-like barracuda, rock bass, and occasionally a yellowtail, swam alongside of us. All the denizens of the deep performed that morning with the same abandonment of happiness displayed by the birds of the forest as you walk through some well-wooded meadow on a bright Spring morning. They seemed carried away with the very joy of living."

We have only space further to say that Mr. Graves has written a very readable book. What he relates, he knows; what he knows is from contacts and experience. In his own story he never forgets his friends. He has toiled and won a high place in his community, together with financial success. His views on events and affairs, to us, are sound. He is a sound-money man—leaving the Democratic Party in 1896 to pursue largely an independent political course. He would preserve the rights of the individual, the rights of property. What he thinks, he says. He did not approve the leading Wilson policies. He has always condemned the tactics of the labor unions in his State and he says so in emphatic language. In all things he is forthright. This record of his life covers the rise of his State and city to eminence, and he has played an honest part in it all, which he narrates without boasting, dissimulation or over-emphasis.

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Jackson A. Graves

Chapter I

How I became an author. Changing conditions during my residence in Los Angeles. Attractions of olden times gone.

I NEVER anticipated becoming an author. I have for years written fugitive pieces and accounts of automobile and hunting and fishing excursions, for newspapers and magazines, purely as a pastime, but the idea of writing a book never seriously entered my mind until I was seventy-five years old. Then I began to realize that I had lived in a very interesting period of the nation's history and especially in a most wonderful period of California's development. Having lived in the state since 1857, and having seen, year after year, many of my old friends and acquaintances, all pioneers, pass off the stage without leaving any record of their experiences, the thought came to me that my own experiences, if reduced to writing, might be of interest not only to those of the present age, but to those who will come after us. Hence, "My Seventy Years in California."

The success of that book astonished me. The warm welcome it received, and the praise bestowed upon it by the press, did not turn my head. I was simply astonished as I have always been at any success which I achieved.

And now, perhaps foolishly, I yield to the importunities of friends, and am writing another book. I have no expectation that it will be as good as my first one, but I promise to give my readers the best that is in me. After reading it, perhaps they will say that my best was not much.

All my life I have questioned, even doubted, my ability. As a struggling young attorney, I would have given all I ever hoped to possess, even including my hopes of eternal salvation, to have had, as an attorney, the ability of Stephen M. White of Los Angeles, or of Hall McAllister or Samuel M. Wilson of San Francisco. Even while I complained to myself of my mental inferiority, I succeeded. Things came my way, not from pure luck, but as the result of constant application, of the faithful performance of every duty entrusted to me, and by tireless industry.

The amount of work which I did during the first thirty years of my life in Los Angeles, would have worn out many not possessed of my determination to succeed. I was blessed with a wonderful constitution, inherited from my parents, which had been strengthened and developed by life in the open air during my youth. My constitution would not have carried me through had it not been for the relaxation which I got from my hunting and fishing excursions and from playing at amateur farming in the San Gabriel Valley.

When I had accumulated some money, and begun to invest in real estate, my judgment was that improvement in prices would follow where the crowd was investing. Acting upon that principle, I never bought a piece of realty in Los Angeles City or County that did not pay me handsomely. I confess that three different syndicates formed to acquire property and do great things in other sections of California, which I joined, cost me dearly.

Having witnessed and participated in the marvelous transformation that has occurred here in the past fifty-four years, it is well enough to look into the reasons for it. First and foremost, of course, is our matchless climate, which I feel was better in the seventies than it is today. When of a morning I leave my home at 320 East Huntington Drive, Alhambra, where we have lived for forty-two years, the air is fresh, pure, clean and invigorating. When I reach Los Angeles, shortly after eight o'clock, my vision is impaired by dust, smoke, and the infinitesimal, invisible excrescences which arise from the crowded and much traveled streets and sidewalks. To me, the breathing of this atmosphere is extremely disagreeable; it gives me congestion of the head and nasal passages. Possibly I am wrong in attributing this condition to a change in the climate. It might more properly be ascribed to the necessary consequences of a great, throbbing and ever growing city. With increasing population, the disagreeable conditions above described will increase rather than decrease. They are the curse of every great city on the globe, and as they cannot be avoided they must be endured. That this condition is generally recognized is proven by the fact that pretty nearly every one in business in Los Angeles, who is able to do so, has secured a home far outside of the city, either in the San Gabriel Valley, on the seashore, or in the Beverly Hills.

Prior to 1875, the elder Nordhoff visited Los Angeles and wrote numerous articles for the newspapers and magazines, in which he dwelt upon the many charming characteristics, climatic and otherwise, of this section. He dwelt upon the richness of our virgin soil and the opportunities it presented to prospective tillers thereof. He cited the advantages the country had in its then undeveloped harbors. These articles attracted much attention. In 1876, the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, having completed its line from San Francisco to Los Angeles, entered into a very extensive advertising campaign of this section, as an aid to its freight and passenger business. Connecting us with San Francisco by rail put us on the map. As a result thereof, and the publicity given us by Nordhoff's articles, and the railroad's advertising, business men throughout the nation, ready to retire, were induced to visit us. Captivated by the charms and advantages of this section, they made their homes with us. They brought keen minds, sharpened by years of business experience, and ample wealth with them. Many of them forgot all about retiring and immediately entered into the business life and activities of the community. The reports which these men sent to their old homes, of the advantages to be found here, brought swarms of their relations and acquaintances to join them. The result was an immediate increase in our population and advancement in the price of real estate, the building of new homes of a better type than the old residents had been erecting, the erection of business blocks and the establishment of manufacturing plants and new business enterprises. This progress once begun has never faltered since 1875. Increased population added to our wealth and business importance. In 1930 we find ourselves one of the richest and most enterprising communities in the nation. Our soil productions have been many times multiplied. We lead the nation in the production of citrus fruit. Our harbors have been developed so that they now accommodate the largest vessels afloat and the commerce of the world is shared by us. Great fisheries and fish-canning establishments have been established along our coast, whose output annually runs into many millions of dollars, while the shipments of fresh fruits and vegetables, and of many of the same after canning, have grown to immense importance. We have largely increased our water supply by drawing upon our underground waters and going several hundred miles into the Owens River Valley and bringing its waters to our doors through miles of aqueducts, tunnels and pipe lines.

But the greatest of all our resources, and that which has added hundreds of people to our millionaire class, is petroleum. Oil was first discovered in Cat Canyon in the San Fernando Mountains in 1874 or 1875. The original discovery well is still pumping. Gradually oil developments spread to many sections of the county. Oil was discovered and great quantities of it were produced in this city in the nineties. The wells drilled during that period still disfigure a large portion of the city and still produce oil in paying quantities. Oil discoveries brought to us many skilled oil men from the eastern oil fields. They steadily, with our own people, extended their explorations until all of the rich fields now bringing us untold wealth were uncovered. People who could barely make a living at dry-farming broad acres have, out of oil royalties, reached positions of affluence. Many freaks of fortune are related in connection with oil production. The owners of Signal Hill, at Long Beach, all very wealthy people, subdivided all of it capable of subdivision, and sold building lots there for one hundred and two hundred dollars apiece. Every buyer of one of these lots who retained ownership of it has grown rich from its oil production. The east slope or face of the hill, comprising about one hundred acres, was so steep that it could not be subdivided. The owners of it cursed their luck in having to pay taxes on it without receiving any revenue therefrom. With the discovery of oil in that section they have received royalties from that despised one hundred acres running into most fabulous sums. At first shallow wells were drilled upon it, which yielded heavily. Then, later on, deep wells, as deep as six thousand feet, were drilled on the same lands, which yielded much more heavily than the shallow wells. Many other land owners were equally fortunate. The early oil producers, including E. L. Doheny, C. H. Canfield, Tom O'Donnell, Max Whittier, Graham & Loftus and many others, accumulated vast fortunes out of our local and other oil fields of this section, and the end is not yet.

With our many developments and great wealth, the charm of the old life disappeared and with it the native population, who, in the old days, owned the entire county and in it led happy and contented lives. Gone are the glorious days of the open air fiesta and fandango, with charming music, vocal and instrumental, with bulls' heads roasted underground, albondigas, chili con carne, tamales and enchilladas, all cooked to perfection with sauces the recipes for which no longer exist. The art of cooking these things as it was done in the old days is lost to us. Those who are left of the native Californians do not seem to have inherited and perfected the art. No longer does one see upon our streets well mounted vaqueros, in picturesque attire, nor in our stores the handsome, graceful, Early-California maidens, with lace mantilla thrown gracefully over their heads, instead of those abominations which our present-day wives and daughters wear upon their heads under the name of hats. No longer, in the early evening hours of a warm, moonlight summer night, do there come to us the sweet strains of well played guitars and the charming melodies of La Paloma, La Golondrina, and many others. Instead of these soothing melodies, the clanging of street-car bells, the blowing of whistles, the constant murmur of passing automobiles with their distracting screeching horns; the loud roar of some incoming or outgoing freight or passenger railroad train, disturb the quietness of those peaceful evening hours which, in the old days, were at once both a joy and a delight. Even the native songbirds have disappeared in our cities giving way to the destructive English sparrow. When one rides out into what was open country, with lush pastures then filled with contented cattle, or far-flung plains on which countless flocks of bleating sheep fed and flourished and multiplied in number, attended only by their patient shepherds and their faithful dogs, you now find embryo cities, towns and villages, with paved streets and innumerable gasoline stations, with modern business blocks and private dwellings, too often of execrable architecture, jammed together with such close proximity as to preclude all idea of privacy. Stores and all the other modern accompaniments of a so-called advanced civilization greet you in these communities. The entrancing charms of former days are gone. No longer, as you ride along through what was once open territory, but is now a conglomeration of tractor-worked orchards, vineyards, dairies and alfalfa fields, are you greeted by great flocks of our native California quail, which, in olden days, whirred away from you to cover, on swift and humming wings, accompanied by loud-voiced chirping. No longer is the wayside enlivened by the flight of great flocks of doves or the gyrations of the nimble cottontail rabbit. When you go by automobile into our mountain canyons, over well graded roads, no longer do you see graceful deer grazing on neighboring hillsides and looking at you in astonishment, in groups of twos and threes. All the charms of nature have given way to utilitarian pursuits, to satisfy the ever increasing wants of an ever increasing restless and ambitious population.

With the disappearance of the things I have mentioned the very character of the people has changed. Man is now considered merely as a cog in the machinery necessary to keep the wheels going round. When all of his resistance is worn off, he is discarded and thrown aside. Where once we were all like one great happy family, where everybody knew everybody else, rejoiced in their joys and sympathized in their distresses, formality has entered, castes have been created and cordiality has disappeared. Gone forever is that cordial feeling of genial friendship that warmed our hearts and made all around us happy.

Not only has Los Angeles but the whole of California been transformed in the fifty-four years I have lived in Los Angeles, except a very few isolated, almost deserted, mining camps and stock raising communities, situated in our almost inaccessible mountain districts, where progress has not gotten a foothold and the old, old order of things prevails.

CHAPTER II

WEALTH OF COMSTOCK MINES DID MUCH FOR SAN FRANCISCO. W. A. SHARON AND E. J. BALDWIN WITH MACKAY, FAIR, FLOOD AND O'BRIEN, COMSTOCK CHARACTERS.

IN 1873, the wealth of the Comstock Lode, in Virginia City, Nevada, was being poured into the lap of San Francisco. Those mines did for that city that which agriculture and oil have done for Southern California. Those indefatigable pioneers, Mackay, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien, all starting from humble beginnings, became more than millionaires. They were all residents of the Bay City. There they built palatial homes and public buildings, which were considered marvels of architectural skill and beauty. They established banks and formed industrial organizations. These four men did for the mining industry in which they were engaged what Huntington, Hopkins, Stanford and Crocker did for the railroads of California. The rewards they won in a monetary way were fabulous. All of San Francisco and all of the cities in the northern part of the state, through the San Francisco Stock Exchange, became interested in the Comstock Mines, not as investors in legitimate enterprises, but as gamblers in mining stock, which, under frenzied buying, became highly inflated, and ended, in 1875, in a collapse as severe on the wealth of the state and its population as the collapse of the great stock boom of 1929 was on the wealth of the nation. Great losses were sustained, which reached into every home in San Francisco, except those of Mackay, Fair, Flood, and O'Brien, and some of their immediate friends. The boom in the stock of the Comstock Mining Companies added largely to the wealth of the Big Four. As majority holders of the stocks of the leading mining companies they unloaded millions of shares of stock, at inflated prices, without losing control of their companies, upon the frenzied buyers, who were not confined to California but embraced people from every state in the Union and from many foreign countries. Those closely allied to the Big Four fared equally well with them. The general public, as it always does, suffered.

Some made fortunes by means discreditable to them. The following story was freely circulated at the time, concerning William A. Sharon, a prominent capitalist of San Francisco, who afterwards built the Palace Hotel. I do not vouch for the truth of the story, but it was generally credited as being true at the time.

Sharon was a widower with children. He was living rather openly with an actress named Sallie Hinckley. His daughter was about to be married, so one day he gave Sallie quite a large sum of money, told her it was necessary for them to break off their illicit relationship, and also told her to invest the money immediately in the stock of a mining company which he owned and which was selling at a very moderate figure. He also gave money to his coachman and his Chinese valet, advising them to buy the same stock. He cautioned all three of them not to breathe a word of what he had told them to a single soul. The three victims disregarded the latter advice and spread the glad tidings far and wide. As a result, all the actors and actresses, hack drivers and coachmen, inhabitants of the underworld and many Chinamen in San Francisco, plunged all they possessed and all they could borrow on the Sharon stocks. Millions poured into Sharon's coffers as he fed them his surplus stock. The stock went to unheard-of figures. When the buying enthusiasts had exhausted their buying power a halt in buying followed. The stock immediately took a downward plunge, more spectacular than the fall in the price of the stock of the First National Bank of New York in October and November of 1929, and never stopped until it reached the zero point, where it ever afterwards remained. Thousands of people were ruined in this speculation. It was rumored at the time, however, that Sharon in the end did not allow Sallie Hinckley, his coachman or Chinese valet to lose anything.

The immense fortune of E. J. Baldwin, commonly known as "Lucky" Baldwin, grew out of the Comstock mines. Baldwin was a stage driver on the Virginia City end of the route from Sacramento to the former city. This calling was not to his discredit. Frequently the Big Four, one at a time, rode on the driver's seat with him, and gave him tips, which he followed, and he accumulated considerable money. He gave up stage driving, went to San Francisco and started a livery stable. He had thousands and thousands of shares of a mine which was at the time but little known. His certificates of stock were locked up in a safe in his stable. He took a little jaunt to Australia, and while he was gone this mine, as a result of a rich strike, was boomed to unheard-of prices. Nobody could reach his stock. When he came back he sold it for many millions of dollars, and added to his wealth by other fortunate speculations in mining stocks. With money thus accumulated he bought much real estate in San Francisco, built the Baldwin Hotel and Theater, and also bought the splendid properties, some fourteen or fifteen thousand acres, known as the Santa Anita Ranch, in Los Angeles County, and much other real estate here which afterwards proved valuable oil territory and made his heirs immensely wealthy.

Chapter III

Baldwin large operator. Acquired much land in Los Angeles County. Great horseman.

"LUCKY" BALDWIN always bored with a big auger. As a consequence, he was always in debt. To pay off heavy incumbrances, his agent, H. A. Unruh, sold to subdividers the Rancho Potrero Chico, Rancho Potrero Grande and a large part of the Puente Rancho, at what would now be considered give-away prices. Baldwin acquired these properties and the Rancho La Merced, a half-interest in the Rancho Cienega and adjoining properties and valuable property on Spring Street in Los Angeles City, by the foreclosure of a mortgage given him by Temple and Workman, bearing a villainous rate of interest. He bided his time, assigned the mortgage to Camilla Martin, a banker of San Francisco, who was not a citizen of the United States, and let the mortgage run until it was nearly ready to outlaw, and then suit was brought in the United States District Court of San Francisco on the ground of Camilla Martin's non-residence, the original debt, with interest compounded for years and with taxes added, which Baldwin had paid, amounting to a staggering sum. Workman, one of the mortgagors, had committed suicide shortly after the mortgage was made, and Temple, if alive at the time, was a paralytic and in extreme poverty.

The Rancho La Merced was a stock ranch and of such configuration that it was unsuitable for subdivision purposes, hence could not be sold by Unruh. Long after Baldwin's death oil was discovered on that ranch and on a portion of the Cienega Rancho which he got in a partition thereof, known as the Baldwin Hills. His daughters have received great fortunes in oil royalties from these two fields. The living daughter and the estate of Mrs.

Stocker, his other daughter, still own a very large part of the Santa Anita. It is about to be opened up by paved highways through it, is worth millions and will undoubtedly be subdivided and occupied.

Baldwin, during his lifetime, farmed the Santa Anita to grain, made wine and brandy from the grapes grown thereon and raised oranges, but I am satisfied these operations kept him in red ink all of the time. His brandy was as good as any ever made in the world. He also established, on the Santa Anita, a breeding farm for running horses and there bred and trained some of the greatest race horses of modern times. Time and again, the product of his stables carried off all of the purses and honors on all of the eastern tracks. As he was a plunger and backed his horses heavily, he won vast sums on them.

There was quite a little romance connected with the Rancho La Merced. A son of F. P. F. Temple, of Temple and Workman, worked for Baldwin as a day laborer. He got an idea that he would like to own a piece of land that his father had owned. He picked out certain acreage in the La Merced, on a hill sloping down to the San Gabriel River which flowed past it. Unruh sold it to him, taking a mortgage to Baldwin for the purchase price. Temple erected a shack on the property and lived there in a very primitive manner with his wife and children. In course of time some one came along and loaned him sufficient money on a mortgage to pay off the Baldwin mortgage. When Unruh had deeded to Temple he retained the oil rights. The new mortgagee, however, would not loan the money unless this reservation of the oil right was transferred to Temple. To secure the money on the mortgage, Unruh, as Baldwin's agent, made a further conveyance waiving the reservation of oil rights. Shortly afterwards oil was struck in that neighborhood. Temple's land proved very productive and at one time he was rated as a millionaire from oil royalties which he is still receiving.

While Baldwin was raising running horses on the Santa Anita two men in his neighborhood, Mr. L. J. Rose on Sunny Slope, and Mr. Luther H. Titus, next-door neighbor to him, besides being extensive orange growers and vineyardists, raised trotting stock. "The Moor," a celebrated sire belonging to Rose, was the father of some wonderful record breakers, who won great renown and much money on the eastern trotting circuit. Titus owned "Echo," also a famous sire. His offspring were also noted for their speed and endurance. Titus was a great horseman and drove his own animals in many races. Both Titus and Rose were square honest men and a credit to the turf.

Judge T. B. McFarland

CHAPTER IV

THE RUSH TO CALIFORNIA WHEN GOLD WAS DISCOVERED. EARLY IMMIGRANTS BECAME PROMINENT CITIZENS OF THE STATE.

WHEN GOLD was discovered in California a great rush to the state from beyond the Rockies took place. Thousands came overland and many by Panama. Most of the emigrants were comparatively young men. They embraced men from every profession and calling. Many brought their wives and children, some of them of very tender years, with them. Those who came overland met with many hardships. The sufferings of the Donner party, who were snowed in at Donner Lake in the winter-time, have been many times described. Judge T. B. MacFarland, who was for many years on the supreme bench of the state, told me that his most interesting experience on the trip was in trying to boil a sage-hen until it was tender enough to masticate. They were camped somewhere in Nevada. He said, however, that the task was beyond him, and that after feeding the fire with sage-brush for hours, he finally gave up in disgust. He said that the bird was tougher when he threw it away than when he began to cook it.

Those early emigrants who survived became, as a rule, prominent in the affairs of their adopted state. Judges, lawyers, physicians, merchants, farmers and common laborers traveled shoulder to shoulder during the long trek, and many of them in the mines after they reached California. Though all of them entered the mines some of them almost immediately began to till the soil. Wheat was the first grain crop produced. The rich lands of Yuba, Sutter, Colusa, Yolo, Solano, Napa, Sonoma, and portions of Alameda and San Joaquin counties, yielded enormously. The rich black lands of Yolo and Solano counties were especially productive. At an early date wheat became a staple article of commerce. The wheat growers flourished, built themselves, in many of these counties, comfortable homes at an early date, and began to send their offspring to college. By the middle of the Sixties there was a great wheat glut. Notwithstanding the shipments by water of many thousands of tons to foreign markets, warehouses were filled and low prices prevailed.

Then the wheat growers turned to more diverse farming, raised oats and barley and livestock, including beef cattle, dairy cows and hogs. As I remember it, the seed of the first barley planted in California came from Chile. The barley produced in our rich, dry central valleys was so heavy and of such a light color that it immediately became popular for brewing purposes. Great quantities of it, after supplying the brewers of California, were shipped around the Horn to the Eastern States and Europe, for brewing purposes. Owing to its heavy yield it became as profitable a crop, or even more so than wheat.

As the years rolled on, fruit growing began to attract interest. At a very early period it was found that the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains on the California side were well adapted to grapes and deciduous fruits. More than seventy years ago, miners returning to their foothill claims took back with them oranges from San Francisco, which had been imported from the islands in the Pacific Ocean. Some of them planted the seeds of these oranges here and there, which thrived well. Two were planted at the south end of the toll bridge over the Feather River at Bidwell's Bar. One of these trees is still standing, in a healthy condition and bearing heavy crops. Within the past few years it has been enclosed by the Board of Supervisors of Butte County in a wire fence, upon which a tablet giving its history is fastened, and it is being protected and cared for.

The fruit growing industry spread and we would have easily had a great overproduction of it had not the Central Pacific of California, in connection with the Union Pacific, afforded an outlet to eastern markets for it. Vine planting early became an important industry in California. Captain John A. Sutter introduced grape growing into Sutter and Yuba counties at a very early period, as did Captain Webber at Stockton. As early as 1857, Charles Covillaud, one of the survivors of the Donner party, had a very extensive vineyard on the north side of the Yuba River, on the outskirts of Marysville. He engaged in wine and brandy making on a large scale, and in addition to his own production he bought all the grapes raised by his neighbors. Napa and Sonoma counties early took a lead in the production of claret and light white wines, port, sherry, angelica, and brandy, all of most excellent quality. The product of the vineyards of Mr. Gustav Niebaum, in Napa County, had a world-wide reputation.

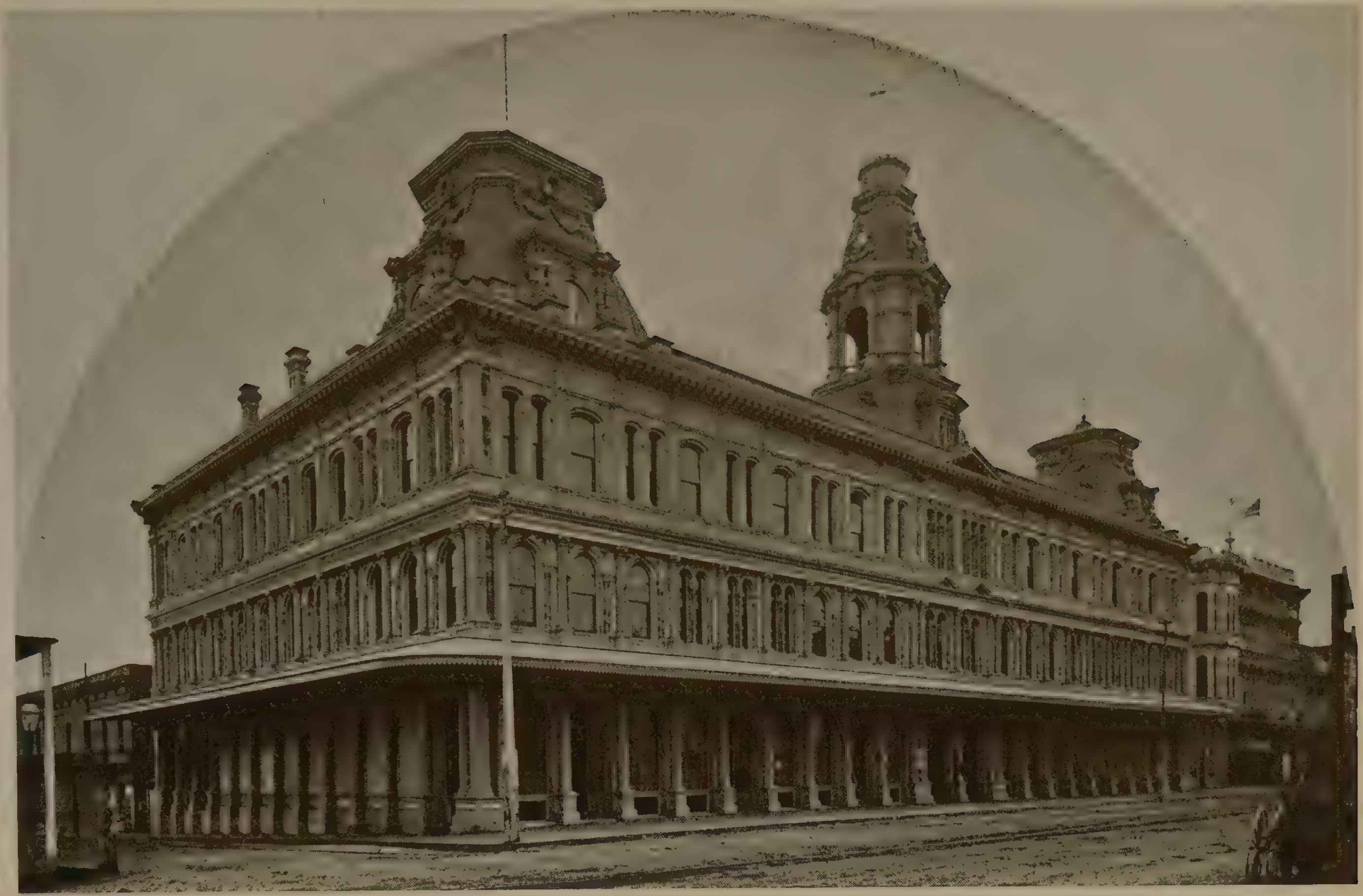
With the completion of the Southern Pacific railroad from San Francisco to Los Angeles, through the great San Joaquin Valley, that immense domain was converted from a sheep and cattle pasture to fruit farming and vineyards. Fresno County, especially, went in for raisin grapes. Like everything else in California, the raisin business was seriously overdone. The world could not absorb the raisins produced in California alone. The raisin growers are today in great distress. Their difficulties arise from over-production. If their present immense banking indebtedness is shifted, as I anticipate that it will be, to the United States Government, it will probably never be paid. Nobody, as a rule, pays the government. The taxpayers are the sufferers in the end.

The entire state, in time, became a grower of deciduous fruits in large quantities and, in some districts, of almonds and walnuts. The southern counties of the state have the largest acreage in the latter. Yet I have seen, on Eel River, in Mendocino County, very large walnut trees, laden with a splendid quality of nuts, firm in texture and of excellent flavor.

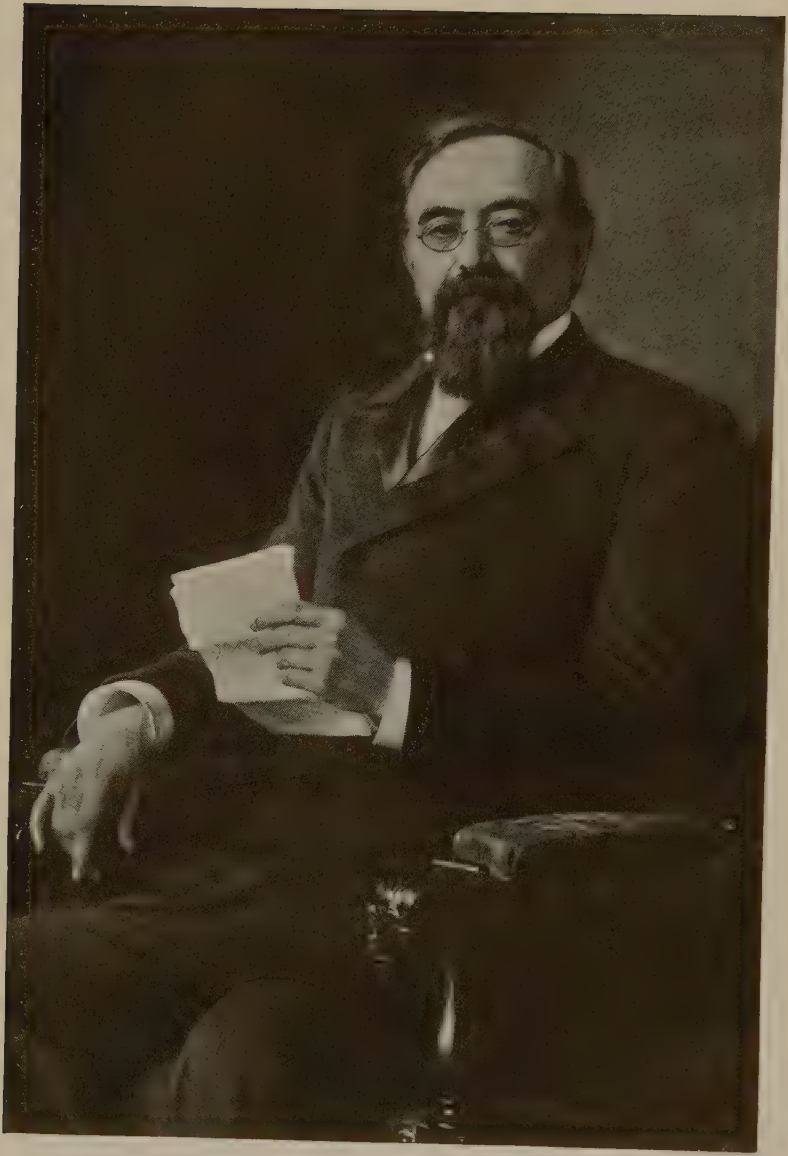
The shipment of fresh fruits has become a major industry of the state. So great was the quantity produced that canning on a very extensive scale had to be resorted to, to use up the surplus. Year by year the amount of canned fruits has increased in quantity, and all of it finds a ready market at satisfactory prices.

Citrus fruits are produced in the greatest quantity in Los Angeles, San Bernardino, Riverside, and Ventura counties. Central California has developed a considerable acreage of both oranges and lemons, while Butte and Yuba counties are making quite a showing in that direction. In Southern California, grapefruit, much esteemed as a table delicacy and in high favor as a breakfast fruit, has become very popular. The Imperial Valley seems to be especially adapted to its production.

Latterly Southern California and now Central and Northern California have taken up the growing of vegetables for shipment east and for canning purposes. I have seen it stated that the lettuce shipped from California in 1929 will approach in value over $20,000,000. The San Fernando Valley, in this county, and the great Imperial Valley in the county of that name, are now producing vast quantities of lettuce, peas, beans, cauliflower, cabbage, carrots, onions, eggplant, okra and asparagus. From these two points thousands of car-loads of these products have gone to eastern markets. The industry is threatened by our union labor secretary of labor and our union labor congressmen and senators, who are endeavoring to exclude Mexican labor from California. If excluded, there are no white men to take their places at any price. No white man can do much of the work necessary to produce these products, in the Imperial Valley, and live. If Mexicans are excluded Filipinos could not be gotten here in sufficient numbers in time to save these great industries. With the Mexicans excluded, the railroads of California, Arizona, New Mexico and Texas would be sadly handicapped for labor to keep their tracks in repair. The Mexican, who does this work, seems especially adapted for it, takes pride in it and is happy and contented, and enjoys constant employment the year round. Union labor and its supporters and sympathizers seem blind to the advantages of this class of labor. They would not undertake the work done by these Mexicans at any price, and they seem to forget that they are getting their living in the way of fruits and vegetables at a much lower figure than they would if the Mexicans were excluded.



Baker Block Just After Completion, 1878



Isaias W. Hellman

CHAPTER V

GRAPE GROWING BECAME IMPORTANT INDUSTRY FOLLOWED BY FRUIT GROWING AND SHIPPING TO EASTERN MARKETS.

LOS ANGELES and San Bernardino counties early became important vineyard sections. In 1870, much of Los Angeles City east of Main Street, from Macy Street south, was devoted to grape growing. Don Mateo Keller, Juan Bernard, Tom Leahy, Kohler and Frohling, were all wine and brandy makers in the city proper. A large acreage was also devoted to vineyards at Anaheim. In the San Gabriel Valley, General George H. Stoneman, Colonel E. J. C. Kewen, Don Benito Wilson, J. De.Barth Shorb, L. H. Titus, L. J. Rose and E. J. Baldwin were extensive grape growers and most of them wine and brandy producers. But it remained for Secundo Guasti, at Cucamonga, in San Bernardino County, to establish what was probably the largest vineyard in the world. In 1880, B. D. Wilson and J. De Barth Shorb planted an immense vineyard, run under the name of the San Gabriel Wine Company, in the western portion of what is now Alhambra, and erected upon it an immense winery. For years it was supposed that Los Angeles County could not make a good claret, but that idea later proved erroneous. Brandy and the sweet wines, port, angelica, muscatel and sherry, were the principal products, although L. J. Rose produced two very excellent white wines, Blau Elben and Burger, which became very popular.

At an early date over-production overtook the wine makers. In the Seventies, Don Mateo Keller, who owned several vineyards in Los Angeles City, all east of San Pedro Street, upon one of which his winery was situated, found himself overburdened with wine and brandy, with no outlet for them. He was heavily indebted and very despondent. Acting on the advice of his old friend, Mr. Isaias W. Hellman, President of the Farmers and Merchants Bank, who advanced him the funds for that purpose, he shipped vast quantities of his wine and brandy around the Horn in a sailing vessel. He went to New York, secured a warehouse in which he placed his goods, and began a selling campaign. At first he met with but little success. I have seen letters from him to Mr. Hellman in which he cursed his luck and said he wished the vessel had sunk with her cargo on the way to New York. Mr. Hellman would make him further advances and give him encouragement. At last Keller succeeded in getting the eastern dealers interested in his goods and in a short time he cleaned up his large shipment at good prices. He remitted sufficient funds to pay his debts and have a handsome balance in the bank. After that he had no trouble in disposing of his products. As time went on, all the vineyards and orange orchards in Los Angeles City yielded to the march of progress, and the ground upon which they were situated is now used for business and manufacturing purposes.

When the wine interests of the state were at the height of their prosperity along came prohibition and all but bankrupted the fraternity. There are immense quantities of wine in storage in Sonoma, Napa, Fresno, and San Bernardino counties, made before prohibition went into effect. The Volstead Act and legislation supplementing it was an economic crime perpetrated by the government against these vineyardists. No one ever bought good wine for purposes of intoxication. If we could have had a law, shaped after the Canadian liquor law, abolishing the saloon and allowing the wholesome wines to be sold, the state would be millions of dollars to the good. There is agitation on foot now to secure legislation which will give the holders of these goods some sort of relief. Any relief ever granted them will not compensate them for the interest lost on the money invested in their wines for the time since prohibition went into effect. These valuable properties are a dead asset; in fact, an incumbrance.

CHAPTER VI

PICO HOUSE ONE OF FIRST GOOD BUILDINGS. BUILDINGS WERE ERECTED AS FAST AS DEMANDED.

WHEN one walks or motors through the streets of Los Angeles and admires our magnificent buildings, no matter how much he may marvel at the spirit of our people in accomplishing such wonders as these buildings, he must remember that there had to be a beginning on a smaller scale, or our present magnificence never would have been attained. He should reverently think of our pioneer builders who, in a humble way, set the pace for that which has followed.

In June, 1875, the principal buildings in Los Angeles were the Pico House, still standing, then the leading hotel of the city; the St. Charles Hotel, a nondescript, half two-story and half three-story building; a three-story brick building nearly opposite the Pico House, in which, on the ground floor, A. Chevalier, a pioneer and able druggist, held forth, and the upper rooms of which were used for rooming purposes. Then there was the Downey Block, which gave way to the Federal Building at Spring and Temple streets, and the Ducommun Block, at the northeast corner of Main and Commercial streets, still standing, and of a very respectable appearance, and which was good enough to be occupied by a branch of the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles. It was built by Mr. Charles Ducommun, an old timer of the city and the father of the young men who own and manage the Ducommun Corporation of this city.

The Farmers and Merchants Bank was located in its two-story brick building on the west side of Main Street and nearly opposite the St. Charles Hotel. The Temple Block stood at the junction of Spring and Main streets and was built by John Temple, a brother of F. P. F. Temple, and gave way recently to the site for the new City Hall.

Business was carried on, on both Main and Spring streets, from the Pico House to the Temple Block, and even further down on both Main and Spring streets, in old adobe buildings built in the old days. The United States Hotel was on Main Street, opposite the Temple Block, and about as it is today. When Jose Mascarel and I. W. Hellman built the two-story brick building at the southwest corner of Commercial and Main streets, in which the Farmers and Merchants Bank was so long housed, people began to inquire if building was not being overdone.

Los Angeles, in 1875, had a reputed population of about 7,000 people, one-third of whom were native Californians. After the Southern Pacific railroad connected us, in September, 1876, with San Francisco, the old Pueblo of Los Angeles began to have growing pains, and notwithstanding that black confluent smallpox broke out in the city in September, 1875, and lingered with us over twenty months, during which time one-half of the native population was carried away and from one-eighth to one-fourth of the remaining population died, nevertheless the city grew in population, so that the census of 1880 showed something over 13,000 inhabitants.

In 1878, Colonel R. S. Baker and his wife, Arcadia, erected the Baker Block at the corner of Arcadia and Main streets. This was considered a monumental enterprise. Then the Jones Estate tore out the old adobe buildings on Main Street, opposite the St. Charles Hotel, and built the St. Elmo Hotel, a three-story brick building, which, as well as the Baker Block, is still standing.

E. N. McDonald, a sheep man, who lived at Wilmington, built the McDonald Block on Main Street just south of the Lanfranco property. The Lanfrancos improved the southwest corner of Court and Main streets with a three-story brick building and the rest of their property on Spring Street, half-way down to First Street, with one-story brick buildings.

On Spring Street, about opposite Court Street, Jacob Strelitz, a tailor, built the Strelitz Block, a three-story structure. Everything north of First Street, between Spring and Main, up to Temple Block, has given way to the new City Hall and its grounds.

The founders of the Commercial Bank, in 1875, built a two-story brick building on the east side of Main Street about opposite Temple Street. Some time in 1880, Remi Nadeau, who had made money in the borax business in Inyo County, bought the southwest corner of Spring and First streets from William Buckley, who ran an overland stage line from Los Angeles to San Jose, and he constructed thereon the Nadeau Hotel, which was considered a marked improvement in our building line.

In the meantime people were coming here from the east and settling. They had money and wanted to invest it. In vain did John Bryson and T. D. Stimson endeavor to buy building sites north of First Street on Main or Spring. No one would sell to them. They were compelled to go south, just as were A. W. Wilcox and J. E. Hollenbeck. Mr. Spence bought the site of the Wilcox Block, at Second and Spring streets, for Mr. Wilcox, from Hammel and Denker, for $17,000, and a little later Mr. Wilcox built the Wilcox Block, which was then considered a monument in the building line. It is still standing and well occupied. John Bryson bought from L. J. Rose the northwest corner of Second and Spring streets and built thereon the Bryson Block. Opposite it Mr. Cyrus Burdick erected a three-story building, which is still standing there.

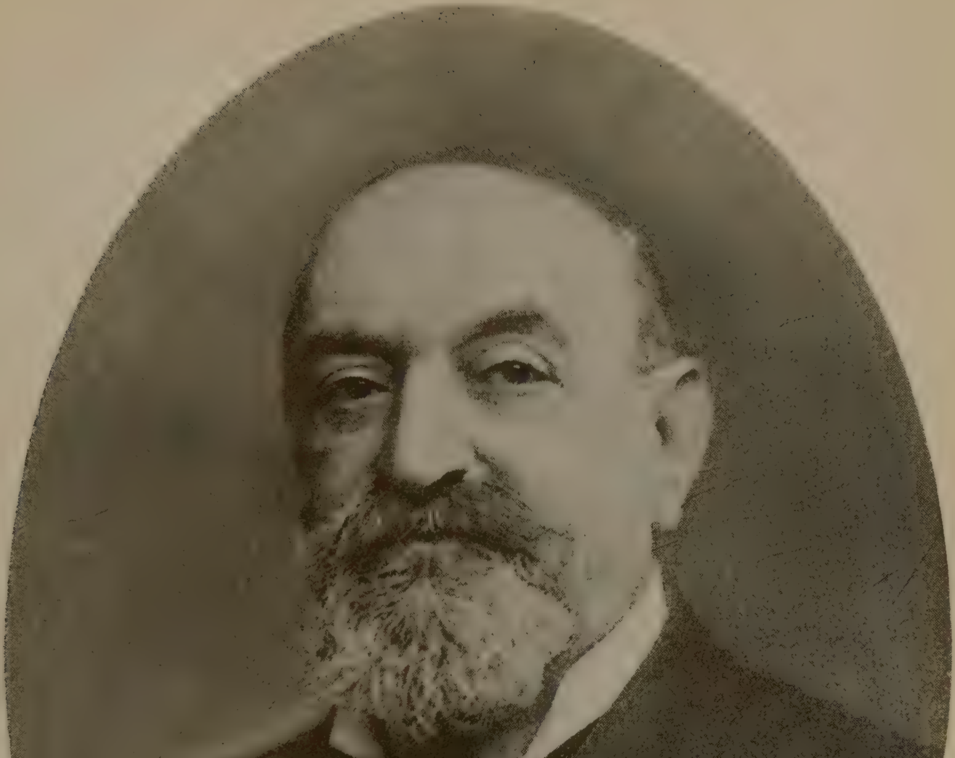
Mr. J. E. Hollenbeck built the Hollenbeck Hotel on the opposite corner from the Bryson Block. There was a man who should be forever reverenced. He loaned Mrs. H. C. Wiley a considerable sum of money on a piece of property fronting on Spring Street the width of the present Hollenbeck Hotel and extending clear through to Broadway. The mortgage also included a sixty-foot lot adjoining this property on Broadway and immediately north of the Jewish Synagogue. Mr. Hollenbeck was compelled to foreclose his mortgage. When he had recorded his sheriff's deed he made a deed of gift to the sixty-foot lot on Broadway to Mrs. Wiley and presented it to her. She was, of course, overjoyed thereat and duly grateful therefor. He was under no obligation to do this. He did it out of the kindness of his heart. There was a dwelling house on the lot which she occupied for several years, and then sold the property for $70,000, which made her comfortable for life.

About this time I. W. Hellman built the two-story brick building on Second Street running from the Bryson Block to Broadway. Then T. D. Stimson built the Stimson Block on the northwest corner of Third and Spring streets, and the Douglas Block on the northeast corner of the same streets, while the Chris Henne heirs and J. B. Lankershim improved the opposite corner of the same streets.

In due time Mr. J. M. Griffith built the Potomac Block on Broadway below Second. Then Mr. I. N. Van Nuys built the Van Nuys Hotel, at the northwest corner of Main and Fourth streets, for years the leading hotel of Los Angeles. Mr. O. T. Johnson built the Westminster Hotel on the opposite corner of Main and Fourth streets.

About 1900, Mr. H. W. Hellman built the H. W. Hellman Building at the northeast corner of Fourth and Spring. It was considered a credit to the city and a monument to his enterprise, and was for a long time the leading building, as far as architectural effect was concerned, in Los Angeles.

In the meantime, a Napoleon in real estate had come upon the scene. When the Strelitz Block was built on Spring Street, the store in it was occupied as a grocery store by George D. Rowan, an enterprising eastern merchant. He made money there, ran it for a number of years, and was succeeded in the business by Mr. H. Jevne. Rowan, on retiring from the grocery business, devoted himself with profit to real estate transactions. He had a son, Robert A., familiarly known as "Bob," who took to real estate and building as a duck takes to water. As a real estate dealer, while a mere youth, he was soon crowding M. L. Wicks who founded the town of Pomona and who laid out more subdivisions in Los Angeles City than any other ten men who were ever in it. Unlike Rowan, Wicks was not a builder, he handled real estate. While yet a young man, Bob Rowan began to erect buildings. He, with others, built the Security Building at Fifth and Spring streets, and with others he built the building at Sixth and Spring where the Merchants National Bank was so long located; but the crowning act of his career was the building, with A. C. Billicke, of the Alexandria Hotel, which was *the* Hotel of Los Angeles until the Biltmore was constructed. All too soon,



H. W. Hellman

when he was at the height of his reputation, death robbed us of him.

I am not going to trace out any further the genealogy of the splendid buildings on Spring, Broadway, Hill, Olive and Flower streets. I have named the pioneers, the men who led the way, who made what followed a possibility. In looking over the buildings I have mentioned you must remember that great improvements have taken place in the building art since their construction, and that when built they were, all of them, really a credit to Los Angeles City. These men were the enterprising spirits, willing to take a risk, who started the ball rolling, and undoubtedly did much for the future growth of Los Angeles. When you contemplate our business palaces, the equal of buildings in any of our eastern cities, and are praising the enterprise of the men with the courage to erect them, remember their predecessors, all of whom I have not mentioned, who built for the future when the risk was greater than it is now and capital much harder to secure than it is today.

Many transactions and circumstances, since 1875, have contributed largely to the growth and present prosperity of Los Angeles. Among them were:

First: The completion, in 1876, by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company of its line from Tracy, in San Joaquin County, through the great valley of that name, over the Tehachapi Mountains, to Los Angeles.

Second: The completion by the same road of its line through Arizona and New Mexico to an eastern railroad connection, giving us through rail communication with the eastern and southern states.

Third: The completion of its line from San Jose through the coast counties, including Santa Barbara and Ventura, to Los Angeles.

Fourth: The building of the Atchison, Topeka and Santa Fe line to Los Angeles, giving us another through rail connection with the middle west and eastern states.

Fifth: The completion by the Los Angeles and Salt Lake railroad of its line from Salt Lake City to Los Angeles giving us still a third rail connection with the east.

Sixth: The establishment and maintenance here of our Federal courts.

Seventh: The development of our Harbor at San Pedro.

Eighth: The completion of the Panama Canal giving us quick communication by water with our eastern seaboard, Europe and the east coast of South America.

Ninth: The discovery and development of our rich oil fields, which have yielded millions of dollars to the owners thereof.

Tenth: The conversion of our vast acreage of pasture lands into citrus and walnut groves and thousands of acres of deciduous fruits.

Eleventh: The work of the Orange Growers Association in canvassing the country for desirable markets for our citrus products, and in arranging an orderly distribution thereof.

Twelfth: The completion of the aqueduct by the City of Los Angeles which brings to our doors the water of the Owens River Valley.

Thirteenth: Our salubrious climate and generous soil.

Fourteenth: The enterprising spirit of our property owners who have not hesitated to spend vast sums of money in erecting ornate modern business blocks, to accommodate the ever increasing business of our community.

No living person, no matter how well informed he may be, can predict the future of Southern California. Our growth, progress and accomplishment have been of immense advantage to the rest of the state. There should not be any rivalry between any sections of the great State of California. There is room and opportunity for all of us. We should patriotically guard the priceless heritage which we have in our great state. We should try to purify its political atmosphere and relegate those who seek office simply for personal aggrandizement to well merited obscurity. We now have a state administration which has no idea of economy. It constantly multiplies offices and office holders without regard to the rights of the taxpayers. Some day we trust that the people, in whom all political power is vested, will rebel against present conditions and insist upon an honest, economical administration of our state affairs.

Los Angeles has been exceedingly fortunate in having, among other newspapers, as loyal a supporter and defender as the *Los Angeles Times*, founded and built up by that great newspaper artist, General Harrison Gray Otis, and, since his death, improved and ably conducted by his son-in-law, Mr. Harry Chandler. In addition to always standing for the best interests of our nation, our state and our city, it has ever set its face, squarely and steadily, against official corruption and the tyrannies and infamies of rabid labor unionism. It has supported, and courageously upheld, sterling principles of government, and has insisted upon a strict observance of the Constitution and laws enacted under it. It has never hesitated to denounce a candidate for office, even if belonging to its own political party, if it knew such candidate to be unworthy of trust and confidence.

For years, Harry Andrews, now deceased, was an able assistant to General Otis and Mr. Chandler, in their conduct of *The Times*. Our own John McGroarty, Harry Carr, Fred Hogue and others on its staff, have aided in making it an honest, conservative and fearless journal, always battling for that which is right, just and honorable, and always denouncing things unworthy of its or the community's support. The fact that *The Times* looks askance on the course of Mayor Porter and the present city administration, is enough to satisfy me that there is trouble brewing for the apologists of the Bell cement plant.

CHAPTER VII

THE SOUTHERN PACIFIC RAILROAD. ITS BUILDERS DESERVE THE GRATITUDE OF CALIFORNIA. THEIR TRIALS WERE SEVERE.

THROUGH the courtesy of Mr. Paul Shoup, President of the Southern Pacific Company, some time ago I received a small booklet which very graphically recites the details in connection with the building of the Central Pacific railroad, which, connecting with the Union Pacific when it was completed to Ogden, put California on the map and inaugurated a growth in population and an expansion in her industries which made the state the national asset which it is today. The booklet also treats in detail of the construction by the Southern Pacific Company of its various lines through the state and to New Orleans.

This booklet should have a wide circulation. It tells the true story of the trials and tribulations of C. P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker and Mark Hopkins, generally known as "The Big Four." No men were ever abused as these men were. Their services to the state were overlooked. The followers of Kearnyism destroyed the fair-mindedness of a large proportion of the people of the state. Newspapers hounded them, orators denounced them, ministers of the gospel, from their pulpits, pointed the finger of scorn at them. They were blamed for the hard times that, from natural causes, prevailed in the state. The infamy of every political corruptionist, out for the "mazuma," was laid to them. These four men risked their all in this great venture. They won out and became wealthy. Had they failed, they would have been paupers. They gave the best that was in them and the best part of their lives to the project. But one of them, C. P. Huntington, reached an advanced age. He died when seventy-nine years old. Stanford was sixty-nine at the time of his death, Hopkins, sixty-five, and Crocker, sixty-six. There is no doubt that the trials and anxieties, the great financial difficulties they labored under, hastened their deaths.

Charles Crocker was the constructionist in the field. He was a man of unbounded energy and never acknowledged defeat. When hastening to close a gap which separated the Union Pacific from the Central Pacific, he made a bet of $10,000 that he would lay ten miles of track in one day. He accomplished this unparalleled undertaking by laying ten miles and two hundred and sixty-eight yards in one day. He had none of the modern equipment of present-day railroad building. All of the material for his track laying, his ties, his rails, tie plates and spikes, had to be brought up from the rear on a single track railroad, and yet he won out, and incidentally, won his $10,000 bet.

When the road was started I, a mere boy, then living near Marysville, was much interested in the undertaking. I considered it the greatest of the age. I eagerly read every news item about it, and I conceived a great admiration for "The Big Four." As I grew older I, at one time, in a fit of discouragement at ranching, thought of running away from home and seeking employment on the railroad.

California rejoiced when the road was completed. That event was duly celebrated in San Francisco. One night I witnessed the fireworks in the sand hills out near where the San Francisco City Hall now stands. Among other things there was a most wonderful display of an elevated track, a half mile long, upon which ran a passenger train made up of fireworks for its full length. Even the engineer and fireman were shown in action on the engine. Never before or since has that display been equaled in California.

But praise of the Big Four and of the railroad which they had constructed under most discouraging circumstances, soon changed to hatred and abuse, which prevailed for years. It is probable that, goaded to desperation, these men at times said and did things which they should not have done. They were only human like the rest of us. In the end, however, the benefits of the enterprise were recognized.

The completion of the Central Pacific was followed by the incorporation of the Southern Pacific and the building of a network of roads throughout the state and its southern line to New Orleans. The completion of the Southern Pacific from San Francisco to Los Angeles put the latter city on the map and made her present splendid position as a commercial mart and an industrial paradise a possibility. From the moment the road over the Tehachapi Mountains was completed, Los Angeles began to grow. The Southern Pacific advertised her advantages throughout the United States and a steady stream of colonists poured in to her.

In due time, our wealth became so great, our commercial position so strong, that the Santa Fe was built to us, and then the Los Angeles and Salt Lake road, now the Union Pacific, became a reality. I do not detract anything from what the Santa Fe has done for Southern California and for the state at large, but we should always remember that the Southern Pacific was the pioneer. It pointed the way and the others followed. California, and especially Southern California, should revere the memory of C. P. Huntington, Leland Stanford, Charles Crocker and Mark Hopkins. We should not forget the brave and forceful men who followed them including E. E. Harriman, William Sproule, Epes Randolph, William Hood and Paul Shoup. To the latter we look for great things in connection with his road and for our benefit.

I cannot help but think how it must have harried the soul of Mr. Sproule, during the war, to have to sit back and see his splendid road almost destroyed under the management of The McAdoo. We can all remember how rapidly, under Mr. Sproule's management, his roadbeds were rehabilitated and the rolling stock put into first-class physical condition, after he received it, in its rundown and dilapidated state, when the McAdoo's rule was ended.

To show you how fickle the public mind was as to these men, Governor George Stoneman nominated Leland Stanford as a regent of the State University. The legislature, then in session, with scorn rejected the nomination. Shortly afterward Stanford was nominated and elected Governor of the state, and he made a good governor. It was probably a good thing for California that he was not confirmed as a regent of the university at Berkeley. Had he been confirmed, his immense wealth, which founded

Stanford University, would have gone to the University of California. Now we have two able and efficient universities instead of the one which we would have had, had he thrown his wealth to the University of California.

When you hear anyone abusing or casting slurs upon the memory of the men who built this railroad and developed our state, rebuke him as he deserves.

CHAPTER VIII

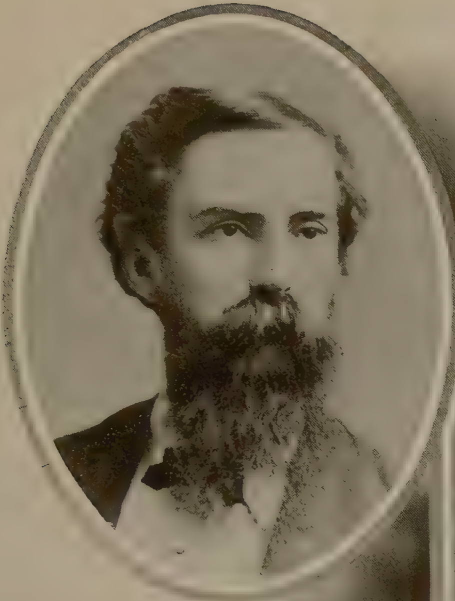
SAN FRANCISCO EARLY BECAME A GREAT COMMERCIAL CENTER. HER PROGRESS HINDERED BY UNION LABOR TACTICS.

FROM what was said in Chapter II about the benefit of the Comstock Mines to San Francisco, it must not be supposed that they alone were responsible for the wealth and importance of that great city. When the American people settled in San Francisco shrewd merchants were among these settlers. They immediately began to import goods of every description, including tools and provisions, which our mining population required. These things they sent to Sacramento, Marysville and Stockton, for distribution in the mines. For the latter, pack animals were pressed into service. They carried goods to points inaccessible to wagons, and at times during heavy rains and snows, to which one could not have traveled even if roads had been constructed for them. These pioneer merchants, for return cargoes, shipped East, wool, hides and tallow. As soon as agricultural pursuits were followed by our settlers, San Francisco merchants imported farm machinery for them, and when they began to raise crops in quantities more than California could consume, they exported their products. They founded great mercantile establishments which reached out into the four quarters of the globe and contributed, more than anything else, to the prosperity of San Francisco and California. They established foundries, machine shops and manufacturing plants of every description, and when the Comstock Mines needed machinery for their operations, they were, at that early date, in a position to supply them.

When it looked as if San Francisco would be one of the greatest manufacturing cities of the nation, she abjectly surrendered to blatherskites of the Kearny stripe, and ever since she has been oppressed by union labor tactics and bosses, so that many industries abandoned their locations there and moved to other cities where open shop conditions prevailed. Los Angeles has outstripped San Francisco in manufacturing industries simply for the reason that she has insisted on being an open shop city. The open shop does not mean that union men are excluded. They are allowed to work on the same jobs with non-union workers, as long as they attend to their duties properly. San Francisco harbored those cowardly union labor scoundrels who planned and carried out the dynamiting of the Los Angeles Times Building, with the resultant death of some twenty people. The entire crowd, from Caplan to the McNamaras, should have been hung, as a punishment for the crime and as an example to other criminals.

San Francisco, with her splendid shipping facilities, her railroad connections, her proximity to the great central valleys of the state and the counties lying north and south of the bay, will long remain the maritime emporium of the Pacific Coast in spite of her labor union government and the crime of the closed shop. Los Angeles will move the citrus crop of Southern California by rail and do the exporting by water for the southern portion of the state, including the transporting of the products of our oil fields to Eastern and European ports. There is ample room for both of these great cities. There should be no ill feeling or jealousy between them. Friendly rivalry is permissible and will strengthen both of them to greater efforts for their respective advancements.

In the past few years, the sky line of San Francisco has been completely changed. Magnificent height-limit, modern, reinforced concrete buildings, of exquisite architecture and splendidly finished, have been erected on many of her principal streets. These buildings would be a credit to any city in the United States, and more are contemplated. The city seems to make progress, notwithstanding the fact that her municipally owned street-car line annually creates a deficit which must be supplied by taxation. Notwithstanding this fact, the city is endeavoring to take over the Market Street lines, which, the city engineer points out, will result, if operated by the city, in a much larger deficit. She has just taken over and is operating the properties of the Spring Valley Water Company, and you can look for increased water rates and more deficits. Municipal ownership is bad enough anywhere, but more especially so in a city whose politics are absolutely controlled by rabid labor union officials.



Anson Brunson

J. G. Eastman

J. A. Graves

Hall McAllister

CHAPTER IX.

LEADING MEMBERS OF THE SAN FRANCISCO BAR IN 1873. CHARACTERISTICS AND FAILINGS OF SOME OF THEM.

FROM time to time, during the last twenty-five years, I delivered a number of addresses on various occasions. At one time I made an address before the State Bar Association and in it I treated of various leaders of the San Francisco Bar whose acquaintance I was fortunate enough to make during my apprenticeship with Eastman & Neuman in San Francisco, and I will quote from that address as follows:

"In calling attention to the lawyers of this day, it is fit and proper to begin with McAllister and Bergin. They occupied a most commanding and influential position in the profession. They shared the honors with such men as Samuel M. Wilson, Joseph P. Hoge, John B. Felton and W. H. Patterson.

"Bergin was small in stature, red faced, with darkish auburn hair, worn rather long, and he wore chin whiskers without a mustache. He had the appearance of a well-to-do schoolmaster. He was a black letter lawyer. He knew the law. He could cite cases by the hour from memory giving the number and page of the report in which they were found and the points discussed. It is said of him that he had no use for a digest of the California reports or the United States Supreme Court reports, but knew just where to put his hand on any authority desired from either of them.

"McAllister was a tall, well built, large framed man of fine appearance. He always wore a black frock coat and high hat. He was clean shaven. His manner was kindly, his bearing dignified. He looked and acted every inch the lawyer that he was.

"He was a wonderful advocate, equally good before a judge or jury. In his arguments to a jury he called upon the treasured stores of his well filled brain, and by the weird magic of his honeyed tongue he aroused the emotions of the human heart and touched the innermost chords of human sympathy. Jove-like, he hurled his thunderbolts of scorn, contempt and ridicule. Broad in his views of life, in touch with every element of human thought and action, he reached into the innermost recesses of the juror's mind, and played upon his faults and foibles with the same graceful ease with which some skilled musician draws delightful melody from his favorite instrument.

"He was an orator, not of the Fourth of July or public-speaking type—his oratory was of a legal nature. It partook of that great and honorable profession to which he had so assiduously devoted his life. The beauty of his language, the purity of his diction, the wonderful scope of his boundless knowledge, held his listeners in breathless rapture. He was earnest and forcible in his manner, respectful in his bearing to the court, the jury and his opponent. He would talk for days to one juryman, never for one moment faltering, until he felt that he had won him to his view of the case. The California reports show that his practice embraced every possible question that the eccentricities of litigants or the peculiarities of our laws gave rise to. No man ever more nearly approached him in manner, diction, grace and general charm of delivery than did John Garber, who became prominent in California a little later on. Either of them would address a court by the day, and their arguments, when reported, would read like the well considered legal opinion of a master minded judge.

"A very successful adjunct of the office of McAllister & Bergin was a clerk named Jacobs, yet alive, I believe, though a middle-aged man at that time. He was a good organizer and a great detail man.

"At one time, in 1877 or 1878, I was in San Francisco. Judge Morrow invited me to lunch with him at the Bar Association. Hall McAllister sat next to me. On the opposite side of the table were Judge Ogden Hoffman, Joseph P. Hoge and R. H. Lloyd. Other attorneys were also at the table. I knew all of them.

McAllister, in speaking of Los Angeles, asked me who was the coming lawyer here. I promptly replied, 'Stephen M. White.' This excited his risibility. He was inclined to think I was a dreamer. I let him talk awhile, but felt a little miffed at him. Finally, after good-natured bantering all around the table, I said to him: 'Mr. McAllister, I would as soon entrust the defense of my life, liberty or property to Steve White as to any attorney in San Francisco, including yourself, and I am well aware of your ability and deservedly high standing here.' At this Hoffman and Hoge began to poke fun at McAllister, who took it all in good spirit. Hoffman said to him, 'Now, Hall, will you be good?' About three months afterward I received a letter from Mr. McAllister, referring to the incident and informing me that he had met White in some litigation pending in the United States Circuit Court in San Francisco, apologizing for anything he had said or intimated derogatory to White, and complimenting me on the opinion I had formed of his ability. I casually asked White about any business he had had with McAllister. He told me that McAllister had filed a bill in equity in the United States Circuit Court for a non-resident, to enforce some sort of a trust to valuable real property near Watsonville, Santa Cruz County, (White's father, Mr. Eugene Casserly and others being the defendants)—and that he, White, had appeared for the defendants, and that after an elaborate presentation of the case Judge Sawyer had sustained his demurrer to the bill without leave to amend. I always admired McAllister for writing me as he did.

Samuel M. Wilson

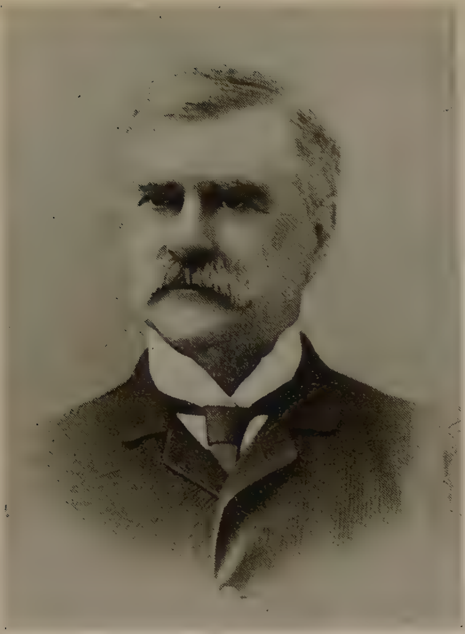
"I never fully made up my mind as to which was the greater man, McAllister or Wilson. The latter was a much smaller man, physically, than McAllister. A great deal that I have said of the latter would apply equally well to Mr. Wilson. He was not so imposing or impressive looking as McAllister, but still of commanding appearance. As a lawyer he was on the same high plane as McAllister. He lacked McAllister's personal magnetism but was the better business man of the two, and for that reason I should say a better adviser than McAllister. He was certainly a leader among lawyers. His oratory lacked some of the grace and beauty of McAllister's, but he was a clear reasoner and a forcible and persuasive speaker. His character was absolutely irreproachable and he bore the impress of honesty, truthfulness and sincerity.

"I am a believer in looks. I believe that every man shows his character in his face. If anyone present ever knew George W. Tyler and does not agree with me in this opinion, let him recall Tyler's appearance and his character. Contrast the facial expression of Tyler with that of Wilson or McAllister, or Sidney Smith, or Hoge, or Felton. There is something indefinable about some men that invites, and about others that repels confidence. My impression and experience is, that that something, whatever it is, never misleads us. To my mind, the two greatest men at the San Francisco bar, in 1873, were Hall McAllister and S. M. Wilson. Let some one else say which was the greater man.

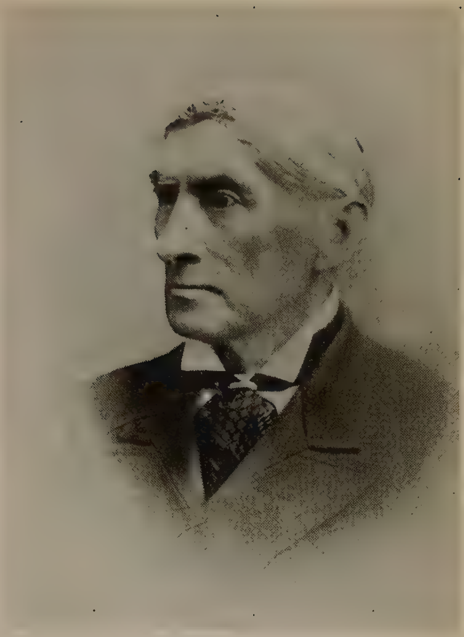
JOHN B. FELTON

"In forming this opinion I do not overlook John B. Felton. He was more scholarly than either of them. He was a great admirer of Rabelais, and I never heard him make an argument that he did not quote largely from his writings. Whatever may have been his custom prior to that period, he did not then devote himself as assiduously to the profession as they did. He was more of a case lawyer than a lawyer of general practice. He devoured constitutional questions with great avidity. He was convivial in his habits, and did not care whether school kept or not. Had he devoted himself as closely to the law and lived as temperately as did McAllister and Wilson, he would have been a greater lawyer than either of them.

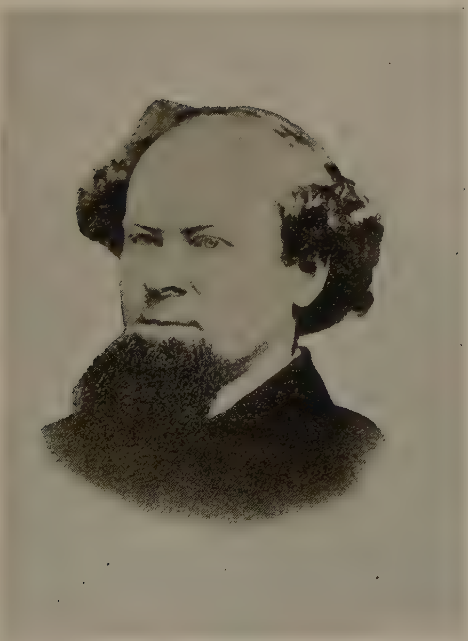
"Felton was an extremely intelligent looking man. He was of medium height and compactly built. His hair and beard were of a yellowish tinge, his countenance open, his eyes large, expressive and penetrating. When he looked at you he took you in, as it were, and seemed to immediately know all about you. Every subject presented to him met with the same instant comprehension. He was a most delightful entertainer, a good storyteller and also a good listener. At one time he was an unsuccessful candidate for the United States senatorship.



Judge E. W. McKinistry

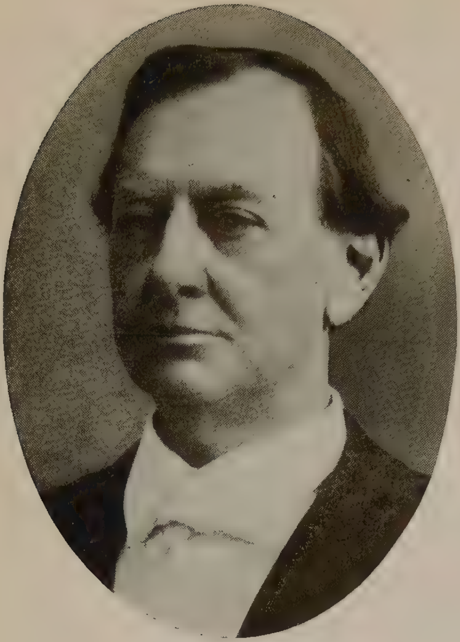


Joseph P. Hoge

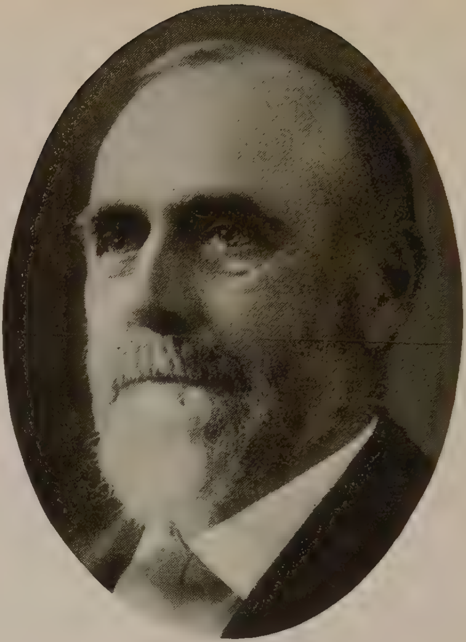


John B. Felton

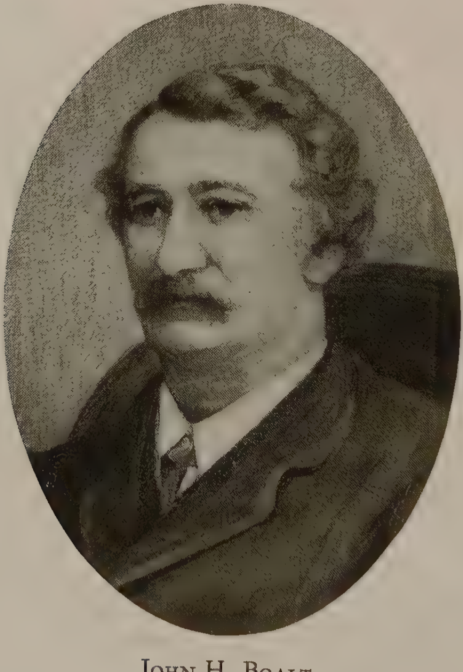
Samuel Mountford Wilson



John Garber



Thomas R. Bishop



John H. Boalt

"I made his acquaintance in an endeavor to collect a bill from him. He finally paid it when I caught him with the money, just as he said he would the first time I ever interviewed him. We became fast friends. When I went to San Francisco to be examined before the Supreme Court for admission to the bar, I met Felton, who expressed great pleasure at seeing me, I having then been in Los Angeles for several months. He took me to dinner and afterwards to his office, where he examined me and talked law to me until eleven o'clock that night. When we parted he told me he would come up to the court room the next morning and see how I got along. I hoped he would soon forget the engagement, but sure enough, as I took my place in the class, I saw him come in and take his seat. I was more afraid of him than I was of the Supreme Court.

"Digressing a little, I will relate an incident which occurred during that examination. A member of the class with whom I had gone to college some years before, arose and in rather a peculiar voice, addressing the chief justice, said, 'If your Honor pleases, may I make arrangements in advance with the clerk for my certificate of admission? I live at San Luis Obispo and must return today.' Judge Wallace smiled upon him and with great unction said, 'You may make any arrangements you please with the clerk, sir, certainly sir.' The young man thanked him, went to the clerk, paid him $10.00, took the oath of office, under stipulation that it was to be dated next day, and departed. Now, this young man was a good lawyer and had passed an excellent examination, but next day, when the names of the successful applicants were announced, he was the only man in the class who was not admitted.

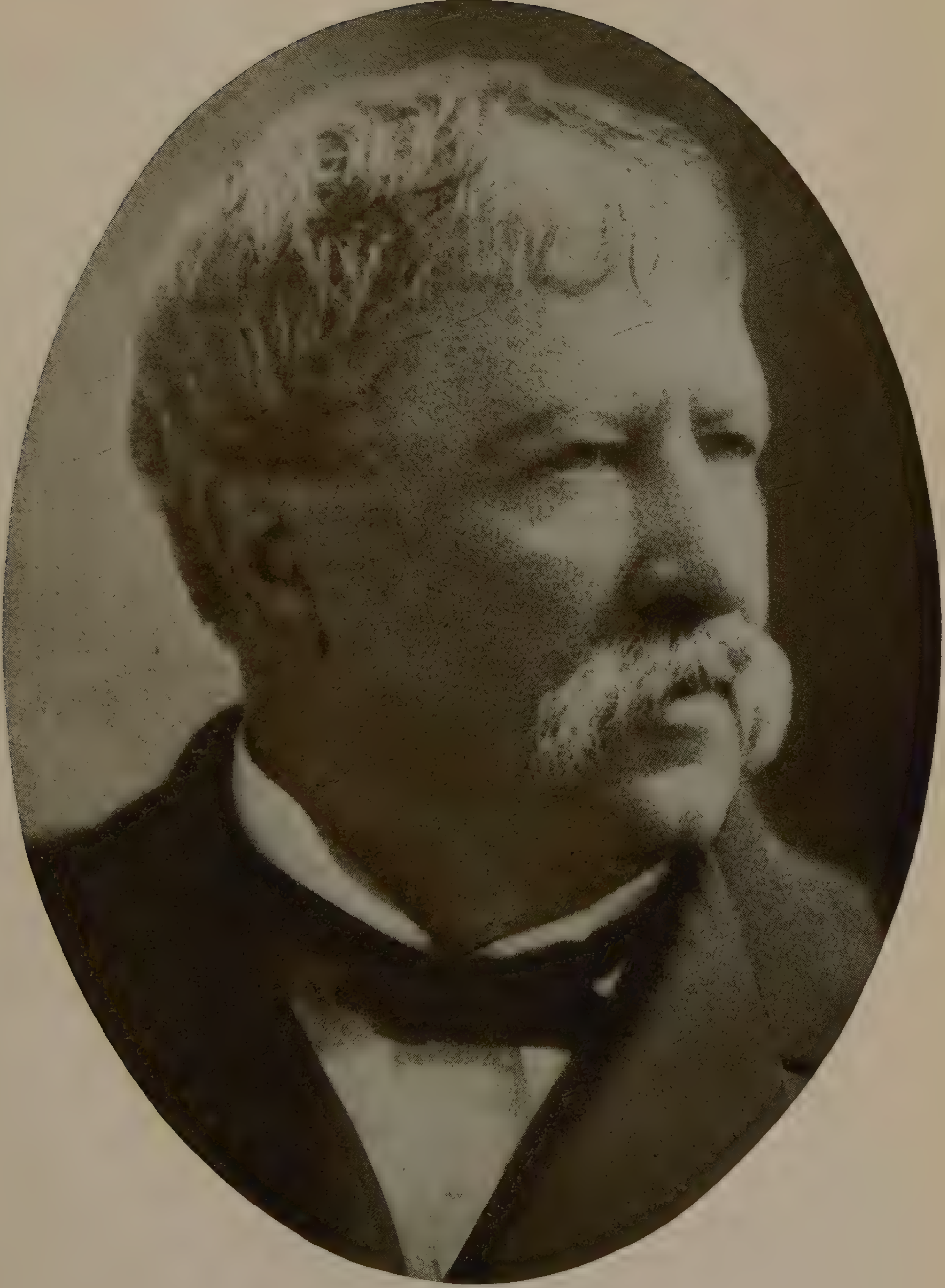
"I saw Mr. Felton frequently during the next few days and then returned to Los Angeles. I think it was in February, 1877, but a few months before his death, that I met him on Spring Street. He was suffering from gout and diabetes and was shuffling along in carpet slippers, not being able to wear shoes. He was rejoiced to see me. I abandoned my office and spent three delightful days with him, during which time I played the host. I showed him all the wonders of our locality. We discussed law, politics, religion and literature, and I never knew him to be in a more vigorous frame of mind. I saw him safely to his train and we parted. He knew that the hand of death was upon him and that he would never see me again. Shortly afterward he died. He was a brainy man possessing a wide range of information. He had read everything worth reading and some things that were not. As a lawyer, he stood in the front rank of that great California bar that has seldom had its equal in any state. His antagonists were all giants in the profession, but he was a match for any of them. He had no business ability and no faculty for saving money after he had earned it. He died comparatively a poor man.

"The following story is told of him. A man to whom he was indebted was once in his office when he received a very large fee. He congratulated Felton and said, 'Now, I suppose you are going to pay me that note.' 'No, no, my friend,' said Felton, waving the check before him, 'this is for pleasures yet to come.'

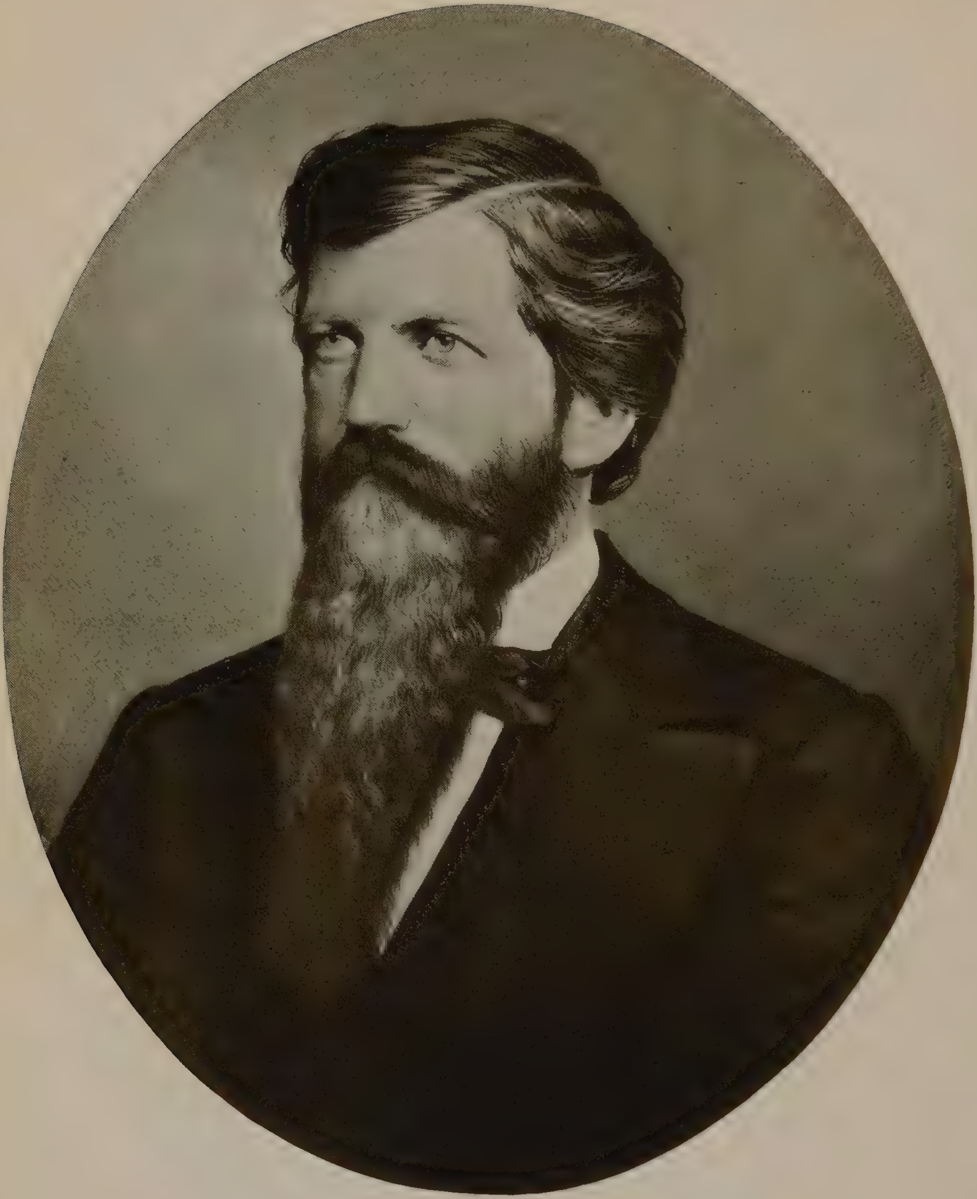
Joseph P. Hoge

"One of the grandest characters of the old timers of the San Francisco bar was Joseph P. Hoge. In 1873, he was already an old man, but hale, hearty, vigorous of mind, and full of fun, fight and frolic. He was courteous, witty, intelligent and well read, not only as a lawyer, but in general literature. He was a worthy opponent of the best lawyers of his time. Our state reports show that he was constantly before the Supreme Court in a great deal of important litigation. Like Wilson and McAllister, his following was large, his character of the best, and his position at the bar a proud one. There was something in the very presence of the man that won your attention. A look, a gesture, the intonation of his voice when he was making an argument meant volumes.

"He devoted considerable of his time to politics, and held positions of responsibility. He was an extremely valuable member of the Constitutional Convention that framed the present Constitution of the State of California. In that body he did much to prevent the insertion of radical provisions, which the political unrest of the period insisted on being adopted. He died at an advanced age, full of honors and universally regretted.



William T. Wallace



Creed Haymond

W. H. Patterson

"A most successful lawyer of that period was W. H. Patterson. His specialty was land litigation. His appearance did not indicate ability. He was short, heavy shouldered, broad backed and possessed a ponderous Falstaffian abdomen. His head was connected with his body literally without the assistance of a neck. From his ears up his head narrowed. Thick, coarse and very black hair grew down almost to his eyes, leaving him virtually without a brow. A stubby thick mustache adorned his upper lip. He had a habit of walking about the court room, or on the street, with his hands in his hip pockets. He looked much more like a Teutonic saloon keeper than the intellectual giant that he was. He had a wonderful capacity for work. He mastered the codes after their adoption while the rest of the attorneys of the state were thinking about looking into them. Judges and lawyers continually appealed to him as to what section of a particular code governed a question, and he was always able to correctly inform them, from memory.

"He had for years been considered one of the strongest men of the profession. He was for a long time at the head of the firm of Patterson, Wallace & Stowe. His partners were William T. Wallace, who subsequently had a long and distinguished career as a jurist in California, and W. W. Stowe, who, on dissolution of the firm, allied himself with the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, eventually as its political manager, which position he occupied until his death. Patterson must have been a man of exceptional ability to have gained and held the position at the bar that he occupied.

Creed Haymond

"Another low-browed lawyer of that day who was eminently successful was Creed Haymond. He had a genius for the law, just as Napoleon had a genius for war. As a practitioner, his resources were boundless. He came, with a somewhat shady past, from La Porte, Plumas County, California, to Sacramento, and then to San Francisco, and finally became the chief counsel of the Southern Pacific Railroad Company. His forehead was not as high as your two forefingers, but in the very texture of his skin, the softness of his hair and beard, the penetrating light in his eyes, and his slight figure, erect and commanding, you at once detected ability. To look at the man was enough to convince one that there was something to him. It was my good fortune to hear the argument of Haymond in what was known as the Mortgage Tax Case, viz: Houghton vs. Austin, 47 Cal., page 669. His argument was bold, masterful, ingenious and aggressive. Alluding to certain portions of it, Justice McKinstry, in delivering the opinion of the Supreme Court, said:

" 'The history of the present case has informed us that an attempt thus to influence the judges is not an impossible thing. We were told on the oral argument, with more audacity than delicacy, that if the court should hold certain provisions of the political code to be unconstitutional, there would be no money in the treasury wherewith to pay the salaries of the judges. With an equality and uniformity of taste which seem to be constitutional, it was suggested that a decision adverse to the respondent would be followed by wide-spread confusion and alarm, if not by an outburst of popular indignation.'

"Justice McKinstry then proceeded to grill the attorney for the respondent to a turn. He upbraided him for endeavoring to advertise his case and influence public opinion; for arraying caste against caste, and for making a plea on behalf of the poor against the rich, and wound up this branch of his decision as follows:

" 'For a factitious local or temporary sentiment, sought to be created by the distribution of briefs or arguments to newspapers, before they are submitted to the court, by pertinacious advertising of the merits of a cause, advocated in the street-cars or otherwise; or by any arts which may be resorted to for the purpose of producing wide-spread alarm or indignation, this court—as it is constituted—cannot entertain a very exalted respect or admiration.

" 'The poor man of the present may be the rich man of the year after next. At what stage of his accumulations will he cease to be entitled to the protection of the laws? The time has passed, or not yet arrived, when causes can be determined by arraying caste against caste; supposing (which we deny) that caste exists in this country. When that point is reached, we will inquire by virtue of what retainer counsel claims to represent the "poor man." Meantime, the members of this court will continue to deem themselves as competent to protect the rights of the rich or poor as is the hired advocate who chooses to confuse his personal interest with those of a supposed class acquiring that very wealth which is made the object of suspicion by attacks on its present possessors.'

"It was very well known that McKinstry's remarks were directed at Haymond. In fact, I heard Haymond deliver the very argument that McKinstry was replying to. It was a memorable case and was argued by consent of the parties, in the rooms of the San Francisco Law Library, the Supreme Court not then having become peripatetic, but being located in Sacramento.

"Felton, Patterson, Alexander Campbell, I. N. Thorne and Nathaniel Bennett represented the appellants. As I remember it, Felton and Patterson made the arguments on that side. Creed Haymond, Attorney-General Love and W. C. Burnett were the principal attorneys for the respondent, and Haymond made the argument on his side of the case.

"This litigation brought Haymond into prominence, and things came his way from that time on. During the days when he was in general practice, he was connected with many of the most important criminal cases tried on the coast. He won fame and riches and a prominent place, which he ably filled for many years prior to his death, as chief counsel for the Southern Pacific Railroad Company.

"Before accepting the position with the railroad company, he had stumped California from one end of it to the other in violent opposition to that corporation, even advising his hearers to tear up its tracks. Later, while in the state senate, he made an argument in defense of the railroad and its policies, after having so loudly denounced it a few years before, which argument was a most powerful effort and well calculated to persuade an unbeliever that that corporation had been sadly vilified and unjustly abused. He was, without doubt, one of the smartest and most brilliant men of his period.

WALTER VAN DYKE

"How clean and wholesome is the record of Walter Van Dyke! I became acquainted with Van Dyke in 1873. He and Paul Neumann were the attorneys for a railroad contractor who went into bankruptcy. His affairs were much complicated and Van Dyke and Neumann spent a great deal of time together over the case. In 1874, Van Dyke was appointed United States Attorney for California by President Grant. The appointment was greeted with universal satisfaction. I remember the generous, heartfelt congratulations that he received from his brother lawyers at the bar.

"He was as well posted on the laws governing Mexican grants in California, and the decisions construing these laws, as any man in the State of California. Several years ago, when a band of freebooters and marauders, led by unscrupulous attorneys and impudent land sharks, invaded the San Fernando Ranch in Los Angeles County, to the number of 600 or 700, Judge Walter Van Dyke was one of the judges of the Superior Court of the county. My firm and S. M. White brought a great number of ejectment suits to dispossess the squatters. All of them that ever came to trial were tried before Judge Van Dyke. We found him intimately acquainted with the law on the subject. In two instances, he granted our motion to instruct the jury to return a verdict in our favor. He was sustained by the higher courts in each of his rulings. He ended a long and honorable career on the supreme bench of the state, where, notwithstanding his advanced age, he made a most creditable record.

W. H. L. BARNES

"In 1873, Barnes was one of the big men of the legal world of San Francisco. Physically, he was a powerful, solidly built man. He was good looking, pleasant mannered, able and eloquent. As an orator he had no superior in the state. Before a court or jury he was equally resourceful and impressive. As a public speaker, either on rostrum or lecture platform, his efforts were always of the highest order of intellectuality. He prepared his speeches with the greatest care. His eulogy of William H. Ralston, at a mass meeting in San Francisco, a few days after the latter's tragic death, was an eloquent and forcible effort.

"His income was large. His clientele embraced many of the foremost captains of industry. He was the attorney for Senator Sharon in his litigation with Sarah Althea Hill. Tempted as probably no man ever was before, beset with trials and tribulations, battling with skilfully educated perjurers, he was handed a most beautiful gold brick by that old sinner, George W. Tyler. He paid $25,000 of his employer's money to buy evidence, supposed to be in possession of a clerk of Tyler's. He fell into the trap set for him, was caught, and the splendid reputation he had been for years acquiring vanished. This one indiscretion ruined him. His business fell away. He personally felt the blow most keenly, and died some years afterward. The profession at large sympathized deeply with him, but their sympathy could not restore his lost position at the bar.

Thomas R. Bishop

"At the period I am speaking of, Tom Bishop had not yet gained the position at the San Francisco bar that he afterward for so many years occupied. He was then a member of the firm of Bishop & Fifield. He told me that Ben Brooks assisted him very much in those days; that on one occasion Brooks asked him to help in the trial of an important ejectment suit. Brooks represented the defendant and gave Bishop his office copy of the pleadings, telling him that the next day he would call upon him and talk the matter over. Bishop went through the pleadings. Near closing time of the following day, Brooks dropped in. 'Well, Tom,' said Brooks, 'did you read my answer?' 'Yes,' said Bishop, 'and, by the way, it is quite long.' He was afraid to go further and say that it did not state any meritorious defense. Brooks anticipated such a state of his mind by adding, 'Yes, not having any defense, I had to make the answer long.'

"Bishop's ability, genial disposition and strict attention to the business entrusted to him, eventually secured him the recognition that his merits deserved. He became a member of the firm of Garber, Thornton & Bishop, which afterward became Garber, Boalt & Bishop. Garber and Boalt had won distinction in the State of Nevada. They were men of unquestioned ability and integrity. So also was Thornton. In fact, the State of California never had a greater lawyer than John Garber. Both firms stood in the foremost ranks of the profession and did a lucrative business. Bishop was a man of great diplomacy, and had a most extraordinary faculty of bringing litigants together. In this manner he settled many disputes, to the great advantage of all parties concerned. Bishop's home life was ideal. He was a good husband and faithful father, and always made companions of his boys. He entered into their amusements and their joyous pleasures with zest and enthusiasm.

THE DWINELLES

"There were two Dwinelle brothers, John W. and Samuel H. The latter was judge of the fifteenth district court. They were both men of integrity and ability, everywhere highly respected by both bench and bar. They were high-minded scholarly gentlemen that any community could well be proud of. Each of them was a successful practitioner while at the bar.

SHARP & LLOYD

"Sol Sharp and Reuben H. Lloyd were partners in 1873. Sharp was a dark, ponderous man of heavy build, while Lloyd was light complexioned, slender, even boyish looking. Sharp was slow in action, Lloyd quick, nervous and always worked as if his time was limited. In fact, he and Joe Napthaly (the first prominent Jewish lawyer of the city) were on the street so much, rushing from one court to another, at a rapid gait, that it was a common saying that 'they practiced law with their legs.'

"I remember my first visit to Lloyd's office. He occupied a very long, narrow room. At one end of it was a window. His desk was in front of the window. He sat with his back to the light. In one corner, behind him, hung a human skeleton. Cases full of books stood along each side of the room. Above the bookcase, and in every conceivable space in the office, not otherwise occupied, were curios of every kind and description. I wondered what manner of man this must be, who hung a skeleton so close to his chair. I found him bright, cheery and kind, and I

Reuben H. Lloyd

always liked him. He led an extremely active life and died but a few years ago. It is related of him that he never presented a client with a bill. If asked what he charged for any services performed, he would tell his inquirer how much he expended for costs, and add, 'for my services, pay me what you choose.' In probate matters, and all other cases where the court fixed the fees, he always insisted on getting the highest possible allowance.

"After the death of Mr. Sharp, Lloyd was associated with Mr. William S. Wood, or Billy Wood, as everyone knew him, now also deceased. Wood was another graduate of the State of Nevada. He also was of a quick, active make-up, a hard fighter and kind friend. For many years Lloyd was the attorney for E. J. Baldwin. His practice, as the representative of many of the mining kings of the state, was very extensive. He was an upright citizen and was in every way deserving of the success that was his and the reputation he enjoyed.

Sidney V. Smith

"Sidney V. Smith was another ornament to the San Francisco bar. He shared the honors with Jarboe and Harrison as authority on real estate titles. He was a cultured gentleman, an able lawyer and a respected citizen.

"The men I have mentioned were those attorneys of the city most prominently in the limelight. For some reason I knew them better than I did many others who occupied respectable positions in public esteem.

"Honorable W. W. Morrow, now United States circuit judge; Judge Latimer, with whom he was afterward associated; Wynans and Belknap, Thornton and Williams, Sol Hydenfeldt, E. J. Pringle, John T. Doyle, Stanley, Stoney and Hayes, John E. Swift, Joseph Napthaly, E. B. Mastick, O. P. Evans, Henry E. Highton, James M. Shafter and A. A. Cohen, were all able lawyers in good standing in 1873. Wynans and Belknap and E. B. Mastick enjoyed a lucrative business. Billy Foote and Eugene Duprey were just coming into notice. Foote was never in one place very long until he was heard from. Two of the younger men of the bar, Joseph Phelan and Sid Baldwin, both of them in Patterson's office, evinced more ability than any men of their ages there.

They both, however, yielded to the demon rum, and wrecked their lives at an early age.

"To Joseph Napthaly and Paul Neumann fell most of the commercial business of the city, which, at that time, was exceedingly lucrative. The paying criminal business fell to Elisha Cook, Alexander Campbell, Hall McAllister, Leander Quint, Reuben H. Lloyd, J. G. Eastman, Greene Curtis of Sacramento and Creed Haymond. There was an enormous amount of police court work done by men of small calibre and lower professional standing.

Judge Delos Lake

"Judge Lake was a strong-faced, picturesque looking man. He had the appearance of an old Roman senator. He was quick-witted and had a bitter and sarcastic tongue. It is related of him on one occasion, that in opening an argument in the Supreme Court of the state, he said, 'Your Honors, this is an appeal from the judgment rendered by the Honorable ——' (mentioning the name of one of the district judges of San Francisco), 'but, your Honors, that is not the only ground on which the appeal is based.' Judge Lake always enjoyed a fine reputation and for years his practice was large and remunerative.

Ben F. Brooks

"One of the picturesque characters of the bar of this era was Ben F. Brooks. He was tall, sparsely built and wore a side beard. His nose had been badly broken, and the injured member added nothing to his beauty. His forte was real estate litigation. In his line he was certainly an expert.

"In an argument before the Supreme Court, sitting in Los Angeles many years subsequent to the period I am treating of, he brushed aside the effect of a decision which had been cited against him, with the remark, 'But, your Honors, that case was decided by our Supreme Court way back there in the dark ages before the Civil War.' Without further enlargement on the subject, he dropped it right there. His manner was so quiet, yet so insinuating and persuasive, that I think all the defects of the decision must have been immediately recalled to the minds of the judges.

"George K. Porter, now deceased, who, during his lifetime, was one of the owners of the north half of the San Fernando Ranch in Los Angeles County, was a great admirer of Ben Brooks. Brooks had been his attorney in many a hard fought battle. While acting as Porter's attorney, I had Brooks quoted to me so often that, on the mention of his name by Porter, I felt as I imagine the daughter-in-law feels when reminded by her husband of the quality of the 'pies that mother used to make.'

William McCabe

"A broken-down lawyer, who had evidently seen better days, who held a place upon the legal stage of San Francisco in these days, was William McCabe. He was what everybody termed a gentleman of the old school. He was poverty stricken and showed it. He knew nothing about our codes and looked upon them with supreme contempt. He came from one of the southern states and had always practiced under the common law. He brought an action before Judge Dwinelle, in the fifteenth district court, to enforce a trust. Demurrer after demurrer was sustained to his bill on every conceivable ground. He amended as often as the court would allow him, and I think for at least two years he was before the court with what he termed his 'bill in e-quity.' Judge Dwinelle humored the old man for a long time, but finally sustained a demurrer to the bill without leave to amend. The judge congratulated himself that he had at last gotten rid of McCabe, but he reckoned without his host. A short time afterwards, on motion day, McCabe appeared with a most formidable and voluminous petition which he termed a 'Bill of Revivor.' Such a bill had its proper functions under the common law practice, now fulfilled by the substitution of an administrator or executor in place of a deceased litigant. In his bill McCabe reviewed everything that had happened in the case and sought to avoid all the defects of his bill, including the defense of the statute of limitations, and 'revive' as he termed it, the litigation. Judge Dwinelle was beside himself as to how to get rid of the old gentleman, and the contest between them was still on when I left San Francisco. The old man was so gentlemanly in his demeanor, so gentle in his manner, so polite in his strenuous insistence on what he deemed his rights, that the court could not quarrel with him, and was not ingenious enough to suppress him.

"No one ever heard of McCabe having another case, and how he existed was a mystery.

George W. Tyler

"Tyler, like Collins, the lawyer now in state prison for his many delinquencies, was evidently a legal degenerate. He was a man of very considerable ability and a well read lawyer. He had, however, a faculty for always being in a row. I was in the court room in Quincy, Plumas County, at one time, when he was defending a stage robber. J. B. Hume, a Wells Fargo detective, among other things, had introduced a white silk handkerchief in which the robber had carried, for a considerable distance, a lot of twenty dollar gold pieces, and the chafing of the money had left black marks on the handkerchief. In cross-examining Hume, Tyler secured the handkerchief, shook it out in front of him and rubbed it together in a quiet endeavor to obliterate the tell-tale marks. Hume discovered his efforts, called the attention of the court to it, and the court made Tyler put the handkerchief down. Tyler was, of course, very indignant and stormed around considerably about it.

"Eastman used to tell the following story on Tyler. In the days when stage robbing was not considered as heinous an offense in California as it is today, two men held up the stage and secured $15,000 in gold from Wells Fargo's box. Each of them buried $5,000 of the money, one near Sacramento and the other near Marysville, divided the balance of the money and started in on a glorious time. They were apprehended before all of the $5,000 held out by them, was spent. Eastman & Tyler were retained by them, and got to start with whatever money they had on them when arrested. They strenuously denied having held up the stage. They told their attorneys about the buried money and authorized them to get it. Eastman went to look for the $5,000 near Marysville and found it. Tyler was to dig up the $5,000 near Sacramento. After a few days Eastman had a telegram from Tyler to meet him in San Francisco. At the meeting he said Tyler came in with a more mournful expression than a

Methodist minister would have after delivering a two hours' funeral oration. Tears were in his eyes and he confessed to Eastman that he had been utterly unable to locate the $5,000 buried near Sacramento. Eastman very generously divided his $5,000 with him. Years afterwards Tyler upbraided Eastman for being so easy and confessed to him that he had gotten his $5,000. Both of the stage robbers went to the state prison.

CLARENCE R. GREATHOUSE

"Clarence R. Greathouse had recently come from Kentucky. I believe he was related to Haggin or Tevis. They assisted him into prominence. His firm for a time was Greathouse & Blanding, afterward Greathouse, Blanding & Tevis. Mr. W. H. Herrin, if I am not mistaken, made his entrance into San Francisco life in the office of Greathouse. I became quite intimate with Greathouse, who was in Los Angeles a great deal in connection with various water suits in which Haggin & Tevis were interested. In 1878, when the firm of Brunson, Eastman & Graves dissolved, he offered me a princely salary to go to Deadwood, South Dakota, to represent the mining interests of Haggin & Tevis in that region. I declined his generous offer, preferring to remain in Los Angeles.

"In 1886, Greathouse was appointed by President Cleveland United States Consul General for Japan, which position he filled with credit to the nation. Subsequently he became Prime Minister of the Kingdom of Korea. He was actually the ruler of that country, much to its advantage. He died in 1899, while still in the service of Korea, universally regretted by her people.

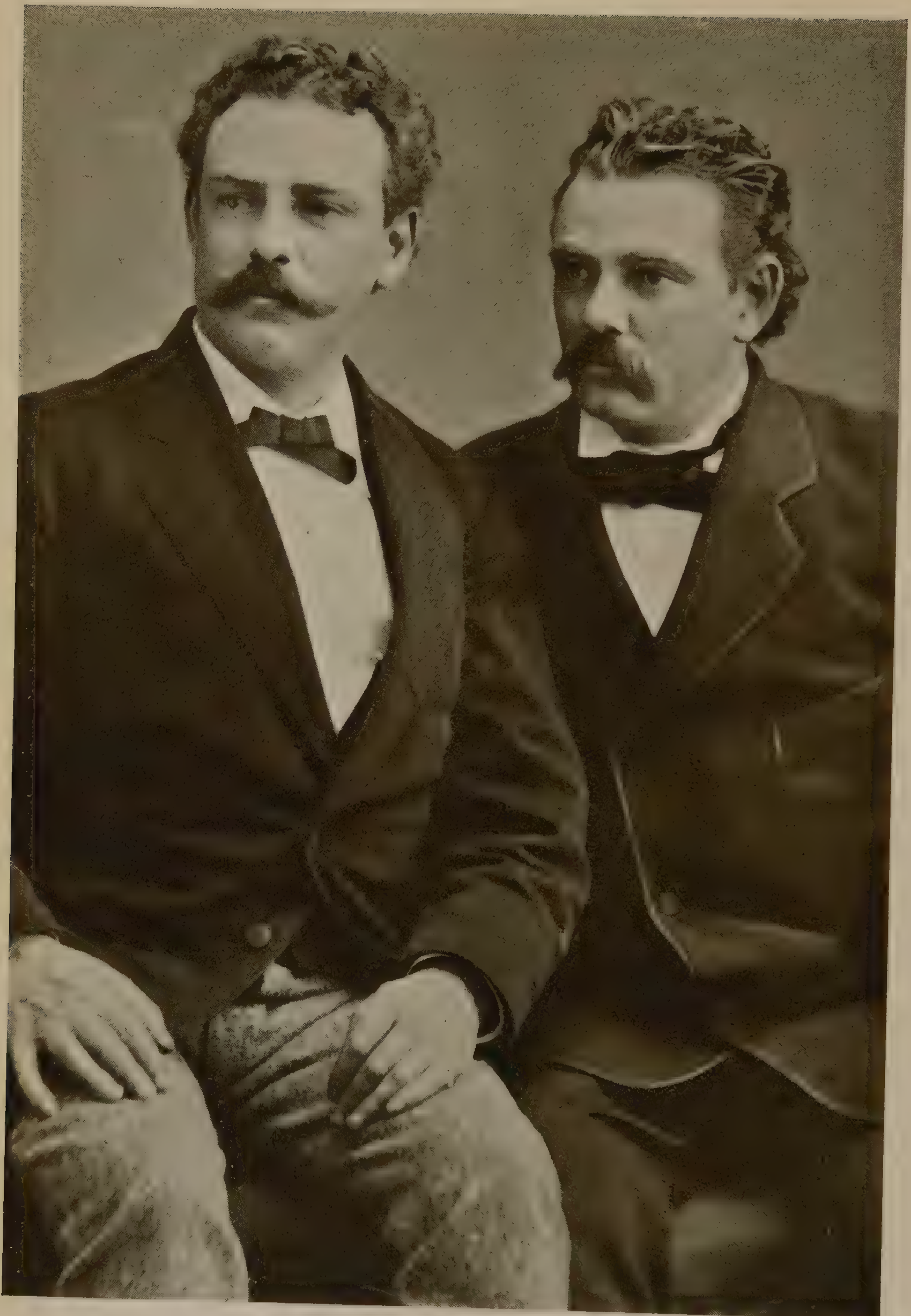
JOHN M. COGHLAN

"John M. Coghlan was a man of pleasing address, quaint manners, and in every way worthy of esteem. While an astute politician, he was also an excellent lawyer. He came to San Francisco from Napa County. He had served that district a couple of terms in Congress. He was a pleasing, earnest and forcible speaker. He told me, however, that he never addressed a court or jury without suffering the most acute mental agony and physical fear. After a few moments this condition left him and he was perfectly self-possessed.

"He and Eastman filed a petition for letters of administration on the estate of a man named Milliken, who had made a great fortune as a merchant at Sacramento, but who, at the time of his death, was residing in San Francisco. The petition was filed before Judge Myrick, probate judge, by a mulatto woman claiming to be Milliken's common law wife. When the petition was heard she came into court, manicured, perfumed, bedecked and bedizened. Every art of the modiste amd milliner had been exerted in her behalf. Her hair had been bleached. Her headgear and clothes had been selected to add fairness to her yellow complexion. She made a perfect prima facie case; proved that she had lived with Milliken as his wife, and that he had introduced her socially as such. She offered in evidence many letters written to her by him, addressed to her as 'my dear wife.' To escape section sixty of the civil code, she endeavored to prove that she was one degree removed from a mulatto. It was admitted by the parties contesting her right to administer, that her father was a well known pioneer white man of Sacramento. She testified that her mother was a mulatto of as light color as herself. While she was on the stand, Eastman & Coghlan, with great impressiveness, 'made profert' of their client as evidence of the fact that she was not a mulatto. The judge acknowledged that he had noticed the appearance of the witness.

"Greene Curtis, a lawyer from Sacramento, represented the brother of Milliken, and contested the right of the woman to letters of administration. The alleged wife had testified that she did not know where her mother was. I always suspected that Eastman had her somewhere in hiding. At any rate, Curtis discovered her and brought her into court. She was a simple-minded black mammy, so black that the ace of spades would have been radiantly white compared with her. She came into court with an old fashioned sunbonnet on. Curtis called our client to the stand and asked the old lady to remove her sunbonnet, and then, pointing to the mother, asked the applicant for letters if that woman was her mother. The witness blushed as much as her make-up would allow her to, and admitted that

N. Greene Curtis



PAUL NEUMANN WITH HIS TWIN BROTHER, "NED." PAUL IS ON THE RIGHT she was. Curtis then put the mother on the stand. She testified that her father and mother were as black as she and were the slaves of a 'Mr. Jim Thompson of Mississippi; that they all came to California across the plains with Massa Jim.' At the conclusion of her testimony, Curtis, with a most profound bow to the attorneys for the applicant for letters, and pointing to his witness, said, 'If your honor pleases, I make profert.' After this testimony it was impossible to establish that the applicant for letters was not a mulatto, and as she could not lawfully have wed Milliken, her application was denied.

"A short time after this occurrence, Greene Curtis came into the office on his way to Santa Cruz to try a murder case. He asked Eastman to let me go along with him. Eastman consented. It was a memorable case, hard fought, but a short trial, lasting only about ten days. Curtis made a great argument. During a fervid peroration, he feigned dizziness, put one hand to his head, held onto the table with the other, trembled, ceased speaking, and then proceeded with renewed vigor. In closing his argument with a brilliant burst of oratory, he pretended to become very faint, and as he slid into his chair, came down upon my shoulder, and with his hand over his mouth whispered to me, 'I have got the sons of guns.' And true enough, when the verdict was returned, he had them.

"Curtis was the leading counsel for the defense at the second trial of the People vs. Laura D. Fair, and to his ability she owed her acquittal. While still at college, through the influence of Brother Justin, it was my good fortune to hear all of the arguments of counsel at this trial. To repeat even my recollection of it, and describe the court room, the judge and jury, and the thrilling events of the several days consumed by the arguments, would take the entire evening. The Honorable T. B. Reardan of Nevada County presided at the trial. Two of his sons were my college mates, and Brother Justin got from him an order admitting several of us to the court room during the argument.

PAUL NEUMANN

"In concluding, never for a moment must I forget Paul Neumann. He was not a great lawyer, but, oh, he was such a good fellow! He was so wholesome, so jolly, so full of fun, so neglectful of business, so devoted to the joys of life, that none knew him but to love him. He was splendidly educated, had a good legal mind, and was a fairly well read lawyer. Without doubt, he would have achieved greatness with but slight effort on his part. He preferred that life should be one long play day. He was never serious if he could be otherwise. His language was well chosen, his articulation distinct, but his idioms and accent were decidedly German. Like Bishop, Paul had a very happy faculty of adjusting differences between litigants. He succeeded in settling more cases than he tried. He did not like to try cases. He often said that 'these plaguy judges make my head ache.' He was an expert in having a fair share of the spoils fall his way as a fee. In one instance, a client who stood aghast at the size of Paul's fee, said to him, 'My God, Paul, where do I get off?' 'My dear fellow,' answered Paul, patting him lovingly on the back, 'have I not saved you from the annoyance of an extremely bitter lawsuit? Now your time is your own, you will not for a whole year be dancing attendance on an unsympathetic court. Be good now, run along and make some more money for me.' The client ran.

"He loved to play poker. He had no idea of the value of money. He would pay when he had money, and go in debt when he had it not. On one occasion he lectured on 'Debt,' before some club in San Francisco. No man ever got off a more laughable discourse. It fairly bubbled and sizzled with wit and humor. He subsequently remarked that it created such a furore that his credit, for many years afterward, sensibly increased and his indebtedness grew in proportion. He spoke many languages. I have heard him repel a dozen different collectors in as many different languages, in one forenoon. 'Je n'ai rien pour vous, aujourd'hui, mon ami,' was his reply to a French restaurant keeper and the same thing was hurled at all the others in the tongue suited to their nationality. A little fellow named 'Joey' one day said to him, 'Paul, I have been here many times for this bill. I don't want to bother you so frequently. Now, tell me when you will pay me.' 'Let me see,' said Paul, 'this is Tuesday. I'll tell you, Joey, come next Saturday, and I will tell you when to come for it.' 'Oh, Paul, you told me that two weeks ago!' replied Joey. 'Did 'I, said Paul, 'then come three weeks from Saturday.' Just as Joey started to leave, Paul reached for his hat and cane, calling, 'Hold on, Joey, if you have a quarter in your clothes, I will do you the distinguished honor of allowing you to buy me a drink,' and with his arm around Joey's shoulder, they departed. People did not get mad at him. Everybody loved him. He was irresistible. Only once did I hear a man speak angrily to him over money matters. He was some sort of a tradesman, a German. Paul owed him some trifling sum, and the man said he must have it, that he had to pay his taxes. Then Paul turned on him, simulating great anger. 'Taxes,' he shouted, 'you should be thankful that you have anything to pay taxes on, without flaunting your wealth in my poverty stricken face and dunning me about a miserable nine dollars.' His manner was so earnest and his indignation apparently so intense, that the poor creditor sneaked away without replying and in my time never returned.

"The big brokers carried him occasionally on stock deals and made him some money. Just after a successful venture of this kind, he plunged heavily on his own account in a mining stock called 'Bullion,' which he facetiously termed, 'Bouillon.' He closed the deal with quite a loss, and on giving me a check to take to his broker, he said, 'Buzz, why the devil did I not buy Consomme in the first place?'

"Paul had lost his left leg just below the knee. He had a cork leg, which was the 'stalking horse' of many an adventure. If he missed an appointment, the leg caused it. In case of downright necessity, when he had no other excuse for not attending some conference which he desired to avoid, he deliberately took his cork leg off and hung it up in the closet, and declared that it was broken when those who were waiting for him ran in on him to find out what the trouble was.

"He ran for state harbor commissioner on the Republican ticket against John W. Bost on the Democratic ticket. *The Bulletin*, then in the hands of Pickering and Fitch, was the 'Goo Goo' paper of San Francisco. That paper did not advocate the election of anyone whom its owners could not control. *The Bul-*

letin abused Paul for every imaginable offense, held him up to scorn, ridiculed his political aspirations, told of his many shortcomings without giving him credit for any of his many virtues. He was elected. Subsequently, the courts held that there was no vacancy in the office to be filled and Bost held over. A few days after election Paul was in high glee. He had a way of whistling and waltzing, so that the creaking of the metal joint of his cork leg would keep time to the tune he whistled. He was engaged in this highly entertaining amusement when Eastman came in, inquiring the reason for such unseemly and undue hilarity. 'Jim,' said Paul, in reply to him, 'I am simply felicitating myself over the failure of the *Bulletin* to give to the public many incidents of my life, which it could have truthfully printed.'

"He always had a lot of hangers-on, henchmen and political strikers, who wanted places at the public crib. To one of them, a little Jew, named Loewenthal, in the absence of better employment, he gave the janitorship of the office. A few days after the election above alluded to, returning to the office after dinner one night, to study, as was my custom, I found Loewenthal standing before the fire, supremely happy, but dismally drunk. He was oblivious to my presence, and indulged in the following soliloquy: 'Paul Neumann is elected harbor commissioner, Joe Napthaly shall be postmaster, and I will be a letter carrier.' Imagine an ambition that could be satisfied with a job requiring him to walk not less than twenty-five miles a day, over the then miserable sidewalks of San Francisco, in a United States uniform for fifty dollars a month!

"A few years after I left the city, Paul went to Honolulu in the interests of Claus Spreckels. On a trip to the city I met Paul also on a visit there. We were going down Sansome Street to the office of the Alaska Commercial Company. We met a prominent wholesale merchant who was overjoyed at seeing Paul. We talked awhile, and as we started off Paul said to him, 'Joe, lend me twenty dollars until I get back to the hotel.' 'Not much I won't,' said the merchant, 'but come in here a moment.' We entered his store. He went to his private office and shortly returned with a check for two hundred and fifty dollars made out to Paul. 'Instead of lending you twenty dollars,' he told Paul, 'I will give you this two hundred and fifty dollars on condition that you do not ask me for any more money while you are here.' Neumann took the check, shook hands with his friend, and with that smile of his, so full of joy and sunlight, said to him, 'Joe, your condition is an onerous one; however, let me thank you for your generosity, and at the same time inquire of you, how is it that you will continually remind me in such a subtle manner of your splendid business ability?'

"Spreckels quarreled with Neumann, who became attorney for the King of Hawaii, and afterward, for the deposed Queen, and made considerable money. His wife was the daughter of a German physician. Her mother was a native of Spain. Mrs. Neumann was one of the handsomest women I ever saw, a splendid wife and loving, devoted mother. A few years ago she accidentally fell overboard from a steamer, returning from a trip from one of the towns on the Mexican coast, and was drowned.

Remarks Confined to Attorneys I Knew

"Remember, I am not pretending to speak of all the members of the San Francisco bar. I mention those with whom I was thrown in contact. What struck me forcibly as a characteristic of most of these men was their good breeding, courtly bearing and gentlemanly demeanor in the court room. They were polished in manner and avoided the petty disputes that have disgraced the conduct of some attorneys. They treated the court and their brother attorneys with the highest consideration and respect. While presenting their cases with fervor and enthusiasm, they seemed to be governed by a high sense of honor and always observed the proprieties of the profession. It was an education as well as a pleasure to hear men like McAllister, Felton, Sidney V. Smith, Garber, Boalt, and Bishop, and many others I have mentioned, try a case. The first fundamental, foundational, supreme requisite of a lawyer is character, the next, industry, and the next, tenacity of purpose. Given these three requisites and fair mental ability, any man can become a great lawyer. Lacking any of these qualifications, no man can succeed at the bar.

"Do any of you know how many times Steve White attempted to be district attorney of this county, before he achieved his ambition? He was a candidate for the office in 1875 on the 'Dolly Varden' ticket, against Rodney Hudson on the Democratic ticket, and was defeated. He was a candidate for the nomination two years later on the Democratic ticket, and was defeated by Cameron E. Thom. Thomas B. Brown beat him for the nomination two years later, and was elected. After waiting two years, he beat Brown for the nomination, and it was held by the courts that there was no vacancy. Two years again rolled by, and White was nominated and elected. There was the tenacity that wins, the bulldog grip that can never be loosened.

CHARACTER IN A LAWYER DESIRABLE

"But character in a lawyer is what counts. I would rather enjoy the reputation for good character, high moral standing and unflinching integrity that John S. Chapman, Sam M. Wilson and Hall McAllister enjoyed, and go down to my grave in rags, than to have earned practicing law a fortune ten times as large as that which E. H. Harriman left, and be a man with a character like that of George W. Tyler, Creed Haymond, and a dozen other attorneys who have been prominent in California.

"With an able and honest bar, a community usually gets able, high-minded judges. The judiciary of San Francisco, in 1873, was a model one. No breath of scandal ever touched the names of those occupying her judicial positions.

OLD BAR GONE

"All of the San Francisco attorneys I have mentioned, with their clients and their following, their hopes and their fears, their triumphs and disappointments, have passed on to the great beyond. Vast changes have occurred on the coast. The lavish customs of the olden days have disappeared. In the evolution of modern business, the profession of the law has been commercialized. Many of the leading lawyers today are special business agents of corporate interests. Business methods have changed. Credit is not so freely granted by wholesalers to retailers as in the old days. Commercial failures of great magnitude, out of which lawyers sometimes made fortunes, no longer occur. The old-fashioned lawyers would now be out of place. Time has become too valuable for either the courts or juries to listen to days of argument. Litigation has increased but its nature has changed. Land titles, once the most fruitful source of the lawyer's income, have become generally perfected. Real estate transfers are handled by abstract companies. New questions arising have changed our sources of litigation.

Bench and Bar Bulwark of Our Liberties

"One of the strongest bulwarks of our liberties is a high-minded, honest, conscientious bar, and an incorruptible, untrammeled judiciary. When our people forget the laws of God, our sublime Constitution, and the principles upon which this government is founded; when the excesses of conscienceless agitators threaten us with anarchy, and incite multitudes of misguided and deluded wage earners to acts of violence and bloodshed; when any political party, drunk with power, or corrupt with success, is ready to trample underfoot the rights of the people; when predatory corporations would loot a defenseless public; when demagogues rule and rogues follow their lead in attempting to either set aside the wishes of the general public, or pass laws which violate contractual rights, our greatest safeguard is a judiciary, firm, honest and untrammeled, assisted by a bar high-minded, conscientious and law-abiding. Such a judiciary and such a bar, in the main, the great city of San Francisco had in 1873. I have always given thanks that it was my good fortune to begin my legal education in so benign an atmosphere. The memory of the grand men of the profession I have been discussing has ever been to me an inspiration. Through all the dark hours that came to me, as they must come to all of us, their example has been a great source of consolation and encouragement."

All the San Francisco attorneys mentioned above have passed away. Judge Morrow died but recently, at a very advanced age. He was for many years judge of the United States Circuit Court of San Francisco, but at the time of his death had retired. To the above I desire to add the following incident.

Johnnie Tours, an actor, who for many years trod the boards of the Bella Union Theater, killed a man. He was indicted for murder and his case was pending in the district court of the State of California in San Francisco. J. M. Coghlan and J. G. Eastman were his attorneys. They moved for a change of venue. I was sent to the county jail, accompanied by a notary public, with an affidavit to be sworn to by Tours. He ran over it hastily, signed it and the notary swore him. The notary took the affidavit away and was to send it to the office of Eastman & Neumann, and I remained and chatted awhile with Tours. In his affidavit he had sworn that he knew every man in San Francisco eligible for jury duty and that each and every one of them was prejudiced against him and would not give him a fair trial. I asked him if he had no compunctions of conscience in regard to that affidavit. He put his hand on my shoulder and said, "My boy, if you were in my place, you would rather be prosecuted for perjury than hung for murder."

Judge Samuel H. Dwinelle was sitting in the fifteenth district court which also included Contra Costa and possibly Alameda County. He transferred the case to Contra Costa County, and as judge of the fifteenth district court, he tried the case. The first trial resulted in a hung jury and on the second trial Tours was acquitted.

He came back to San Francisco and resumed his old position at the Bella Union. For some reason he seemed to have an affection for me, and was always showering me with tickets, which I never used, and at one time he sent me an order on a first-class tailoring establishment in San Francisco for a suit of clothes, which I had made, and, by the way, I was wearing that suit of clothes the day I landed in Los Angeles.

In my addresses, and I have made many of them, I endeavored to interject a little fun. On May 6, 1912, I delivered an address, at the invitation of Mr. E. H. Groenendyke, a banker in Pasadena, and now deceased, at the twenty-fourth annual banquet of the Pasadena Board of Trade. I sat at the right of the presiding officer or toastmaster and ex-Senator Flint, now deceased, sat at his left. The toastmaster was a fanatic on the question of temperance, and during the meal, from his talk to me, he must have thought I needed reforming. I determined to enlighten him as to my drinking habits, during my address, and did so in the following manner:

"By the way, my parents were Southern people, both from Kentucky. That accounts for my very strong desire for clean, pure, mountain spring water, such as I am extracting from the southern limits of Pasadena and taking to my home in Alhambra. From my parents I also inherited a strong detestation for all intoxicating drinks. I have never used them. True, I drink as a beverage, not as a stimulant, Bourbon, Rye, Scotch (if I can't get anything else), Champagne and California Brandy. But those stronger, coarser drinks, which intoxicate and inebriate the people, which cause a husband to beat up his wife, like soda water, lemonade and ginger ale, I have never been guilty of using. Beer I can drink in small quantities. I really feel no inconvenience from sixty or seventy glasses a day, but I shudder to think of the consequences were I to overindulge in that liquor."

There were many young men in the audience and they cheered and howled for fifteen minutes, so that I could not proceed. When I had finished my address and taken my seat, the toastmaster turned his back on me and never had another word to say to me, and when the meeting adjourned he rushed off without shaking hands.

CHAPTER X

LIKE ALL BOYS I LOVED A DOG.
I ACQUIRED ONE UNDER DIFFICULTIES.
MART GIBSON A READY HELPMATE IN THE VENTURE.

MY FIRST ten years in California were spent with my parents on a ranch on the east bank of Feather River, five miles north of Marysville, Yuba County. We raised hay and grain on the upland and corn on the bottom lands. The summers were distressingly hot, and the thermometer ranged between ninety degrees and one hundred degrees, or higher, every day for months. Our hay and grain were usually harvested and sold by the middle of August. The corn crop came along in the fall. When the grain crop was out of the way, my mother and the children of the family would go to the mountains for a few weeks, to avoid the heat and recover from the fever and ague which we all had every summer.

I had an uncle who lived in Quincy, Plumas County. We would visit him in the summer and his family would visit us in winter time. It was ninety miles from our place to Quincy. We would go in a two-horse spring wagon. The first few miles of the journey were over level plains, then would come the foothills. At that time mining was the chief industry in the foothill region. Now, this part of California is given over to fruit raising. We always went by Bidwell's Bar, where there was a suspension bridge over the American River. At that place, there grew, and still grow, the first orange trees I ever saw. There were two of them, of the seedling variety. The tollgate keeper at the bridge took great pride in them. The last time I was there, in 1867, he had marked with a marking pot and brush, such as country merchants use, each orange on each tree, beginning with one and running up to beyond a thousand.

After crossing the bridge at Bidwell's we began to ascend pretty rapidly. Up to this point the timber had been scrub oak, pinons, hazelnut bushes, buckeyes, scrub pines and manzanitas. Better pine timber now began to show up. I remember Berry Creek, a beautiful stream coming in from the right of our road. Its waters were always remarkably cool and refreshing. Since the Western Pacific Railroad has been built, Berry Creek has become a fisherman's paradise. Beyond Berry Creek we ascended a vast lava mass called "Walker's Plains." It was level, some miles long and as many wide. Only a few stunted scrubs grew upon it. From these plains we got a splendid view of the Sacramento Valley.

After leaving Walker's Plains we got into still better timber, mostly sugar pine, and more running streams and longer and steeper mountain grades. Near sunset on the first day from home we usually reached a stopping place known as the Mountain House. It was beautifully situated in tall sugar pine timber, with a rich meadow near at hand. An oldfashioned house, with pillars supporting the upper porch, was the hotel. At one end of the building was the men's wash room with water running through it in a wooden flume. I always thought it a great stunt to dip my basin into this flume and wash off the dust of the trip in water so cold one could hardly touch it. In those days a family named Ruggles conducted the house in a primitive fashion. However, everything was clean and the table excellent. They had their own milk, butter and meat, and raised vegetables which were fit for use during the summer months. Coming from the hot valley below, we shivered with cold after sunset and before sunrise in the morning.

Our second day's journey was more delightful than the first. Heavy timber, mostly sugar pine, was on all sides of us. Occasionally we came across a large meadow, fenced with the oldfashioned stake and rider split rail fence. Here had been erected the farmhouse and buildings of some hardy mountaineer. At Buck's ranch, between the Mountain House and Quincy, the snowfall in the winter is so deep that each house had a staircase for ingress and egress which was built in a sort of chimney, considerably above the house top. On the trees along the road, fully twenty feet from the ground, planks were nailed to guide the traveler when heavy snows covered the earth. I was told that men walked on the snow on snowshoes and nailed these planks at the elevation at which we found them.

I remember Spanish Ranch, some miles this side of Quincy, as a beautiful spot and well improved for those days.

Coming from a low to a high altitude our horses suffered considerably and we could not travel very fast. They also suffered for water, as the water of all the streams was so cold that they would not drink it. Quincy, in those days, was a hamlet, pleasantly situated, of considerable extent. Coming to it late in the afternoon, when all of its white houses were lit up by the slanting rays of the setting sun, it presented a most pleasing appearance.

My uncle, "Uncle Jimmy," we called him, owned a productive farm of several hundred acres. His house was on the main street of the village. The farm ran back to Spanish Creek. Most of it was meadowland and seeded to timothy, which made splendid hay. He also raised oats and potatoes. As the market for farm products was limited, he built a race track and a dozen or more large barns with box stalls. Every fall the county fair and horse races were held at this race track. Trotting horses were not much in vogue in those days. The race horse (running horse) was king. Most of the horses entered in the races at Quincy were from the Sacramento Valley, and to become acclimated they had to stay at least two months in the higher altitude. Uncle Jimmy rented the race horse people stable room and sold them timothy and oats to his profit.

In the summer of 1864, when I was twelve years of age, we were on our annual visit to Quincy. There were an unusual number of horses in training at this time. I thought it great luck to be allowed to ride the training colts taking their daily exercise. There were two brothers there, young Missourians from Colusa, Mart and Joe Gibson, who had a fine string of animals. I attached myself to them and had a good mount every day. Coming in from the track one day, when we reached the barns a horse just in front of me, ridden by an Indian boy, bolted so suddenly at right angles as to throw the boy headlong against a pine tree and dash his brains out. Until the Gibsons got another rider from their home at Colusa I acted as jockey in the place of the boy who was killed.

There was a man there from Sacramento with a string of horses who had a large female half-breed mastiff. She was nursing five or six puppies, about six or eight weeks old. One of them was born with a bobbed tail. He was brindle in color. His eyes were nearly covered or hidden with loose skin which hung over them, and his eyes were set in his head at an angle, that is, they dropped away from the nose. He was the ugliest creature that one ever beheld. I wanted that dog and set my heart on having him. That bobbed tail appealed to me. I got Mart Gibson to intercede with the owner for me and ask him to give me the puppy, but he would not think of it. He said he expected to get fifty dollars for it. I hung around, day after day, petting the puppy until I must have been regarded as a nuisance.

The day for our departure for home was drawing near. The Sacramento man had gone down into the valley to find a couple of boys to ride for him. The evening before we were to start, Mart Gibson took me aside and told me the Sacramento man had given him the bobtail puppy and that he would give him to me. He suggested, however, that as the former owner of the dog would not like to have him give him away, he would arrange so nobody would know what had become of the puppy. He told me that at four o'clock next morning I should meet him at the Quincy Hotel and he would have the dog there in a sack. He planned that I should start on ahead, and my mother and the rest of the family would soon overtake me. I eagerly accepted, and promptly at four o'clock next morning I met him at the hotel. He had the dog in a sack with his head sticking out of a hole. There was not a soul up in Quincy but Mart and myself. I swung the sack over my shoulder and he walked to the end of the village with me, and then back, promising to tell my mother where I had gone.

I trotted along quite cheerfully, in fact, I did not at first mind or appreciate the weight. When I had gone a mile or two, I began to think my puppy was growing heavy. He probably weighed twenty pounds or more. I stopped for a rest, ate a biscuit I had in my pocket, took a drink of water from the stream crossing the road, and thought I would get the puppy to follow me. Often in play he had chased me all over the place. I took him out of the sack, patted him on the head and ran ahead of him, calling upon him to follow. Do you think he would move? Not a bit of it. He had been riding and enjoyed it. He preferred to have me carry him. He sat on his haunches looking at me for a moment, then with a "ki-yi" or two, broke out into a long-drawn dismal howl that would have put to blush the lone wolf on Oonalaska's shore. That howl reverberated among the hills and trees and echoed and re-echoed, until one would have thought a hundred dogs were in action. I tried all my blandishments upon him but never got a move out of him. If I got ten feet away from him he would begin that howl with variations of tones. The range of his voice was equal to that of an opera singer. Convinced that he would not use his own means of locomotion, I put him back in the sack and trudged along.

The sun was up now and it was a warm day for that altitude. The dog was absolutely contented as long as I kept in motion. The moment I stopped he set up that soul-destroying howl. The perspiration poured off me. I was growing foot weary and tired. Many anxious glances I cast behind me to see if the wagon was coming. My mother was expected to leave at six o'clock and should have soon overtaken me. I heard a wagon coming and rejoicing in my heart thought my deliverance was at hand. The wagon came around the corner of the road, but not our wagon. It was a fruit peddler from the valley who had sold out his load and was going home. He offered me a ride which I gladly accepted. I went with him as far as Spanish Ranch and got off there to wait for my mother and the rest of the folks. I knew the people at the hotel and told them as much of my story as I deemed prudent. They gave me some milk for the puppy and breakfast for myself. Then I sat in a chair in front of the hotel with the dog on my lap. He curled up and went blissfully to sleep.

After a time a pair of horses, hitched to a smart top buggy, drove up, going east. (I was going west.) The driver got out. To my consternation, he was the Sacramento man who owned the puppy. He recognized me and spoke pleasantly. Then he saw the puppy. His wife was in the buggy. He poured out his wrath on me in no uncertain manner. In vain I told him Mart Gibson had given me the dog. He accused me of stealing him and vowed he would have me prosecuted. He took the dog by the neck and put him in the buggy. His wife protested saying that she did not want to ride with that dog. The puppy, however, came to my rescue. He sat up in the buggy on his haunches, just as he had done down on the road, and howled and howled. The population of Spanish Ranch stood around with open-mouthed curiosity. The wife still protested against carrying the puppy. The man, with a look of disgust and hate, finally picked him up by the nape of the neck and held him out to me, saying: "Take him, you little thief, take him, and I hope he brings you bad luck." I denied I was a thief, and reiterated the statement that Mart Gibson had given me the dog.

The man drove off, mad as a wet hen, but I thought I detected a merry twinkle in his wife's eyes as she nodded good-bye to me. At eleven o'clock my mother and brother came along. When they had gotten ready to start they found that one of the horses had cast a shoe during the night, and they were delayed in getting him shod. Mart Gibson, true to his word, had gone to my uncle's and told my folks what had become of me. My mother gave me such a scolding as I deserved, but let me take the dog with me. We lunched at Spanish Ranch and drove to the Mountain House that night. Next day we reached home.

I named my new acquisition "Tige," probably because that was the name of the first dog I ever owned. My mother said that the first word I ever uttered was a long drawn out "T-i-g-e." He developed into a very large and powerful dog. He was of a gentle disposition, but his size and general appearance was such as to inspire terror in a stranger. When he was two years old he had whipped every dog that would fight him within ten miles of our place. He would throw the biggest steer with ease. We had a brushy piece of wooded land in the river bottom in which were some wild hogs of great size and ferocity. Ordinarily dogs would flee from them. Not so Tige. He never hesitated to tackle the biggest of them. In the fall they fed in neighboring cornfields and were very fat. The year that Tige was three years old we got enough of these wild hogs with him to make all of our own lard, hams and bacon. He was a great watchdog. Nothing could happen at night without his detecting it. One morning we found him dead in the yard. He had been poisoned. A short time after that, thieves raided our smokehouse one dark night and stole all of the meat in it—the meat that Tige had helped us kill.

CHAPTER XI

PAT KELLY THE METHEGLIN.
HOW WE MADE IT ITS EFFECT ON PAT.

PAT KELLY was his name. He worked for us for years. He was a sober, industrious Irishman and saved his wages. In addition to being a first-class farm hand Pat was a most excellent cook and willingly helped out when the threshing gang, of twenty-five or thirty men, was with us.

Pat was a great story teller, and many an evening he beguiled me with stories of Irish kings, battles royal between warring factions in Ireland and fairy tales and legends innumerable.

Pat could dance more kinds of a jig than you thought could possibly exist. With a pair of fire tongs under his arm, and by putting his hands to his mouth in a peculiar way, he could give a very fair imitation of a bagpipe in action.

On Sundays, or days when it rained too hard even to oil harness, Pat and I went hunting. He was not much of a shot but a great retriever. The coldest winter day he would strip off and swim out into the slough for a duck that our dog refused to go after.

Pat initiated me into the mysteries of metheglin. It came about this way. One fall the harvesting was over, my only brother was away at school, and my father had the fever and ague and his doctor told him to go to the mountains, so he and my mother went up into the Sierra Nevadas for a two weeks' trip. They left Pat and myself in charge of the ranch. There was but little to do. We took care of the stock, milked the cows, made the butter and stacked some wheat straw for winter fodder.

A couple of days after my parents left we found a bee tree in a river bottom pasture. Pat said we would get the honey. I did not like bees nor did they like me. They would sting me on sight and the effect on me was most severe. I helped him cut the tree down and then retired to a position of safety. Those angry bees did not disturb Pat. Not once was he stung. He got a large wash boiler nearly full of honey. The honeycomb was badly broken in removing it from the tree, so we had to extract the honey. We took a large piece of cheesecloth and filled it with honeycomb and squeezed it dry, catching the honey in a receptacle, from which we put it away in fruit cans or bottles.

In those days we used to buy syrup from New Orleans in five-gallon kegs. Pat took an empty keg, took out one head, put all of the discarded honeycomb into it and then filled it up with hot water. I asked him what he was going to do with it. "Did you ever hear of metheglin?" he replied. "It is a drink that was used in Biblical days and was made in the same way I will make this. It is a drink, an ambrosia, a nectar fit for the gods, when taken in moderation. If drunk to excess it produces drunkenness. When you read in the Bible of any of those old Biblical elders having the blind staggers, take it from me they simply had been hitting the metheglin jug."

Pat insisted that metheglin had to be watched—nursed, as he put it.

I slept in the family home. Pat slept in a house we called the men's house. In it was a stove and sleeping places for several men. It was probably one hundred yards in the rear of our house.

Pat took his keg over to his house and at nights he built a light fire so as to keep the mixture at the proper temperature.

We went about our labors for two or three days. At supper one evening I asked Pat how the metheglin was coming on. "Illigint," he replied, "come over after we clean up and take a look at it."

After we had washed the dishes and tidied up the kitchen, we went over to Pat's room. He struck a light. He had his keg covered up with a piece of cheesecloth and a board. Removing these he showed me how the metheglin had "worked" as he called it. It smelled good and strong, something like hard cider. He dipped a little up in a cup and I tasted it. It was as fiery as pure alcohol, but had a pleasant honey flavor. "In a few days," said Pat, "it will be at its best. Then we will have a feast."

The next two days we stacked straw. The following morning when I got up Pat was not in sight. I lighted the fire in the kitchen stove, went out to the barn and fed the horses, and then went over to Pat's room. He was in bed. I opened the door and called to him. He lifted his head feebly from the pillow and groaned, saying, "Oh, me boy, I am so sick."

Replying to my questions as to what ailed him, he said he thought he must be getting the ague, and I advised him to take quinine and stay in bed. He told me he did not want anything to eat.

I left him, got onto my horse, rounded up the cows, milked them, skimmed last night's milk, fed the chickens and hogs and then got my own breakfast. It was churning day. After breakfast I churned, and by the time I had finished that job, worked the butter and washed and put away the churn, it was nearly noon.

Before getting my lunch I ran over to see how Pat was making it. He appeared feebler than he was in the morning. He begged to be left alone—said his head hurt him. I noticed that the metheglin keg was sitting between the stove and his bed, but I paid no attention to that fact at the time. A tin cup sat on top of the keg, just within easy reach of his hand.

I left him, ate my lunch, got on my horse, took my shotgun with me and made a trip to the bottom lands some two miles away. I whiled away the afternoon in idle sports such as any boy might indulge in. Without any especial effort I killed a dozen quail for our larder.

Toward evening I drove the cows home, milked them, did up the evening chores and got my supper. I was lonesome and felt resentful at Pat for getting sick and leaving me burdened with all the work, so I made no inquiries as to whether he wanted anything to eat or not. I argued that if he was hungry he would come to the house.

After supper I relented toward him and concluded to go and see how he was getting along. He had a lamp lit in his room. When I opened the door he raised up and leered at me. Then resting on his elbow he broke into a cackling laugh. Next he inquired, "Are you a policeman?" He had no idea who I was. Before I could even reply to his inquiry, he began to sing, "The Harp that Once Through Tara's Halls," breaking off from that into "Finnegan's Ball," then "The Wearing o' the Green," with variations from other Irish songs.

The singing must have sobered him to some extent, as he now recognized me. He sat up and broke off his song with, "Boy, I want you to understand I am boss of this ranch. You have got to do just what I tell you. Just now you dance." This was delivered with a very thick tongue and an exceedingly wobbly head. He swayed and wobbled so much that he at last fell back upon his pillow. It now broke into my understanding that Pat was drunk—gloriously, hilariously, enthusiastically drunk, and of course, I was as mad as a hornet. "Pat, you are drunk on your metheglin," I told him. "I am going to throw that keg out of here."

I started toward the keg. With a yell he bounded out of bed, brushed me aside and grabbed his shotgun, which stood in one corner of the room, and swung it around. "Get out of here, get out of here, let that keg alone!" he cried, while he brandished the gun in a most threatening manner. I stood not upon the order of my going, but fled. He followed me to the door, and discharged first one barrel of his gun, and then the other, not in my direction but into the air. I got to my own house as soon as possible. I was barely fourteen years old, and I understood that I was up against a serious proposition. There wasn't a house within two miles of us. There was no knowing what that crazy Irishman would do. I was afraid he might run amuck and burn up all the buildings on the place. Personally, I was not afraid of him. I also had a gun and knew how to use it. I concluded that if the worst came to the worst I would have to kill him. I deliberately laid my plans to blow his hide full of holes if it were necessary, and loaded my gun with BB shot and set it beside my bed.

After I went to bed I heard Pat yelling and carrying on at a great rate. I lay awake for a long time pondering over my situation, and finally dropped off to sleep. When I awoke next morning it all came back to me. The sun was high in the sky. I was astonished that I was alive; that the house still stood there; that Pat had not destroyed the ranch during the night. I went about my usual work and then reconnoitered. This time I took my gun with me. I argued to myself that if there was to be any shooting I would try to get there first. With both barrels of the gun cocked I crept up to a window and peeked in. Pat was on the bed snoring. I did not disturb him.

At noon I took another peek. All was quiet and Pat was still in bed. I never said a word, arguing as I went back to my house that if he wanted to eat he could say so.

Several head of cattle from a neighboring ranch had gotten into our lower pasture lands, and in the afternoon I went down on my horse and drove them out and mended the fence which they had broken down.

After doing up the chores, before supper I went and took another look at Pat. Be assured I carried my gun with me. Pat was still in bed. This time I called to him. No response. I rattled the door, which was locked on the inside, making all the noise I could. Not a move did Pat make. I became alarmed thinking he might be dead. I could not force the door so I crept through a window. As it was growing dark I lighted a lamp and took Pat's gun and put it out of reach. I called to him but he did not heed me. I felt of his hands. They were cold. I shook him by the shoulders. He never moved. I could see that he was breathing. One foot stuck out from under the bedclothes. It was like an icicle. His face was red and swollen.

Now thoroughly alarmed, I hastened away, got on my horse and put out posthaste for Marysville for Dr. Wilkins, our family physician. I found him at home. He had just returned in a buggy from Colusa, and was worn out.

I told him my story. He knew Pat and liked him. He told me to go to the livery stable and have them send up a horse and buggy while he got a bite to eat. I was to go back home as fast as I could and have some water heated by the time he got there. I did as I was told, went home, built a fire and put several kettles of water to heat.

In due time Dr. Wilkins arrived. We went over and he examined Pat. He lay as one dead but was still breathing. The metheglin keg was empty. He had drunk all the liquor and eaten up most of the sodden honeycomb.

Acting under the doctor's orders I got a small tub and a couple of buckets of hot water and some mustard. We could not set Pat up in bed, and the doctor held up his feet while I put the tub on the bed. By crooking his knees we got his feet into the hot mustard water. The doctor explained that his circulation was all but paralyzed. The blood had rushed to his head and he was as drunk as a human being could possibly be. The doctor worked his arms to in part restore circulation. This, with the hot water, aroused Pat. He opened his eyes, looked at us and then began to blubber. "Oh, Dr. Wilkins," he said, "I have been dead. I couldn't move. I couldn't speak. Don't let me die, doctor. I've not been to confession for a year. Don't let me die, doctor."

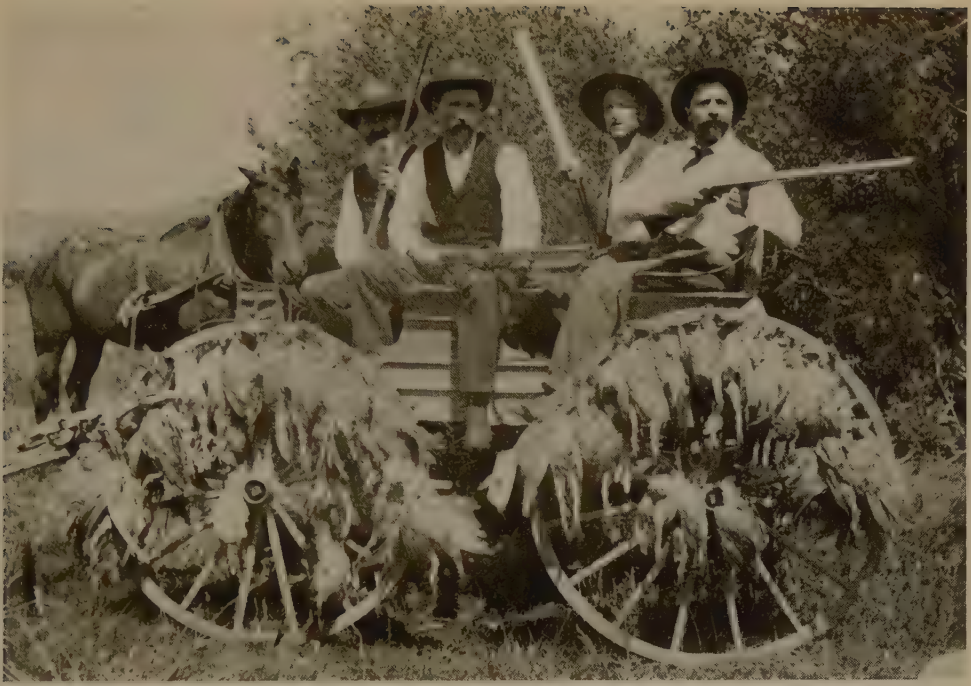
After a time we got him into a sitting position. Then the doctor gave him a powerful emetic. He said Pat probably had alcohol enough in his stomach to kill a horse, and I guess he knew what he was talking about. When the emetic had performed its functions, Pat was better but complained of awful pains in his head. The doctor bled him. I held the metheglin keg to catch the blood, and I thought that even in hog-killing time I had never seen such a sanguinary flow.

Pat soon fell into a natural quiet sleep. His extremities were warm again. His circulation was restored. We set a bucket of drinking water within reach of him and left him for the night, the doctor going home and I going to my bed.

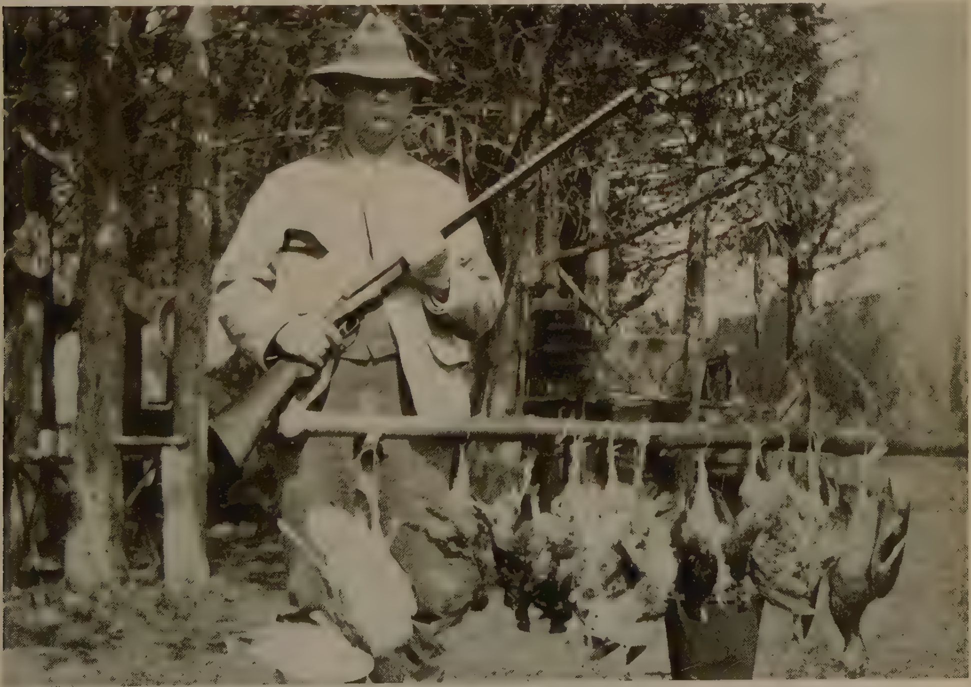
The next morning Pat was much better but very weak. The doctor had left some medicine for him which I made him take. He drank a cup of tea and ate a couple of pieces of toast and again dropped off to sleep. For several days more I nursed him. Then he was able to get up, but he was very wobbly on his legs. He was humbled, ashamed and penitent. He begged me not to tell my parents. I made him pay the doctor, who, at my request, also agreed not to give Pat away.

Fortunately my parents concluded to stay away another week and by the time they came home Pat was fully restored to health.

Knowing by mail when they were to arrive, we gave the house a thorough cleaning. Everything in the kitchen was scrubbed as bright as soap and water and elbow grease could possibly make it. We gave an account of our stewardship to my mother, and showed her the beautiful honey we had extracted. "What did you do with the comb?" she asked us. "Threw it away," said Pat. "Why did you do that?" my mother asked. "Why didn't you make metheglin out of it? It is a splendid drink, and after bottling it will keep for months." "Well, well, well," said Pat, "metheglin, metheglin! It's too bad I didn't know. The next time we tap a bee tree we will make some." And there the matter ended for the time being. But the story was too good to keep, and after pledging my folks not to say anything about it to Pat, who was very much ashamed of the escapade, I told them all the circumstances.



A SAGE HEN SHOOT
LEFT TO RIGHT—J. W. DORSEY, DR. HAINES, BUD PRICE. PRICE IN THE REAR



THE AUTHOR AFTER AN HOUR'S SHOOT BEFORE BREAKFAST. GROUSE AND DUCKS

Our Big Mule Deer and Large Antelope

CHAPTER XII

CALIFORNIA ORIGINALLY A GAME PARADISE. LOS ANGELES COUNTY EQUAL TO ANY PORTION OF THE STATE. FURTHER PROTECTION NEEDED TO PREVENT EXTINCTION.

WHEN the Americans arrived in and began the settlement of California, few countries possessed a greater variety, or a greater number in each variety of edible game birds and animals. Doves and quail literally swarmed everywhere. Our valley quail could be found in all portions of the state, wherever there was brush cover for them, except in our high mountain ranges. In the mountains, grouse and the mountain quail, somewhat larger and more beautifully marked than the valley quail, were abundant. Ducks, geese, sandhill cranes and swans were plentiful in all our sloughs, lakes and rivers. They usually migrated, in the spring, into the north, where their breeding grounds were located.

Elk were more than abundant in many sections of the state, especially in the counties around San Francisco Bay. The last stand of any number of elk in California was on the Miller & Lux lands in Kern County. There were, up to a few years ago, a very large number in that drove. What has become of them I know not. Mountain sheep in great numbers frequented the high Sierras. Deer were found in every county in the state. They preferred hilly and mountain lands to the level plains. Bears were so numerous that they were a nuisance. Grizzly bear, found in many of the western states of America, predominated. They were very large and quite ferocious.

Every valley in the state and many of the foothill regions supported great droves of antelope. Even in the Sixties there were antelopes near the Marysville buttes, in Sutter County. When my people lived near Marysville we owned a trained saddle mare, brought overland from Missouri. She had just a tinge of lameness in her left fore shoulder brought on by chasing antelopes after hounds near the Marysville buttes. I never saw an antelope on the east side of Feather River in that great plain between the river and the foothills of the Sierra Nevada Mountains and extending from Marysville to Oroville, but I heard of people killing them south of the Yuba River, which comes in from the Sierra Nevadas to join the Feather River at Marysville. Antelopes were also quite numerous in the Red Bluff country. The San Joaquin Valley was the home of many antelopes.

I was coming from San Francisco on the Southern Pacific train in about 1877. On the other side of Caliente there is a great wash in which, at that time, a small stream ran. The railroad track is at the foot of a bluff running up into some rugged hills. In the wash, where they had evidently been watering, there must have been a thousand antelopes. They speeded along, keeping up with the train, while the engineer tolled his bell and blew his whistle. As we neared Caliente, the antelopes put on more speed, crossed the track in front of the engine and made off into the hills on the north side of the track. Some of them took great chances in crossing immediately in front of the engine, but none was injured.

Often, in the Antelope Valley, this side of Mojave, and on to Lancaster, great droves of antelopes were seen from the Southern Pacific trains. Even in very late years a few of these graceful animals could be found in the western end of Antelope Valley, but I understand they are now extinct.

Incredible as it may seem, in 1875 there was quite a band of antelopes, some fourteen or fifteen, which lived in the Baldwin Hills and fed on the Centinella Ranch. Colonel Dan Freeman at one time gave me a saddle of antelope which he had killed within a mile of his house on the Centinella.

In Riverside County, as late as 1877 and 1878, the Perris and Moreno Valleys were the feeding grounds of numerous antelopes. Hunting parties from Los Angeles often went out there in pursuit of them. They could be found, at a later date, in the Palm Springs country.

In 1875, Los Angeles County rivaled any part of California in its game birds and animals. I had hunted small game at Marysville when a boy, but had not done any shooting for several years when I came here in June, 1875. Hearing the young men talk of their hunting expeditions, and seeing them come in loaded with game, put the hunting fever again into my blood. My first shooting companion was Albert C. Judd, a clerk at the St. Charles Hotel. He was a slender, fair skinned, fair haired, boyish looking young fellow, but oh, my, how he could shoot! I never saw a man kill duck, dove or quail more neatly than he did. He simply did not know how to miss a flying bird, no matter how difficult the shot. He taught me many points of the game. Often on a Saturday evening, we would take a horse and buggy from Ferguson & Rose's livery stable, put a little hay and grain for the horse under the seat, carry with us a couple of blankets, a small broiler, a coffee pot, bread, butter, bacon and coffee, pepper and salt, and drive up to the Burbank Ranch country. We would camp near the Los Angeles River which then, at that point, flowed a very respectable stream. While I made camp Judd would kill enough quail for our supper and breakfast. We would broil quail and bacon, make coffee, and with bread and butter, we dined royally. We breakfasted in the same way next morning, after sleeping on the ground. We would then go out, and before noon, have all the quail we wanted, sometimes as many as two hundred between us. We would then drive back to Los Angeles.

I roomed, for several years, at the home of Mr. M. Teed, an old-time Angeleno, on Buena Vista Street, and I would always take Mrs. Teed quail after one of these expeditions. I got my mother to send me a recipe for making waffles. Quite frequently on Monday morning, after making one of these shoots, Mrs. Teed would treat Judge Sepulveda and myself to a breakfast of waffles and quail, which we thoroughly enjoyed.

I soon became acquainted with many of the hunters of Los Angeles and often went out with them. There were some great shots among them, including Jim Mellus, still living, one year older than I am; Fred Holbrook, also still living; Jimmie Howard of San Gabriel; Dr. J. S. Crawford, H. M. Mitchell, Henry

C. Wiley, Jim Thompson, George E. Gard, Billie Banning, L. D. Gavitt, Dan Freeman, John V. Wachtel, Jake Kuhrts, A. C. Chauvin, Jerry Newell and others, all of whom are dead.

Duck shooting was particularly good wherever there was water. The Cienega Rancho was, at that time, a sure enough cienega, covered with water, in some places in deep pools, and thickly grown with tules. Between it and the ocean, Ballona Ranch was also well watered. Both of these properties were fine duck grounds, as were the Nigger Slough and portions of the Cerritos Rancho, and the Las Bolsas and Bolsa Chica Ranchos, and any tide lands where there was an ebb and flow from the ocean. The grounds between Los Angeles and Santa Monica, and from the Baldwin Hills to San Pedro, were literally covered with geese, many of them the big gray honkers which are now seldom seen in this part of the state. We all made remarkable kills, of both ducks and geese, on these grounds, and many of the ducks killed by us were mallards and canvasbacks, which today are not very often met with.

Mr. Chauvin, mentioned above, was afflicted with palsy in his right arm. When he was sitting down his arm and hand would shake visibly, but when he drew his gun up to his shoulder the quivering ceased; and he was just as good a shot with a rifle as he was with a shotgun. I used to envy these men their skill with their arms.

In proper cover, quail shooting is great sport. A quail flying straight away is not so hard to hit. If he is descending, one must shoot below him; if ascending, above him. But if he is swinging on a curve in either direction, he presents a more difficult shot. Quick mental action must accompany the mechanical action of shooting. However, the shot that calls for skill and quick action is the quail which you nearly step on. He gets up after you have passed and takes to the back track. By the time you swing and cover him with your gun, he is off considerable distance and is hard to kill. To my mind, the quail is the very best table bird California produces. It is at its best in the late fall. When one kills a quail and finds the craw filled with a little hard black seed which come off of either weeds or brush in its habitat, then the bird is at its very best. The flesh is hard, firm, juicy and has a most delicious flavor. Dove shooting on a flight and where the doves are coming in to water, requires quick action and considerable skill. They are, however, much easier to kill than quail, that is, it takes fewer grains of shot to deprive them of life.

In all mountain sections of California wild pigeons abound. They are uniformly of a blue black color, rather slender in shape and rapid flyers. When our mountains are covered with snow the wild pigeons come down into the valleys, and before they were protected by law they made good shooting. After I moved to my present home in Alhambra I had great sport with wild pigeons, who came into the oak trees on the Bacon place, where a large portion of South Pasadena is now located. On Warner's Ranch, in San Diego County, are wild pigeons which I never saw in any other part of the state. They are all of the same color, dark gray, with subdued red markings. They look very much like some of our barnyard pigeons. They are much heavier than the blue pigeons mentioned above. In Idaho I saw wild pigeons not as large as doves, of a solid gray color, lighter than doves, but shaped like a pigeon, and very quick in their movements including their flight.

The mountain quail possesses better eating qualities than the valley quail. On one occasion John E. Jackson and myself were encamped on Kern River, some ten miles above Kernville. We had been living on bacon and trout, with beans and potatoes, for several days. We were on a bench just above the stream. There was another bench back of us, with a pathway leading from it to the water. One afternoon, when lying in camp resting, I heard the peculiar clucking of mountain quail near by. I took a shotgun and cautiously went up the path above mentioned, and not far above me, in the path, I saw a number of mountain quail, strung out in a row. Quick as a flash I took an unsportsmanlike advantage of them, (necessity knows no law), fired at them on the ground, and killed eight. They provided a most delicious addition to our larder.

After many of the men I have mentioned above had passed off the stage, game became scarcer as our country was settled up. Gun clubs for duck shooting were formed. For many years I shot at the Recreation Club, near Santa Monica. John Hauerwas

was high gun there. He was one of the best duck shots I ever saw. He was a powerful man physically, loaded his gun heavily and could reach ducks farther than anyone else in the camp. Fred Holbrook, (still living), Mr. Frankenfield, T. D. Stimson, James Cuzner, (still living), Jacob Kuhrts, Dr. J. S. Crawford, and several others whose names do not occur to me now, all members of the Club, were good duck shots. Subsequently I shot at the Westminster Gun Club, near Westminster, in Orange County. F. E. Browne, Duffy Schwarz, Walter Leeds, Karl Klokke, Waller Chanslor, Carroll Gates and his brother, and Stoddard Jess, all members of the Club, were good shots and good sportsmen. William Newport, of Perris, Riverside County, in his lifetime, and his two sons, Lloyd and Fred, with whom I frequently hunted quail, were all extraordinarily good shots.

I have hunted duck, quail and deer with Mr. H. W. Keller, of the Bolsa Chica Gun Club, and I want to tell all of you, he was a hard man to beat at any kind of shooting, even jacksnipe. Judge F. W. Henshaw, lately deceased, showed me a trick in shooting jacksnipe that enabled me to do quite good execution with them. They, as a rule, in going away from you, do not fly over breast high and do not fly far. Just as they get ready to alight they fold their wings and drop to the ground. If the hunter will hold his fire until then he will seldom miss his bird. They are easily killed. One grain of shot often is sufficient to terminate a jacksnipe's existence.

Judge Henshaw was one of the greatest shots California ever produced. He had a record, in the old days, before there were any game limits, of killing four hundred canvasback ducks in one day at Tubbs Island in Marin County. That surely was going some. The Judge told me that every one of those four hundred birds was killed, one at a time, flying, and that in the day's work he used but four hundred and twenty shells. He said that it seemed to him that all the canvasback ducks in the world were assembled at Tubbs Island that day; that his gun got so hot that he would frequently thrust it into the water to cool it off.

One of the best all around shots I ever saw was a chauffeur in my employ, named Harry C. Graves, but in no manner related to me. He also had the hunting instinct; could find game and then kill it with deadly accuracy.

In a few years much of our game will be exhausted, especially duck and quail. Ducks breed in the far north and come south when winter approaches. Gun clubs exist in all the states, which lure the ducks to their destruction by feeding them. Virtual extinction awaits the species unless all the states and Mexico will reduce the daily bag and prohibit shooting them for at least two years. A two-year closed season on quail would also allow them to largely increase in numbers. Doves will last longer than quail because, when the season opens, they go to the deserts and other inaccessible places. Deer, owing to the nature of their habitat and the difficulty in hunting them, will survive for many years, but the limit should be cut to one animal a year, instead of two. I was surprised to read, a few days ago, that Los Angeles ranks fourth in the counties of the state for the number of deer killed during the season of 1929. As I remember the figures, there was a total of six hundred and seventy-one deer killed in Los Angeles County. Many of them, I imagine, came from the Malibu country and from the mountains which run east from the coast clear to Riverside County and which are traveled in a north and south direction by the Ridge Route. There are quite a number of deer yet in the San Gabriel range, but I am under the impression that hunting them there is prohibited. Deer are usually taken in considerable numbers in the Santa Ana Mountains which run in a north and south direction from the San Diego line to Corona. The three counties which lead Los Angeles County in the number of deer killed are all in the coast region and north of San Francisco.

The still water sloughs and ponds of the state, when the Americans came, were full of perch and chub, while all mountain streams were abundantly supplied with trout. Salmon and shad and striped bass could be caught in all of our rivers. The size of the trout, even today, in our streams in the high mountains of the state not easy of access, is astonishing. In 1903, I caught a number of trout in Kern River Lake, the smallest of which weighed two pounds apiece and the larger ones upwards of four pounds. All of our party caught them and the supply was so abundant that we put them back into the stream as fast as we caught them. I angled the better part of a day in that lake, for an enormous trout which I could see and which had a hook fastened in his jaw to which was attached an eighteen-inch leader. I finally caught him with a hook to which I had tied a four-inch live trout. He weighed five pounds. His jaw, in which the old hook was embedded, was sore and festered. I took that hook out and then gave him his liberty.

I have fished many of the streams of the Sierra Nevada Mountains from Siskiyou to Bear Valley and the San Gabriel River. I can truthfully say that back in the Eighties, the San Gabriel River and a small stream in the San Antonio Canyon afforded as good fishing as any of the streams of Northern California. For two or three seasons, after a flood year, extremely large trout were caught in both the San Gabriel and San Antonio streams, the theory being that they came up from the ocean during high water.

While, on account of my age and physical condition, I am prohibited from enjoying outdoor sports, it is a great consolation to me to be able to recall my experiences, when youth and strength were mine. I attribute the fact that I am alive and in fairly good condition, to my outdoor life when young and my hunting and fishing excursions after I engaged in business.

CHAPTER XIII

SOME OF OUR OLD-TIME FRIENDS. THEIR PECULIARITIES.

WHEN I resided at the northeast corner of Third and Broadway, Mr. Theodore Wollweber, an old time druggist, owned the property where the Bradbury Building now stands. He lived in a neat cottage on the place, and had built a frame building on the corner, which he occupied as a drug store, having removed from his former location on Main Street above Temple.

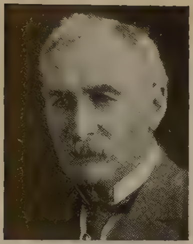
In the rear of the drug store was a small room in which hung his telephone. Mr. Wollweber was a man of quite violent temper. I went into the store one day for some article. The door to the small room was open and I heard therein a frightful racket. Not knowing what was going on, I went to the door. Mr. Wollweber turned around, flurried, flushed of face and apologetic. He would frequently get mad at his telephone and would try to kick it off of the wall, and I found, on examination, that on each side of the telephone he had kicked quite a hole in the plastering. When he stood on one side, he would kick the plaster on the other side of the telephone, and when he stood on the other side, vice versa. He was very apologetic, and said, "I know I ought not to get mad this way, it will shorten my life, but I simply cannot help it." I guess a good many of us are built on the same lines.

Mr. Charles Ducommun, a fine man, one of the organizers and a director in the Farmers and Merchants Bank, was also one of the organizers and a director in the old Los Angeles City Water Company, and held many other positions. He conducted a hardware store in a building which he had built on the northeast corner of Main and Commercial streets. In addition to selling hardware, he also sold cigars. Not at his instance, but at that of his customers, a habit was established so that every one who wanted a cigar shook the dice with Mr. Ducommun for it. Tom Rowan, S. Nordlinger, W. J. Broderick, William R. Rowland, Charley Prager, Fred Drackenfeld, Abe Haas, Jake Baruch, Andy Ryan, and many others, made a practice of indulging in the dice shaking. It was astonishing how often Mr. Ducommun won, but whether he won or lost, his face was like that of the sphinx. There was neither exultation when he won nor disappointment when he lost.

We had no more honorable merchant among the old timers than Charles Ducommun. The business which he established, as I narrate in another chapter of this volume, is now conducted very successfully by his sons. The old timers used to tell this story on Mr. Ducommun. The Captain of a vessel which was lying at San Pedro, by some hook or crook, lost his anchor. Some one told him that Mr. Ducommun had one, and he came up to the store. It was down in a corner of the cellar. He inspected it and found it was just what he wanted, so, with the aid of several men, it was carried up onto the floor. The Captain had a dray at the door and was very impatient to be gone, as he wanted to catch a train going to San Pedro, with the anchor. He kept calling to Mr. Ducommun, who was behind his desk, for his bill. The old gentleman said, "Wait a minute, wait a minute; I am figuring the interest on its cost. I have had that anchor twenty-seven years." He figured the interest on the cost for the first ten years at eighteen per cent per annum, which was the then prevailing rate, and added it to the principal. For the next ten years he figured it at twelve per cent and added it to the principal, and for the balance of the term he figured it at ten per cent. When he had completed the calculation he tendered the bill to the Captain who very cheerfully paid it and hastened away with his anchor.

Both Mr. Ducommun and his wife, Mrs. Leonide Ducommun, were very charitable. The latter founded and was for many years, even up to the time of her death, president of the Ladies'

Wm. R. Rowland


Wm. Mulholland

Charles Ducommon

Jacob Baruch

S. Nordlinger

Benevolent Society, which did, in the old days, for Los Angeles, what the Community Chest is doing for modern Los Angeles.

On the night of the Fourth of July, 1875 (a month after my arrival in Los Angeles), there was a ball in the Pavilion standing at Court and Spring streets, on the Lanfranco property, and I there had the pleasure of meeting and dancing with Mrs. Ducommun, Mrs. Charles Prager and a great many other old time residents. How the memories of those old times, and of the people who then lived in Los Angeles, come back to me! While we had little as compared with our present conveniences and luxuries, we at least had youth, joy and happiness. Both Mr. and Mrs. Ducommun have long since passed away.

One day I was in the Los Angeles Savings Bank talking with Mr. L. C. Goodwin. A man who has long since died and whom I will not name because he may have some relatives here, who was quite an operator in real estate, did a good deal of contracting, was a hustling fellow, but always broke, came into the bank and wanted to borrow two hundred dollars on a stallion. Goodwin explained to him that they did not want to make that kind of a loan, that they did not want any chattel mortgages and especially on livestock. The man replied, "Why, he is insured for six hundred dollars." In a spirit of jocularity Goodwin threw up his hands toward the ceiling and said, "Burn him up! Burn him up!" Within a week the stallion was burned up and the party collected the insurance. Goodwin said that while he was an old man, that was the first time it could ever be said that he was an accessory to arson. There are some people with whom it is not even safe to joke.

On one occasion, for the Board of Trade of San Francisco, we had attached a merchant who had been doing a very large business there. We found hardly anything in his store. We put an expert on his books and his purchases showed that he should have had a very large stock of goods. We also put a detective to work, and we found his goods stored in a dozen places in Los Angeles County. He happened to be in the store, and saw a load of goods which we had brought back, piled up on the floor in boxes and cases, and he was much astonished. While he was looking at these goods, a dray backed up to the door, heavily laden with other boxes which we had found planted at Azusa. He was the most astonished man I ever saw. He thrust his hands into his trousers pockets and turned the pockets inside out, and with tears in his eyes, he said, "Now you have got everything but the childer. I have seven childer. You better take them too." It is needless to say that we did not accept his kind invitation to take the "childer."

I do not know how it would feel to be a murderer, but I came so near being one, on one occasion, that I can pretty well imagine it. While I was practicing law, a lawyer in Los Angeles had borrowed quite a little sum of money from Balfour, Guthrie & Co., whom the firm of Graves, O'Melveny & Shankland represented, on a mortgage on real estate. He was in arrears on his interest, never paid his taxes, which the mortgagees had to pay, and was hopelessly in debt, and of course foreclosure had to follow. After we brought suit, on his holding out to us the hope that he was about to close a deal for the sale of the property, we from time to time gave him time to plead. When he had exhausted our patience in that line, he filed a demurrer, which was promptly overruled by the court, and he was given ten days to answer. He never filed an answer, and came to us for further time. I was sitting behind my desk, a flat topped one, busy with a pen. I told him as kindly as I could that our clients were pressing us to have the matter closed out; that we had been more than lenient to him and could not give him any more time. I was sitting in my chair, and on looking up at him I saw that the man had been drinking. When I told him this, without a moment's warning he struck me a heavy blow in the mouth with his fist, cutting my upper lip on my teeth so that I had to have two or three stitches taken in it. Then he started to run toward the door of the office. I, of course, was as mad as a hornet, and I picked up a round glass paper weight, which is on my desk at the present time, and threw it at him. A drop of mucilage had fallen on the paper weight and dried. The weight struck him on the throat and this drop of mucilage cut his jugular vein. Just as he got to the door, Mr. John E. Jackson was coming into the office, and seeing the blood flying in every direction, he and Mr. Shankland, one of my partners, hurried him to Dr. Worthington's office, which was fortunately in the building and but a few doors away. The Doctor stopped the flow of blood. He told me subsequently that in ten minutes more the man would have been dead. Of course it was a great shock to me, but one can readily see how often murder is committed without any intention on the part of the murderer to commit a crime.

We had to push the case to judgment, a sale of the property was had and it was bid in by our clients. They never did receive their money from it. Shortly afterward the maker of the mortgage died.

In the old days, Hellman, Haas & Company, the predecessors of Haas Baruch & Company, had a store on the northeast corner of Los Angeles and Commercial Streets, in a two-story building. The upper floor was used as a rooming house, mostly occupied by Jewish young men who held various positions with the mercantile firms of the city. Among them was Mr. Mendel Meyer, who was a very excellent amateur violinist. Coming home at one o'clock one morning, after he had undressed and prepared himself for retirement, he got out his violin and began to play. Immediately there was a riot in the building. Doors were opened, various articles were thrown at Meyer's door, and all sorts of imprecations heaped upon his head. He opened his door and standing there in his night clothes, with his violin in one hand and his bow in the other, he called out, "Hey! Vot is the matter mit you fellows? Can't a man make music mit his own castle?" This did not satisfy his irate friends, however, and they descended on him, took his violin and bow away from him, and told him that if that performance was ever repeated they would throw him out of the window.

The head bookkeeper of Hellman, Haas & Company was a finely educated German, a blonde with yellow hair, named Yonkers. He was very nearsighted and had a peculiar mincing gait. Any one who had experience with horses would have dubbed him a pacer. He was a man of very convivial habits, an enormous eater, and could consume an immense quantity of liquor. Madame Fabri, the opera singer, was here and in the company was a man named Mueller, and if I am not mistaken he was Madame Fabri's husband. Mueller, the opera singer, had gone to school with Yonkers, the head bookkeeper, back in the old country, and they renewed their friendship. In those days, all of us unmarried young fellows took our meals at the St. Charles Hotel, which was run by Messrs. Lips and Craig, and it set a better table than most of our high priced hotels do today. Our bookkeeper friend challenged his old friend to a drinking bout, and the one who lost was to pay for the dinner and the wine consumed. They had their match in the dining room of the St. Charles Hotel. Judge Sepulveda and I used to sit at the same table. We came in a little late, and we prolonged our meal so as to watch the performance. Those two men ate everything provided for them, a sumptuous meal, and drank quart after quart of champagne. Two bottles would be opened at a time, one for each of them, and as they were emptied the waiter would hang a tag on each bottle with the name of the man who had emptied it. When our bookkeeper friend could not take another drop, the opera singer was as fresh and bright as the early morning lark. There was an immense string of quart bottles with the tags attached, and Yonkers had lost. It was a sight to see him leaving the dining-room. He had more different reels in walking than I ever imagined had been invented. When he got into the office some of his friends took charge of him, put him in a hack and got him to his room, and I do not think he appeared at his desk for several days afterward.

Yonkers' salary would not support his convivial habits, and the late Abe Haas, then one of the firm of Hellman, Haas & Company, told me that in time he got to dipping into the company's funds and was behind a considerable amount. A relative of his happened to be in Los Angeles, from Germany, and his employers did not prosecute him but turned him over to his relative who promised to take him back to the old country and keep him there. Until I saw those empty champagne bottles, I had no idea that there were any two men in the world who could drink as much as those two did that night. The opera singer was a full quart ahead, and the most astonishing thing about it was that he did not show that he had been drinking.

Amusing incidents sometimes occurred in our courts, in the old days. I happened to be in the district court room in San

Bernardino one day. Colonel Paris, a lawyer of very considerable ability, but who was sadly given to drink, was arguing a case to a jury. His face was red, his eyes bleary. It seemed the court had ruled out the testimony of a witness Colonel Paris had offered, so he said to the jury, in a very impassioned manner, "Gentlemen of the Jury, the ruling of the court in excluding the testimony of Jim Johnson would have brought the blush of shame to the cheek of a Jeffries." Judge H. J. Rolph was on the bench. He pounded upon his desk and said, rather excitedly, "Colonel Paris! Colonel Paris! If you say that again I will send you to jail." The Colonel turned toward him with a very profound bow and said, "Lord God, Judge! I have said it once. I don't want to say it again," and went on addressing the jury.

To give you an idea of the character of the judge—he went to San Diego to hold court for a judge there, and registered at the Horton House as follows: "Honorable H. J. Rolph, Judge of the District Court of the Eighteenth Judicial District of the State of California in and for the County of San Bernardino." My old partner, Judge Brunson, followed him on the register in the following language: "Dishonorable A. Brunson, a humble practitioner in the above-entitled court." For a long time I had a photograph of that page of the hotel register.

We had an attorney in Los Angeles named W. H. Mace, a very large, florid faced man, whom Don Mateo Keller christened as "Bulbous." He said that he gave him that name because he always looked like he was ready to sprout. Mace had filed a complaint in an action to quiet title and in his complaint he attempted to deraign the plaintiff's title through a long chain of conveyances. Judge Brunson had demurred to the complaint and had made his argument to the court showing wherein it was defective. Mace, in drawing his complaint, when he had filled one page had pasted another to the bottom of it, and had kept doing that until the complaint was finished, and then of course he could not fold the thing, and it was rolled up. After Brunson had concluded his argument, Mace took his complaint, stood up on a chair, and with one hand threw it out on the floor, it unrolling as it went, and with a kind of a chuckle, said, "You contend that complaint does not constitute a cause of action!

Look at the length of it." That was his only argument, and the court immediately sustained Brunson's demurrer.

A few years ago I was at the Bohemian Grove, in Sonoma County, where the Bohemian Club of San Francisco holds its annual outing. The camp that I belonged to is called the "Lost Angels Camp." One day at luncheon, with forty or fifty people present, Honorable Nicholas Longworth, then as now, Speaker of the House of Representatives, and President Hoover, then Secretary of Commerce, were our guests. Mr. Longworth sat on my right and Mr. Hoover on my left. When I went to introduce Mr. Longworth to the Club I said:

"It falls to the lot of but few people to sit between two possible presidential candidates, one Wet and one Dry."

Thereupon Longworth jumped up and affectionately hugged me. He is a most companionable man and especially on an outing of this kind. He thoroughly entered into all our sports and frivolities and was an all around good fellow. President Hoover was very entertaining, and fully enjoyed himself, and made many permanent and lasting friends while he was at the encampment. It is rather singular that my prediction as to possible presidential candidates came true in the case of President Hoover. Speaker Longworth is young yet, and his time to be President may come later.

Judge E. M. Ross

CHAPTER XIV

OLD AGE. IT HAS ITS DRAWBACKS AND ITS COMPENSATIONS.

YOU SEE some old people whose lives have been successful, whose children have been an assistance and a consolation, whose physical condition has been perfectly maintained, and to whom life still looks bright and inviting. Then, again, you see old people who have, all their lives, been failures. Their family affairs have not prospered. Their children have not been a comfort but a constant trial to them. They are in financial difficulties. To them advancing years are a nightmare. They will be glad when the end comes and they are relieved from worldly cares.

One of the most serious misfortunes of old age is the loss of the friends of younger days. For instance, the writer came to Los Angeles in 1875, in the prime of his youth, just past twenty-three years of age, full of hope and ambition, energetic and imbued with a desire to live, make friends and succeed. In six months' time he was acquainted with nearly everyone in Los Angeles and had made many warm friends among those living here at that time. When he calls the roll of his acquaintances but few respond. Judge A. W. Hutton, Dr. Widney, J. J. Mellus, Judge Albert M. Stephens, R. F. Del Valle and Tom Gooch of Rivera—these names almost complete the roster of his friends of 1875, who were then grown men and who are now living.

Only in memory can he or those mentioned above recall the lovable Judge E. M. Ross, kindly-minded J. M. Elliott, whole-hearted William R. Rowland, always amiable Judge R. M. Widney, genial Wilse Potts, County Clerk and his obliging deputies, Charles W. Gould and E. H. Owen; ever-smiling Charles Miles, County Recorder; Judge Y. Sepulveda and his brother, Andronica; Andy Ryan, Thomas E. Rowan, A. T. Currier, Don David Alexander, Captain Cameron E. Thom, W. J. Broderick; Isaias W. Hellman and his brother, Herman W. Hellman; M. Kramer; the dignified Andrew Glassell; scholarly George H. Smith and his talented brother, Henry M. Smith; George S. Patton, Dr. Joseph Kurtz, Jacob Khurts; the Doctors Stanway, Ross, and Orme; that splendid companion and able dentist, Dr. J. S. Crawford; J. G. Eastman; the brilliant, dissipated and yet lovable Anson Brunson; Harrison Gray Otis, one of Southern California's warmest friends; Stephen M. White, John D. Bicknell, L. Lichtenberger, Louis Roeder; the brothers Charles and Sam Prager; H. M. Mitchell, George E. Gard, Ned Huber, J. C. Kays, S. C. Hubbell, J. D. Lynch, J. J. Ayers; Jesse Yarnell and his brother-in-law, Tom Castyle, who founded the *Los Angeles Times*; James H. Blanchard, H. T. Hazard, A. C. Chauvin, Eugene Germain; the gifted Colonel James G. Howard, of solemn mien but ever sparkling wit; kindly Judge Volney E. Howard, and his sons, Frank H. and James Howard; ever-cheerful Judge H. K. S. O'Melveny, with a smile and a good word for everybody; L. J. Rose, B. D. Wilson, Colonel R. S. Baker and his lovable wife, Dona Arcadia; J. De Barth Shorb, Dr. Winston, General George H. Stoneman, General Phineas Banning, Frank Ganahl, H. C. Wiley, Pio Pico and his nephew, Andreas Pico; J. J. Carrillo, James McFadden; those two able caterers, Jerry Illich and V. Dol; the fun-provoking Walter S. Moore; Ned Hewitt of the Southern Pacific; Charles J. Shepherd, then in charge of the Western Union Telegraph Office, and Major Hines, his successor in that position; Daniel Freeman, J. S. Slauson, John O. Wheeler, Isaac Lankershim, I. N. Van Nuys, Kaspare Cohn, Harris Newmark, George Hinds, of Wilmington; picturesque old Don Juan Warner; Benjamin Hayes, A. H. Judson; the well-beloved Frank A. Gibson; Dan Stevens, J. M. Griffith, Octavius Morgan, O. W. Childs, J. M. Baldwin; William H. Perry and his partners, Wallace Woodworth and S. H. Mott; the brother of the latter, Thomas D. Mott; Councilman Matthew Teed, Anton Briswalter, the McDonalds and Leahys, the Workman brothers, William H. and Elijah; Thomas Copley, A. T. Currier, staid old Don Mateo

Keller, Louis Mesmer, Jacob Metzger, former Sheriff James Thompson; Henry Hammel, Andrew Denker, Charles Maclay, George K. Porter, B. F. Porter, H. C. Hubbard, George Matfield, S. W. Craig, and many many others, boon companions of those halcyon days, including many most admirable and adorable women. When we call the roll they do not answer. Long since they have laid down their burdens and passed on. Life's journey for all of them has been ended. All of these pioneers were empire builders. They assisted in laying the foundations upon which our present prosperity stands.

One of the greatest attributes of the human brain, and one of the most consoling powers of the human intellect, is the ability of the living to instantaneously form mental photographs of the scenes and of the friends of their youth. Instantaneously, with the mental picture of the personal appearance of the one under consideration, we also recall the peculiarities and characteristics of each individual recalled to mind. Locations, incidents, conversations, come back to us instantly at the same time. It is as if for the time being, we were living over again the years that are past, gone and forever lost to us.

This power of mental photography is not confined to our personal observations and experiences. We can, with equal facility, form mental photographs of scenes and persons described by others. The beautiful descriptions of Balzac, Dickens, Scott, Thackeray, Bulwer and Cooper; of Zane Grey of the present age —not to include the hundreds of other writers of equal merit with those above mentioned—bring to our minds mental pictures of the things described by them. Take Joe Gargery and Pip, children of Dickens' brain. Pip had been terrorized by an escaped convict who threatened him with dire punishment if he did not bring him, by nightfall, a file and something to eat. Picture the humble kitchen where Joe and Pip were having supper. Pip had already purloined the file from Joe's blacksmith shop. At supper Pip was hiding provisions in his clothes. Joe had cut him a thick slice of bread. In a short time it had disappeared. Joe asked Pip what he had done with it and Pip replied that he had eaten it. "You can't have chawed it, Pip; you can't have chawed it," said Joe, and he cut him another generous slice. How vividly this all comes out on our mental photograph, as we recall the incident.

Any of us still here can vividly picture Los Angeles as it was in 1875. We recall at once the meager population, streets unpaved, a town unsewered, a village condition of merchandising, and an able bar constantly employed. We recall also the warmth of friendship, the bonds of good feeling that bound us together. Somehow or other, we lived nearer each other than we do today. We were more intimate, more sympathetic, there were fewer of us, and we knew each other better than we know those surrounding us at this time. It seems also that we then had more leisure on our hands, time to rejoice with the fortunate, to mourn with those in affliction, to sympathize with those in distress. The juggernaut of modern business had not then taken possession of our souls, as well as of our occupations.

In those days we traveled, either on horseback or in buggies or wagons, long distances, on pleasure bent. While we of the old school mourn the passing of the "good old days" we are simply giving expression to our repugnance to the conditions into which we do not fit. Then, we had few of the conveniences of modern life, the things that are now deemed necessities. There were neither electric lights nor telephones and but a small portion of Los Angeles was lighted by gas. There was, however, a community spirit and sympathy here, which made life worth living, and sustained us in putting up with inconveniences which the people of the present time would deem great hardships. At that time we were leading simpler lives than we do today. Conditions of life were not so complex, life's problems not so complicated, as they are now. In other words, we were less civilized then than we are now. Our sports, amusements, pastimes, were of a different nature from those indulged in today. We enjoyed living because our hearts were young, our vivacity unrestrained, our mental activities alert. All the world looked good to us. The future was full of hope, full of promise.

We have achieved what, even in imagination, would at that time have seemed impossible. True, there were a few among us with prophetic minds, who rightly guessed the accomplishments of the present. Some of our newspaper men of that day constantly dwelt upon the possibilities of this country. J. D. Lynch was one of them.

But the thing which makes us all back numbers, out of touch, as it were, with modern conditions, is the loss of our old friends, the friends of our youth. In youth we make lasting friendships; in old age we make acquaintances. There is a lack of sympathy between the younger generation of this age and the older generations of the past. No matter how much you respect those whose acquaintance you make toward the sere and yellow leaf of your existence, they do not enter into your inner life, your heart's affection, as do those whose friendship you formed in your early youth. The versatile Voltaire, who retained his vivacity and a youthful mind until his death at eighty-four, admitted and remarked upon this fact. It is probably not so much a matter of the heart as of changing conditions. Year by year we are called upon to surrender to the evolutions of the present something rendered dear to us by old associations and old memories. But the fact exists that, as we grow old, with the death of each old friend something passes out of our lives that we cannot recall or replace.

We are oddities to our grandchildren and they are oddities to us. The manner of their instruction has changed to such a degree that if we attempted to follow one of them in his studies, even in grammar school, we would have to begin all over again.

And yet, to the well balanced mind and even temperament, old age brings peace, contentment and consolation. We live on the memories of things accomplished, of pleasures past, when youth and strength and hope were ours; on the memories of difficulties we overcame. Happily the sorrows of the past grow dim and weigh less heavily upon us in old age than they did when they occurred. This is probably a wise provision of nature whereby sensitiveness to sorrow is dulled as the power of resistance weakens. We accept the death of our loved ones, of our dearest friends, with grief, it is true, but with the feeling that death is inevitable and not altogether a calamity. Blest, indeed, are they who, as the years progress, can adjust themselves to present conditions without regrets or lamentations. Such a state of mind is probably a gradual preparation for the time when we, too, must go; when for us life's troubled waters will be stilled, and all the heartaches of the years gone by be left behind.

Now that I am in a reminiscent mood I am going to reproduce later on in this volume, some writings of the past that have probably been in print in the *Los Angeles Times*. These stories, as detailed in the next few chapters, carry me back to my boyhood days when I little dreamed of what was before me.

W. C. Patterson
Vice-President First National Bank

J. F. Sartori

Chapter XV

My early banking friends in Los Angeles.

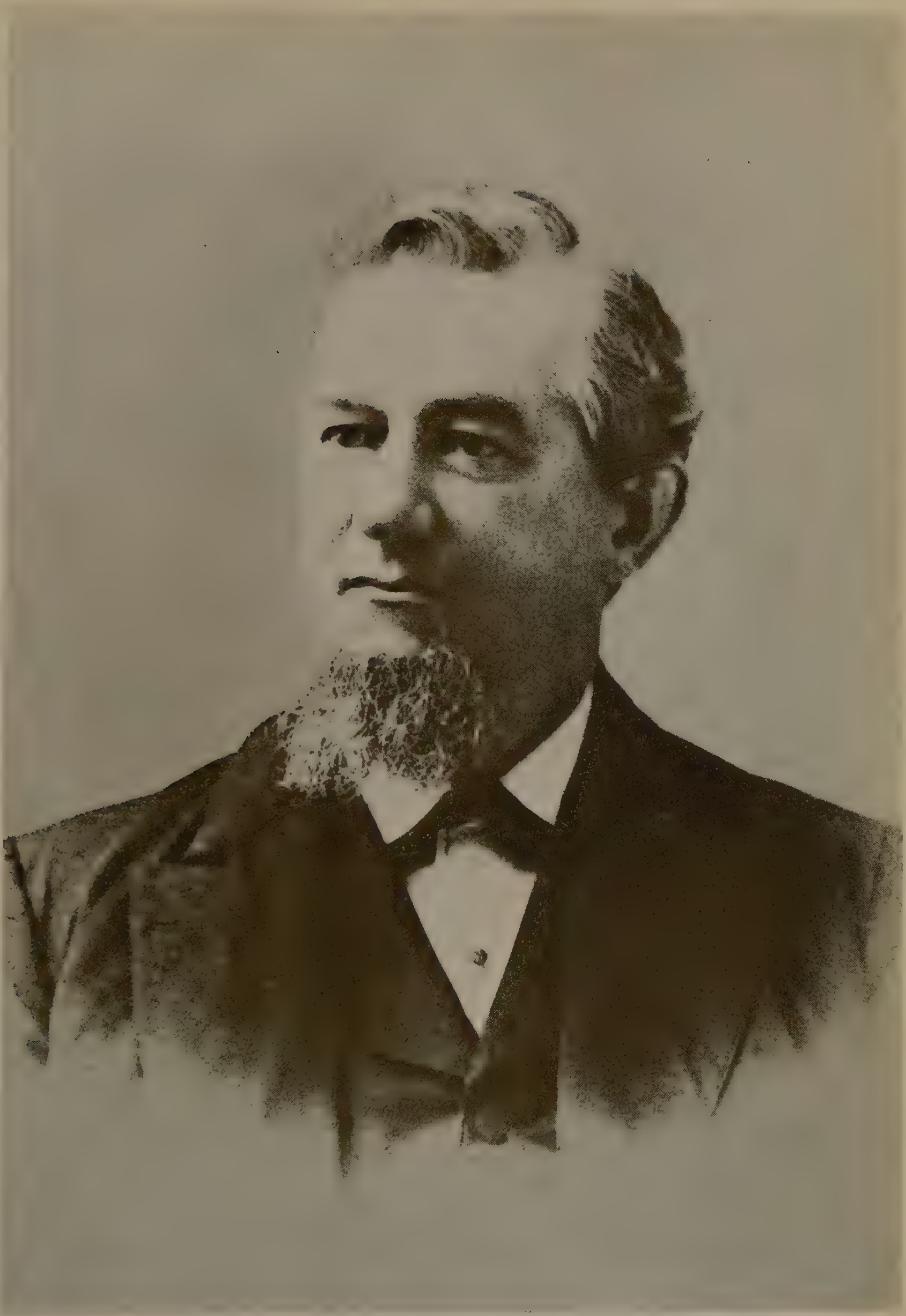
WHEN I came to Los Angeles in 1875, I had a letter of introduction to ex-Governor John G. Downey, who was president of the Farmers and Merchants Bank. He treated me with great kindness and frequently invited me to his house. His wife was a most estimable lady. Later on, Mr. Stephen M. White and I used to call on the Downeys nearly every Sunday night. Frequently there were other young people there, and we all had a very enjoyable time. My friendship with them continued until the unfortunate death of Mrs. Downey, who was killed in a railroad disaster on the Tehachapi Mountains. She and Governor Downey were very much attached to each other and I always thought he was never the same after her death. After my marriage, the relations of my wife and myself with Governor Downey and his wife, until the time of her death, were quite cordial, and he and I were friends up to the time that he died.

In 1876, Mr. I. W. Hellman succeeded Governor Downey as president of the Farmers and Merchants Bank. I did not get acquainted with him for some little time after that, but after the Los Angeles Savings Bank was formed, which was in charge of L. C. Goodwin (whose acquaintance I made the first day I was in Los Angeles), Mr. Goodwin brought Mr. Hellman and myself together, and we soon became warm friends; and I was the attorney for many of the interests he represented in Los Angeles County up to the time I abandoned the practice of the law.

I knew Mr. J. S. Slauson, President of the Los Angeles County Bank, slightly, but soon after coming to Los Angeles I became well acquainted with Mr. J. M. Elliott, who was the cashier of that bank. Subsequently, Mr. John E. Plater, whom I knew quite well, purchased the Los Angeles County Bank, but after a time he closed it out, and he then became president of the Los Angeles Savings Bank, which had been originally organized by Mr. Hellman, which position he held until the Los Angeles Savings Bank was merged with the Security Trust and Savings Bank.

Mr. George H. Bonebrake, when he first came to Los Angeles, was in the buggy business. He held the agency for some eastern manufacturing concern and his sales room was on the east side of Main Street just north of First. It was no uncommon sight to see Major Bonebrake, seated in a buggy, with ten or fifteen other buggies attached to the one he was sitting in, and preceded by a drum and fife in another buggy, parading through the principal streets of Los Angeles. It was simply a way he had of advertising his wares. He finally went out of that business and organized the Los Angeles National Bank. Mr. Frank P. Flint was his attorney. I was quite well acquainted with both Mr. Bonebrake and Mr. George H. Stewart, who was at that time cashier of the Los Angeles County Bank.

It is a rather singular thing that I secured for Mr. J. M. Elliott, who has only lately passed away, his first position with the First National Bank of Los Angeles. The Temple & Workman Bank was virtually run by two Englishmen, H. S. Ledyard and J. P. Bullock. Workman lived on his ranch at Puente and Mr. Temple was not a banker, and the result was that in 1875, the Temple & Workman Bank failed. Immediately thereafter, Mr. E. F. Spence, Mr. J. E. Hollenbeck, Mr. Hiram Maberry, Mr. M. S. Patrick, and Mr. William Lacy, the father of William and R. H. Lacy, of the Lacy Manufacturing Company, organized the Commercial Bank of Los Angeles. I think that all of them except Mr. Hollenbeck came from San Diego. The organization papers were drawn in the office of Brunson & Eastman, where I was a law clerk, and I attended to many of the details connected with the organization, including attendance at the first directors' meeting, preparation of by-laws, etc. All of these men were very friendly to me, but especially Mr. E. F. Spence. Our friendship continued until his death. In 1881, when my law firm was Graves & Chapman, we incorporated for Mr. Spence and



E. F. Spence

Stoddard Jess

his companions, the First National Bank of Los Angeles. It was shortly after that, that I secured for Mr. J. M. Elliott a position in the bank, and he steadily rose from one position to another until he became its president; and with advancing years he was finally made chairman of the board, being succeeded by Mr. Stoddard Jess as president.

Mr. L. N. Breed, who a little later became the president of the Southern California National Bank, which was in time converted into the Merchants National Bank, was a client of the office of Graves & Chapman, and I had an intimate acquaintance with him. I also knew quite intimately Mr. F. C. Howes of the Los Angeles National Bank, and Mr. James F. Tolle, vice-president of the State Loan and Trust Company; likewise Mr. J. Frankenfield, President of the California Bank, and Mr. John Milner, cashier of the Farmers and Merchants Bank.

It was upon my advice that Mr. Frank A. Gibson entered the service of the First National Bank as its cashier. He had literally worn himself out in the abstract and title business. Of course, my acquaintanceship with Mr. H. W. Hellman, who became vice-president of the Farmers and Merchants Bank when Mr. I. W. Hellman removed to San Francisco, was very intimate. He was a kindly man, always looking for an opportunity to do a friend a favor, and I have a very grateful remembrance of his kindness to me. Mr. Thomas L. Duque, who came here from Cuba, bought the Main Street Savings Bank from James B. Lankershim and was president of it until it was merged with the Security Trust and Savings Bank, was one of my firm banking friends.

Dr. W. L. Graves, who was president of the Merchants National Bank, I knew intimately, as I did Mr. J. G. Mossin, cashier of the California Bank. I am vain enough to say that I had the respect, confidence and friendship of all the gentlemen whom I have mentioned.

In June, 1903, I left the practice of the law and became vice-president of the Farmers and Merchants Bank, and was immediately elected a member of the Los Angeles Clearing House Committee, and I served on that committee twenty-five and one-half years, a longer period than any other man ever served upon it.

The nearest approach to my term was served by Mr. J. E. Fishburn, who was, at that time, cashier of the National Bank of California. The members of the committee, when I joined it, were Mr. J. E. Fishburn, cashier of the National Bank of California; Mr. W. C. Patterson, president of the Los Angeles National Bank; Mr. J. G. Mossin, vice-president of the American National Bank; Mr. W. T. S. Hammond, cashier of the First National Bank, and Mr. A. J. Waters, cashier of the Citizens National Bank. I believe that all of these men have passed on except Mr. W. T. S. Hammond, who, I think, is still living.

I became particularly well acquainted with Mr. Fishburn, of whom I always had a high opinion, which was reciprocated by him. I hope that it will not be attributed to vanity on my part, for me to publish here the opinion which he held of me in 1925. Just after Hancock Banning's death, which occurred in that year, I had written an article on him, which was printed in the *Los Angeles Times*. Mr. W. D. Woolwine, who was vice-president of the Merchants National Bank at the time, sent a copy of it to Mr. Fishburn, who was at the Buckhorn Ranch at Marvine, Colorado. Mr. Fishburn acknowledged it in the following terms:

"Thanks for Graves' article on Hancock. I wonder who will write about Graves when he is gone. Who can do him and his character justice? He stands like a peak in a mountain range, like a giant in a forest, overtopping them all, and only the old timers know it. He will outlive the old timers and no one will be left to say the things of him that are his due. Give him my love when you see him."

All too soon, I had to attend the funeral of Mr. Fishburn.

I must not overlook Mr. Stoddard Jess in the enumeration of my banking friends. He and I always acted in close harmony, and during the panic of 1907, Mr. J. E. Fishburn, Mr. Stoddard Jess, Mr. W. H. Holliday, then president of the Merchants National Bank, and myself, were in complete harmony as to the manner of handling the situation.

In 1887, I became acquainted with Mr. F. N. Meyers, and Mr. J. F. Sartori, who were then living in Monrovia, in connection with some real estate matters. In that year they organized the First National Bank of Monrovia and Sartori was its first cashier.

In January, 1889, they came to Los Angeles and organized the Security Savings Bank, after selling the First National Bank of Monrovia to John H. Bartle. I had considerable to do in connection with its organization and shortly afterward became a director of the bank. In due time, Mr. Maurice S. Hellman was added to the staff. Few people know that later on Mr. Sartori, Mr. M. S. Hellman, J. H. Bartle and myself were ousted from the board of directors of the bank. We went to an annual meeting and much to our surprise, Mr. F. N. Meyers had secured proxies for a majority of the stock, and he proceeded to elect a board of directors leaving us out. Sartori and Hellman then opened an office in the Bradbury Block and engaged in the bond business, and did some real estate business on the side. I say with confidence and pride, that I. W. Hellman, H. W. Hellman, John H. Bartle, H. W. O'Melveny and myself were the only ones connected with the institution who stood by them through thick and thin. I frequently called on them, encouraged them and directed business to them. I made a lease to them of the northeast corner of Third and Broadway, and a little later, of the southwest corner of Fourth and Broadway, where the Broadway Department Store is now located. They sold both of these leases to John A. Pirtle at a respectable profit, and he built the first business blocks on these corners.

When the next annual election of the Security Savings Bank came around, I stood in with Sartori and Hellman, putting up my share of the money, and we bought from one Shaw, a nephew of Meyers, a block of stock at an outrageously high figure, which gave us the control of the bank. We then elected ourselves and other loyal friends directors, and ousted Meyers and his cashier. They had sadly mismanaged the bank, but Sartori and Hellman soon put it in a prosperous condition and I am glad to say that its success has been phenomenal. About this time Mr. W. D. Longyear became cashier of the Bank. Under Sartori's careful management, it became one of the great banks of the state. Mergers and consolidations with various banks took place, which of course, increased its capital, its deposits, and its business, until finally it and the First National Bank of Los Angeles merged as the Security-First National Bank of Los Angeles. It will take some time to completely amalgamate the affairs of the two banks, but with Sartori as its president and active manager (a position which I thoroughly know he will fill with honor to himself and glory to his bank), it will be accomplished in an orderly and satisfactory manner.

J. F. Sartori today occupies the same high position relative to all the banks of Southern California that Mr. I. W. Hellman occupied, while living here, to the banks of Los Angeles. My wish is, "more power to his elbow," and in anything that he ever undertakes, should he call upon me, he will have my earnest support and encouragement. His career is very refreshing to contemplate, when compared with some four-flushing bankers, who have flashed-in-the-pan in Los Angeles.

The entire banking world of Los Angeles regretted the death of Mr. J. M. Elliott. He was looked upon as a banking fixture of the community, and he had endeared himself to thousands by his universal kindness and attention. I do not think that he had an enemy in the world.

What a tremendous growth in banking power has been made in the fifty-five years of my residence in Los Angeles. At the time I came there were three banks, the Farmers and Merchants, the Los Angeles County and the Temple & Workman Bank. Compared with today, their banking capital, deposits and business were light. The people were not here in sufficient number to build up a large banking business. The wealth of the county and city was largely in real estate. There were but few mercantile houses. The present one of Haas Baruch & Company, and of M. A. Newmark & Company, were then in existence under different names, and under wise management and control have prospered, where others in the same lines have failed. The business conducted, in 1875, by Mr. Charles Ducommun has, under the able management of his sons, operating under the name of the Ducommun Corporation, become the largest business of its kind west of Chicago. They are distributors of tools, metals and shop supplies.

Of the old time firms, another equally successful one is the Lacy Manufacturing Company, owned and conducted by Mr. William Lacy and Mr. R. H. Lacy. It has built up a large and profitable

Maurice S. Hellman

J. E. Fishburn

business while establishing a reputation second to none. Schoder & Johnson, an old time hardware firm, became the Union Hardware & Metal Company, which occupies an enviable position in the present busy mercantile world of Los Angeles.

Fifty years ago Meyberg Brothers were conducting a crockery store, known as the Crystal Palace, in the Downey Block and were doing business with the Farmers and Merchants Bank. The two brothers, under the name of the Meyberg Corporation, are still in business. Their business has grown with the city and at the present time is confined largely to lighting fixtures and kindred articles. They are still doing their banking business with the Farmers and Merchants, which is something for both the bank and the corporation to be proud of.

In the old days Henderson & Marshall conducted a hardware business here. They were both stirring citizens. Marshall was a brother-in-law of Mr. Frank A. Gibson, the father of the abstract and title business of Los Angeles, and who subsequently and at the time of his death was cashier of the First National Bank of Los Angeles. Henderson & Marshall became the California Hardware Company of which Mr. Shannon Crandall is president. It also has grown with our city and is now one of the very responsible firms doing business here.

The Hamburger family, many years ago, laid the foundations of what is now the May Department Store, while B. F. Coulter founded the Coulter Dry Goods Company. James W. Hellman now conducts the hardware, stove ware and plumbing supply business which was founded by Barrows & Furrey. They had in their employ J. A. Blumve, the best plumber ever in Los Angeles. He did honest and conscientious work. He is still living but has retired.

Small beginnings have developed into great undertakings while our city has been growing from 10,000 to a population of 1,500,000. The working capital of our banks today runs up into the hundreds of millions, and of course the end is not yet.

It will not be for me to see, but the development of Los Angeles City and County in the next ten years will be far greater than it has been in the last twenty years.

Chapter XVI

Business. Its sources and constituents. Thrift has made most of our millionaires.

THE question is sometimes asked, What makes business? My answer would be, people, their crimes, mistakes, physical ills and disabilities, their wants, desires, necessities and luxuries. If there are one hundred and ten million people in the United States, that means that three hundred and thirty million meals a day must be prepared for them. Any mother who has fed a husband and four or five hungry children three meals a day for years, would have some idea of what that means. The food for these millions is not produced where they are fed. It comes from the four quarters of the globe. That makes transportation, with all of its ramifications, a necessity.

The food consumed by our millions must be produced. This furnishes a means of livelihood to millions. Much of this food is consumed in a changed condition after cooking. All people do not do their own cooking and serving. This especially applies to cities, where hotels, restaurants and cafeterias feed countless millions. Employment is furnished those who produce the raw material, those who transport it and those who cook it and serve it to those who consume it.

Almost all of the people in the world require habitations. They cannot build them themselves, so that gives employment to those skilled in the building arts. Then comes furnishing, which varies according to the means and tastes of the buyer. After those that are necessary come those furnishings that are luxurious, that are pleasing to the eye and satisfying to the vanity of those who buy them.

Clothing is also a necessity of modern social conditions, although the females of the race latterly seem to be getting along with much fewer clothes than they have worn for centuries. Clothes are by no means confined to necessities, but embrace a thousand and one things and ramifications that could well be dispensed with. Clothes wear out and must be constantly replenished. This branch of industry opens up a wide field of business. The materials going into clothing must be provided, prepared in various ways and then manufactured.

Transportation opens up a vast field of employment. Means of transportation must be provided. Often a system, when thoroughly established, is superseded by some improvement which saves time and costs. Thus much that was once useful becomes obsolete. It takes untold thousands to carry on the transportation of our restless, roving, moving millions. Many travel for business purposes alone, many for pleasure, some from necessity.

In these modern days sports alone create employment for thousands. The mere manufacturing of baseballs and baseball bats, of golf balls and golf clubs; the preparation of baseball grounds, golf courses, club houses, swimming pools and polo grounds, keep thousands employed.

The manufacture of musical instruments and radio outfits fits into the general scheme of things and creates more business. The movie industry, comparatively new, is a growing factor in business activities. In twenty-five years the automobile industry has assumed proportions at once startling and almost unbelievable. As much money is probably invested in automobiles and in facilities for their production as there is in the railroads of the country.

Overseas transportation of people, on business or pleasure bound, as well as for freight carrying, has assumed proportions undreamed of a century ago. Where population is scarce business is negligible. Where population is dense, business crowds everything else off the map. People live in a maelstrom of activity. They are as restless and as active as a hive of bees. Business is the result of the combined activities of the human race. One thing works in with another and that which one would think would be complicated beyond the ingenuity of man to unravel seems to work out into a self-sustaining and harmonious whole.

Some people, by racial instinct, habits and training, are accumulators. They can start with nothing, in a new place, without any acquaintanceship, make their way, save money, and in a short time become wealthy. There are others who not only cannot accumulate, but cannot keep what comes to them by inheritance or some lucky stroke of fortune. Such people never have anything more than a living and at times their living is precarious.

It is a notorious fact that many of the wealthiest men America has produced began life in poverty. They were, however, endowed with strength, industry, perseverance and a thrifty disposition. They saved. They kept their eyes open, grasped opportunities and invested and reinvested their earnings.

Not going back further than the rise of the automobile business, Buick, who invented the machine of that name, was a plumber in a small way before he developed the business which brought him wealth. Ford, who, if he lives a few years longer and continues to add to his fortune as he is now doing, will be the richest man, not only in the world, but who ever was in the world, also started as a plumber. Dodge brothers, both dead, whose business brought their heirs a fabulous fortune, began life in a humble way and were worth little when they began to make automobiles. These are simply instances, typical of many others, where fortune followed individual effort. It is an old saying that no man appreciates the value of money who has not earned it at some time in his life by hard labor. As a rule, inherited wealth, or wealth established by some lucky accident, by men without training in habits of business thrift, is soon dissipated.

Some men fail because they are not satisfied to pursue the slow process of accumulation that has brought success to thousands, but desire to succeed by some brilliant stroke. Take it all in all, the world, especially the business world, treats the men worthy of respect, worthy of success, with all due kindness and generosity. The necessities of the people of America, even for their existence, are so great that large aggregations of capital are necessary to carry on many of its industries, including all of the public utilities. Massed production has become the rule in many manufacturing lines. Labor saving devices are constantly being invented, enabling commodities to be manufactured in extremely large quantities, at a great saving in cost and time. Efficiency becomes the watchword of all such industries. Farming operations have been much simplified by mechanical inventions. Machinery has largely displaced animal power and man power in a great many farming operations.

The business of even a small community cannot be carried on without antagonisms arising. The agriculturist produces his crops as efficiently as possible. He cannot, by his own means, with his own resources, deliver that which he produces to the consumer. The middleman steps in to perform that task. These men are classified into wholesalers and retailers. They must make interest on their investments, after paying taxes of various kinds, office expenses and labor charges, or go out of business. Necessarily there is a great difference between the price the farmer receives and what the consumer pays for any given commodity. The farmer, struggling to make both ends meet, imagines that the middleman is reaping an inordinate profit. Taking the middleman as a class, this is not always true, otherwise middlemen, instead of devoting a lifetime to business, would be retiring or joining the least respectable of our people, the rich.

The manufacturing interests of the country, in order to maintain the American wage scale, demand protection against the cheap labor of foreign countries in the shape of a tariff on imported goods. The farmer thinks that this tariff protection works a hardship upon him by increasing the cost of everything he buys, while adding nothing to the cost of what he sells. Whether this is true or not I cannot say. This much I know. Legislation decreasing the tariff on imported goods brought on the panic of 1837, also that of 1857. The panic of 1873 resulted from other causes, chiefly the inflation following the Civil War. The panic of 1893 was a tariff reduction panic. Then, in 1913, the tariff recommended by and passed at the instance of Woodrow Wilson, brought to American industry the direst economic conditions.

Remember that, as a result of each of the periodic panics I have mentioned, the farmers suffered much more than they ever did under a high protective tariff. Judging solely from results, I am of the opinion that farmers are better off under a high tariff than they are under a low tariff. The low tariff idea is, however, a handy tool of the demagogue, who seeks political power by any means, no matter how dire the results of his teachings may be.

It is not likely that we will ever arrive at an ideal state where everybody will be satisfied. All efforts should be bent to bring the greatest good to the greatest number of our population.

At the conclusion of the war, America was enjoying a wonderful era of prosperity. When peace was restored, this prosperity was seriously interfered with. In many sections farming communities suffered severe losses. These were partly due to inflation of war times and the deflation which set in in 1920. In many cases they are traceable to the acts of the farmers themselves. They thought that the high prices which they received for their products during the war would be permanent. They indulged in every extravagance. They bought automobiles, tractors, new farming machinery and more land at inflated prices. Carried away with visions of enormous profits, they mortgaged their farms to pay for more acres.

Then prices dropped. Farmers could not pay their notes at local banks given for current expenses, nor the interest on their mortgages. Disaster overtook them. Banks, loaded up with frozen assets, failed by the dozen. Foreclosures followed. Agitators among the farmers persuaded them that relief would come to them from a change in the tariff. Misled by scheming politicians, they demand that a condition prevail which will allow them to purchase all their supplies at a much cheaper price than they now pay for them. At the same time, they want the general public to tax itself to maintain high prices for farm produce, whether hay, grain, vegetables, livestock or dairy products. As the tax paying element far exceeds in number the farmers, they will not get the later relief.

If people are foolish enough to vote for a reduction in present tariff rates, then look out for a sure enough, dyed-in-the-wool panic and desperate hard times for everybody, especially for the farmers.

CHAPTER XVII

THE FINANCIAL OUTLOOK NOT SERIOUS, BUT DEFLATION MUST OCCUR.

PURSUING the question of business a little further, there is nothing to worry about particularly, but much food for thought, in the present financial situation. True, many small banks throughout the country have failed during the past year and they are still failing. When traced to their sources, many of these failures will be found to be due to bad management or outright dishonesty on the part of those in charge of them. Other bank failures resulted from the fact that those in charge of them could not distinguish between the ordinary every day values and inflated values. Such banks loaned their money on insufficient or worthless securities. They thereby wasted their capital and dissipated their depositors' funds. These bank failures, of course, work hardships on many people, but the longer such banks stayed open, the more damage they did. There have also been many failures of mercantile institutions. Too many of these occurred for lack of proper working capital, and too many, again, by reason of wild speculation on the part of those conducting them.

No people on the face of the earth has incurred such an indebtedness as the people of the United States have during the past five years. Public as well as private credit has been inflated beyond all reason. As long as money could be raised by hook or by crook, extravagance was encouraged. Spending ran riot, and people thought that the scattering of borrowed funds, like chaff before the wind, was prosperity. Deflation has only begun. It must, before we return to normal conditions, apply to stocks, bonds, real estate and rentals. While all this is going on, taxes will increase rather than decrease. The extravagance of public officials, national, state, county and municipal, knows no bounds. The Inter-State Commerce Commission orders a railroad company to build two hundred miles of road, in Oregon, without taking into consideration the financial ability of the railroad to finance such construction. If the railroad company obeys the order, the chances are that the cost of construction will put more bonds on an already surfeited market. The Reserve Banks, the Land Banks, the International Credit Banks and the Farm Relief Board are, at the same time, lending subsidized credit to different groups of favored citizens at rates varying from three and one-half to six per cent. Thus our government is in the business of lending public credit on a vast and ever increasing scale. It evidently learned nothing from the disastrous results of government ocean shipping and the government owned railroad in Alaska, and from McAdoo's handling of the railroads during the war. The government should *govern*, and leave business to private enterprise.

Disaster will, in time, put an end to this new fad in government financing. The raisin growers of California are going to have their debts to banks, which have long since either been charged off or acknowledged to be worthless, paid by the United States Government, that is, by the people of this country who pay taxes.

In the meantime, an extravagant and wasteful scale of living by the masses has been encouraged. There is one thing that will cause trouble and heartaches for many a day, namely, the liquidation of the billions of dollars of indebtedness owing by hundreds of thousands of citizens on stocks and bonds. It is impossible for these debtors to pay this indebtedness at the present time. They can only liquidate their debts by a sale of the properties pledged to secure them. While there is an apparent margin in the securities held for these loans, the lenders do not want to take them and square the debts secured by them. The question that agitates both borrowers and lenders is, when can these securities be marketed for the amount owing on them? That day is far off, if it ever comes. In the meantime the borrowers are, in many instances, making sacrifices to pay interest on their borrowings.

We have had consolidations and mergers of banks, business houses and manufacturing plants, in many cases on a highly inflated basis. Those that were not inflated in value when consolidated or merged will, if properly managed, succeed. Others will, in time, have to get rid of inflation by reducing capital stock. In many instances the day will come when the man with a thousand shares in such a corporation will get, when its capital stock has been reduced, two hundred and fifty shares, no one of which will be worth any more than the amount that he paid for each share of the thousand shares formerly held by him. Such things have been done before in America and they will be done again. The trouble is, that what Fisk and Gould did to the Erie Railroad hundreds of thousands of people have, for three years past, in America, been doing to many of our leading industries. All lines of business which were sanely conducted and not inflated, while suffering to some extent from the general deflation going on, will pursue their affairs in an orderly manner and at a profit. The water must come out of everything which has been so enthusiastically boosted in price. Thrift and economy, which built up this nation, must again become our watchword and universal extravagance and waste must disappear.

But why bother ourselves about finances, when there are so many other questions which deserve attention and careful thought? When one sits in the dining-room of any hotel and sees, at the same time, twenty or thirty young women opening their vanity bags, powdering their faces, painting their lips, taking a drink out of a small flask, and then smoking three or four cigarettes while at the table, one cannot but wonder what sort of a race these women are going to produce, especially as their husbands will probably be of the same mental caliber as they are. I would not be astonished to see, in the next few years, infants in cradles clamoring for their daily cigarette.

In one of his orations against Cataline, Cicero, bewailing the corruption of the age, exclaimed: "*O tempora, O mores!*" He then proceeded to denounce the iniquities of the times, which he laid to Cataline and his followers. Even in his day, as with us, times, morals, habits, customs, changed with the passing years. Fifty years ago one found an occasional grandmother who smoked a corncob pipe. Today you find an occasional woman (bless her soul!) who does not smoke the deadly cigarette. All the rest of them do, at least at all of our hotels and fashionable resorts. Fifty years ago you would have had to pay good money for a circus ticket to see the bareback equestrienne give you the leg exhibition which you can now see, at all times and all places, whether you want to or not. Where it is all going to lead, what effect it will have on the coming generation, is a problem which no one seems to be considering. The motto of the age is, "On with the dance. Let joy be unconfined."

CHAPTER XVIII

EVERY CRISIS IN THE PAST HAS PRODUCED A SAVIOR. ONE MUST SOME DAY RESCUE AMERICA FROM LABOR UNIONS.

EVEN should a serious business situation arise, the records of the human race, as far as they are known, disclose the fact that, in every crisis of human affairs, a savior has appeared, often from the lowest ranks of humanity and often without previous training in the line of his activity.

Thus, when a flood threatened to blot out all animal life then on the globe, Noah was farsighted enough, and had faith enough, to build an ark and thereby preserve both animal and human species. There are many other instances cited in the Bible where some man saved all the inhabitants of some locality from annihilation.

When Hannibal had all but destroyed the Roman Empire and devastated the surrounding nations immediately north of the Mediterranean, Scipio Africanus invaded Carthaginian territory, destroyed the power of that nation and then cut off Hannibal, when he attempted to return to occupy Carthage, and rendered him harmless for all time to come.

Using the army built up by his father, Frederick the Great, by his superb leadership and vigorous warfare, saved his nation from annihilation and doubled its territory.

Napoleon put an end to the ravages of the mob at Paris with grape and canister. He rescued France from her enemies and made her power supreme. When he became a scourge to humanity, and more feared than Kublai and Genghis Khan were feared in their day, England developed Wellington, who crushed Napoleon as the latter had crushed all of his enemies up to that time.

Lord Nelson won eternal fame at Trafalgar, and saved England from invasion.

Grotius developed the idea that no nation or group of nations had any priority rights to the oceans of the world. He established that they were highways of commerce and free to all nations alike. This movement of his put an end, in time, to piracy upon the high seas and gave stability to ocean navigation.

Voltaire, as Carlyle put it, gave the death stab to modern superstition. He destroyed the power of the church to imprison at will the bodies and confiscate the estates of persons who had offended it.

Washington became the man of the hour in the struggle of the colonies with England.

Alexander Hamilton appears to have been specially sent to encourage the struggling colonies at the outbreak of the revolution, and to stabilize the finances of the nation after the adoption of our present government.

Out of the hardships of New England farm life Daniel Webster was developed. His eloquence and solid arguments in the United States Senate gave us a stable bank system and assisted in defeating the State Rights doctrine as advocated by the party of Jefferson. Before the supreme court he ably assisted Marshall in unifying the states into a permanent and stable government. While acting as Secretary of State, under President Tyler, by wise and forceful statesmanship he avoided war with Great Britain, which at that time would have been disastrous to America.

Lincoln came unostentatiously from the backwoods of Illinois, preserved the American Union and gave freedom to four million slaves.

At the darkest moment of the Civil War, came Grant, unheralded and unknown, and by his military genius led the way to complete victory of the Union forces.

In the World War, the illustrious Foch led the unified Allied forces to the total defeat of the hitherto invincible German army.

Mussolini seems to be the last man brought into prominence by a national crisis. By vigorous, even if arbitrary, measures he abolished Communism and labor union terrorism and brought to Italy peace, where only discord had prevailed.

John Marshall, a humble Virginia attorney, became the expounder of the Constitution and welded the states into an indissoluble union. When the opportunity came, in Gibbons *versus* Ogden, Marshall completely destroyed legislative monopolies.

The time will again come when a judge, with the fearlessness of John Marshall and his ability, will deal a blow to labor unionism—the greatest monopoly and, at the same time, the most selfish organization in the United States—a blow which will render the industrial world as free as the slaves of the South were made free by Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation.

Much is being printed as to the lawlessness of the Ku Klux Klan. This organization—which I by no means apologize for—has never perpetrated an outrage equal to the outrages daily being perpetrated by labor unionism. The cowardice of the American people and their elective judiciaries, in the face of labor union tyranny, is simply appalling. Many of our judges seem ready, at any time, to sacrifice principle to political expediency. Except in the few places where the open shop prevails, industrial America is practically enslaved. We have seen, in our labor ridden communities, the steel framework of twelve-story buildings taken down at the command of labor union dictators, because either nonunion men assisted in erecting them or some of the steel used in the framework came from an open shop factory.

Most of the thickly populated business centers in America are today working under rules promulgated by the unions that are as drastic as those of any tyrant who ever disgraced a throne before thrones began to disintegrate. We have complacently looked on, while men have been maimed and murdered for daring to work in defiance of the mandates of walking delegates. We have seen men prevented from employing those they desired to employ, simply bcause the latter did not hold union cards.

It is humiliating to think that an American citizen, in this boasted land of freedom, must be impudently informed by a foreign born agitator, probably not a citizen of the United States, that he can only build his contemplated home or business building with labor enslaved by holding a union card; that only such material as the agitator dictates can be used in its construction;

that the plumbing, plastering and bricklaying must be done only by certain individuals.

The great coal mines are unlawfully compelled by the unions to retain, out of the wages of their employees, the dues and fines assessed against them by their respective organizations. We wonder why the poor man's cottage and the rich man's expensive home cost twice as much as they should. The reason is plain. Union labor tactics have added outrageously to the cost of every article that enters into the construction of either and doubled the labor costs expended thereon.

A judge will some day appear who will say that tyranny of this kind can no longer exist in America; that organizations, even if pretending to be for lawful purposes, which invariably practice sabotage, which conspire to advance wages and curtail output, exist in defiance of guarantees under the Declaration of Independence to all men of the right to "life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness," and must go.

At this moment the prosperity of the American people is in the grip of an unlawful combination which furnishes the human element in our transportation system. The price of every commodity used by the American people is advanced by reason of this unlawful assertion and practice of authority by the railroad employees. Up to date the government submits supinely and allows all the people to be systematically robbed.

I have no use for the judge asinine enough or corrupt enough to say that there can be such a thing as "peaceful picketing" or a "lawful boycott," without which the unions could not terrorize humanity.

In the face of the extraordinary wages now being paid railroad employees, further advances, amounting to millions of dollars per year, are almost daily announced by the leading roads of the country. In every case such advance is wrung from the roads by threats of strikes which would paralyze railroad transportation and work hardships on all of our people.

It goes without saying, that every dollar of increase to railroad employees will come primarily out of the shipping public and finally out of the ultimate consumer, who bears all the burdens of labor exactions and of taxation.

An increase in shipping rates must come if wages are advanced on the trunk line roads. The roads have no way of reaching into the air and plucking money from imaginary trees. Their earnings are from the freight and passenger tariffs. If their expenses and tariffs are increased, rates must be advanced or the roads will be operated at a loss.

Some claim that government ownership of the roads is the solution of the problem. Government ownership would decrease efficiency, increase costs of operation, demoralize employees, convert the whole question of railroad management into a political machine, and then graft would enter, which would so increase expenditures for lessened and inefficient service as to make it necessary to call upon the taxpayers for funds with which to meet deficits created. The solution is the crushing of the railroad labor system; to make combinations of labor criminal, just as combinations in restraint of trade, by merchants, manufacturers and railroads, are now criminal acts.

In *Howe's Monthly* for September, 1928, the following, in substance, occurs:

"Fitzgerald Hall, attorney for Nashville, Chattanooga and St. Louis Railroad, gave the following figures before the Railway Labor Board, showing the compensation received by railroad men. An engineer of a small branch line of his road draws $4,731.92 a year, which is $371.92 more than the Governor of Tennessee receives. High school teachers at points on the line receive $125 to $148 a month, and blacksmiths and switchmen on the road receive $188 per month. The conductor on the Rome branch, eighteen miles in length, gets $5,735.88 a year. The engineer on the same branch gets $5,997.04 a year, nearly $500 more than the judges of the superior court of Tennessee, while the negro flagman and porter on the Columbia-Dechred branch gets $3,146.40, or $146.40 more than the district attorneys of Tennessee.

"Millions of white people receiving less than $3,146.40 per year, are taxed through freight rates to pay these negro laborers more than $260 per month."

The boom in the wages of railway employees was started by McAdoo while director-general of railroads. He boosted everybody, from track walkers to conductors. After the war, a Wilson appointed board awarded all railway men a further raise and gave them back pay amounting to many millions of dollars. The wages paid these men does not tell the whole story. They are protected by rules and regulations which are simply amazing. If a conductor or engineer serves for a short time over the hours provided for in his schedule, he gets a staggering bonus. There is food for reflection in these facts. People are disposed to abuse the roads for high fares and freights. *It takes high fares and freights to pay such wages to thousands and thousands of employees.* I have it from one of the greatest railroad men in the United States that seventy-five per cent of the total operating expenses of the railroads generally goes to labor when the replacing of old ties is included in labor charges. Certainly these men now belong to a privileged class. They dictate their own wages, the conditions and hours under which they shall labor, and the great American voting public, ruled by politicians relying upon the labor vote, submits to this imposition. I have not the figures before me, but I suppose that the wages paid the railroads cited in the quotation from Howe are no larger than those paid on the railroad lines generally.

As has happened in the past with many nations, when a crisis of vast proportions has arisen, let us hope that a Moses will appear who will lead this nation and its people out of the horrible position it and they have gotten into as a result of prohibition. After eighty-one years of prohibition, one province in Canada abandoned it as a failure. Long before national prohibition was thought of, the State of Maine had prohibition laws which were absolutely ignored, and the state once a year licensed liquor dealers, notwithstanding the laws pronouncing their business illegal and criminal. The same Moses may be able to take the teeth out of union labor brutality.

CHAPTER XIX

THE AMERICAN EAGLE. IT MUST BE SUPREME OVER THE RED FLAG OF ANARCHY. AUTOCRACY OF OFFICE HOLDERS A DANGEROUS THING.

LORD FISHER of the British Navy, in a book published by him shortly before his death, tells of a dinner on board his flagship, in Cuban waters, some time after the Spanish War, at which Admiral Sampson of the American Navy was present. The wines had gone around quite freely. An English officer offered a toast to the American Navy. An American officer whispered to Admiral Sampson, evidently telling him that he ought to respond to the toast. Sampson got up and said, "Gentlemen, it was a d—d fine old hen that hatched the American eagle," and resumed his seat. Lord Fisher goes on to say that that was the greatest speech he ever heard in his life. He there drops the subject. When you revolve this thing in your mind you come to the conclusion that Lord Fisher had some basis for his remarks. Of course, Sampson alluded to the eagle as the emblem of American arms.

Now, what was the hen that hatched the American eagle? The American colonies, made up of the sturdy and hardy New Englanders, the brave men of New York and the states surrounding her, the gallant sons of Virginia and the other Southern States. Since ancient times the eagle has been looked upon as a symbol of royal or imperial power. The bird that Sampson alluded to was the American eagle, our native bald eagle. In the Continental Congress, on July 4, 1776, a committee was appointed to complete the evidence of the independence of the United States by formally adopting an official sign of sovereignty and a national coat-of-arms and military emblem. The first and each succeeding committee having the business in charge considered its duty to be to design the arms by designing the seal. In making the two identical the prevailing custom was observed, for seals are deemed proof of the coat-of-arms of states or individuals using them. The proceedings leading up to the final report of the committee are somewhat hazy, but finally, on June 20, 1782, the eagle was adopted as the seal of the United States against the bitter opposition of Benjamin Franklin. He looked upon the eagle as a Caesarian or barbarian emblem of oppression, of war, of bloodshed and crime. He wanted the wild turkey adopted instead of the eagle, a distinctly American bird and a bird of peace; but the eagle was adopted, not only on the seal, but on our national arms, holding in his dexter talon an olive branch and in his sinister a bundle of thirteen arrows, all proper, and in his beak a scroll inscribed with this motto: "*E Pluribus Unum.*"

Long years before, the Roman Empire, the Persian Empire, France, Germany, Austria, Portugal, Prussia, Russia and subsequently Mexico and some of the South American states, adopted the eagle as the emblem of military power; but never in the history of the world had a few people, governing themselves without the intervention of a king, emperor or monarch of some kind, adopted the eagle as an emblem, until it was done by the Continental Congress. Prior to that time the eagle had been an emblem of power, of oppression, of tyranny and cruelty. Our bird was different. He represented, for the first time in the world's history, freedom, equal rights, equal opportunities and equal justice for all. That is probably the idea that Lord Fisher had in mind when he extolled Admiral Sampson's speech.

The American eagle has lived up to its traditions. It has never been carried on our banners into a war of conquest or oppression. The War of 1812, with England, was a war to maintain our rights upon the seas. The Mexican War, in 1848, was a war to avenge outrages which had become unbearable. Our Civil War was a war in the cause of human freedom and it struck the shackles from the limbs of four million slaves. The war with Spain was a protest against the brutality of that nation toward a feebler race which she had long oppressed, maltreated and terrorized. The war with the Central Powers was waged to avenge the outrages which they had inflicted upon American subjects and American property rights. It was not waged to "make the world safe for democracy." That declaration was claptrap, an election slogan, nothing more.

Thus our emblem has become a unique thing in the history of the human race. It is our duty, as loyal citizens of the republic, to see that the eagle shall be kept in a state of purity, maintained as an emblem of freedom and of justice and as a protector of human rights.

We always associate the eagle with our flag, which has today more enemies at home than it has abroad. Socialists of the late Victor Berger stripe, on every occasion possible, deride and belittle the flag and all it stands for. They do all they can to bring the past history of our nation into contempt. The labor unions, that is, the radical members thereof, would, and do, whenever they can, substitute the red flag of anarchy for the Stars and Stripes.

You can depend upon it that the murderous villains in Chicago, who have killed something over a hundred men in the last year or two, and whose late exploit is shooting down three men with a machine gun, have no respect for the American flag. Neither have those scoundrels in San Francisco who shot down twelve or fifteen non-union iron molders during the strike that went on a few years ago, using shotguns loaded with buckshot and always shooting their victims in the legs, the shooting being done from a swiftly moving automobile. These men must be backed by the unions. Whoever is back of them is as guilty of murder as are the men who did the actual shooting. Those misguided residents of Inyo County, who dynamited the Los Angeles aqueduct, have no respect for the American flag.

The movement inaugurated a few years ago to have nationwide discussion, by public school boys and girls, of the federal constitution, should do much toward removing false impressions from the public mind about our form of government and the object which its founders had in view. The statutory provision requiring the public schools of the nation to display the national emblem, is a wise one. The revolutionary Reds, the advocates of Russian sovietism, must be fought most vigorously and continuously. If the minds of the school children, the future citizens and rulers of the land, can be aroused to patriotism and directed into sane channels of thought a great deal for the good of the nation will be accomplished.

The United States is today threatened with an autocracy of office holders. They are necessarily politicians, and if the party to which they profess allegiance is victorious in elections, their positions are secure. They are so numerous that when they unite in the support of any individual they are well-nigh invincible. They have learned from the labor unions that in union there is strength. The employees of Los Angeles City have an association called Mutual Benefit Association of City Employees. This association publishes a paper for circulation among its members. Not one word is said in it for the benefit of the tax paying public, in whose service these employees are; not one word for the betterment of governmental conditions. On the other hand, the paper is devoted to such subjects as increase in wages, the increase in old-age pensions of city employees and the reduction in the age when pensions should begin, that is to say, it advocates retirement and pension at a much younger age and after fewer years of service than the law now provides for.

To show the evils of the pension system, Los Angeles had, a short time ago, three pensioned ex-Chiefs of Police. Each of them is hale and hearty, in fact, in the prime of life. Two of them left office possessed of ample means for their support, the third has been making money ever since he retired. If this thing keeps up our pension burden will be a heavy one. It must strike the ordinary individual that pensions should only be granted to the aged, infirm and decrepit. When the employees of a municipality, county or state, are banded together for purely personal aggrandizement, it is more than probable that they will entirely lose sight of both our eagle and our flag and what they stand for; will ignore the functions of government and look upon public office, not as an opportunity to render service, but to wring from the taxpayers constantly increasing emoluments and privileges.

To retain office, these associations of public officials will barter with any group, whether labor union, Ku Klux Klan, or any other objectionable organization, for votes. Special privileges will be promised and given for bloc support. The patriotism of our public servants, as well as that of those who support the government by their tax payments, should be aroused.

How this patriotism is to be aroused is a serious question. Just as the home is the place to inculcate religious principles (the prayer learned at the mother's knee is never forgotten), all of the homely virtues, including a love of truth, morality and upright living, so the home is the place where love of liberty, respect for law, loyalty to the flag and eternal fealty to America's past history, should be taught. After the home, the schools should take up this work. The future of this country depends upon and will be controlled by those now growing up. One generation passes, another takes its place. I am not pessimistic as to the future. I believe that in most Americans there is an inborn love of country and loyalty to its traditions.

One thing we must do, and that is, put down all governments within the government. I mean by this, institutions which take the law into their own hands when they deem it advisable to do so, as do the criminal organizations within the ranks of labor unionism. These men seem to recognize no law but their own wills. The disgraceful scenes being every day enacted in San Francisco, in Chicago, and in other large centers of population, where labor unionism is in power, are enough to cause uneasiness to any serious minded American. All such demonstrations should be repressed at the beginning. The first move made by any lawless element should be met as promptly as Cleveland met the Haymarket riots in Chicago and as Coolidge met the police strike in Boston.

CHAPTER XX

CORRUPTION IN GOVERNMENT APPARENTLY GETTING WORSE.

FROM my reading of American history I am satisfied that graft has accompanied the administration of the affairs of our government almost since the nation was formed. Alexander Hamilton, undoubtedly an able financier, Secretary of the Treasury under Washington, was openly accused by his enemies of manipulating his office for the benefit of his capitalistic friends. Enemies in Congress learned of his payments to a blackmailing scoundrel named Reynolds of certain sums of money, and they charged that these payments were dividends to Reynolds on account of moneys which he advanced to Hamilton for speculation through his office as Secretary of the Treasury. To protect his financial honor, he sacrificed his moral reputation. In a statement over his signature, given to the press and to the nation, he confessed to having had illicit relations with the wife of Reynolds. He settled with Reynolds and the wife by frequent payments of money, and he showed by the dates that this was the same money that congressmen accused him of paying Reynolds as his share of illicit profits made upon money furnished Reynolds. His explanation satisfied his congressional enemies. The most astonishing thing in the confession was the fact that after he had settled with both Reynolds and his wife, at the instance or invitation of the outraged (?) husband, he resumed his illicit relations with the guilty wife. Nearly all of their meetings were in his own dwelling house during his wife's absence in the country. And yet, Hamilton is the man who wrote the most wonderful dissertations on the American government that have ever been written. He also discussed many economic questions, and in doing so at one time, said: "Oppress trade, lands sink in value; make it flourish, their value rises; encumber husbandry, trade declines; encourage agriculture, commerce revives.''

The morals of the period were none too good. Too many of the public men of his time were as immoral as Hamilton. Immoral men are usually dishonest. Benjamin Franklin was notoriously immoral. While John Randolph of Roanoke was voted eccentric, and even by some insane, he was always held up to the American people as the personification of honor and chivalry. In his duel with Calhoun, he deliberately fired into the air. He told his seconds before the meeting that he intended to do so, and they threatened to withdraw, but finally consented to act knowing that he was going to throw away his chance of injuring his opponent. Nevertheless, this paragon of chivalry, after visiting his cousin, Nancy Randolph Morris, wife of Gouverneur Morris, at their country home at Morrisania, wrote a letter to his cousin, which, however, he delivered unsealed to her husband. This, mind you, was after having, on his arrival and at his departure from their home, affectionately clasped his cousin to his bosom and kissed her ardently on the lips, wishing her all kinds of happiness. In this letter he accused her of a dozen crimes, including adultery and infanticide. Her answer to this remarkable charge is a literary gem. She denied his charges, generally and specifically, and proceeded to take the hide off of him in a manner which would have done honor to Dr. Johnson. His reply to Lord Bacon, who had written him congratulating him upon his success, has long been considered a gem as a polite reminder that praise from him was not desired or gratefully received. Dr. Johnson's reply is not to be compared, for sarcasm and scorn, with Cousin Nancy's letter to John Randolph. To my mind, no human being who would perpetrate so dastardly an outrage on a woman, and especially a woman related to him by blood, if his outrageous charges were true, as Randolph did on his cousin Nancy, could possibly be politically, morally or socially honest.

At quite an early date in the history of our country men interested themselves in the election of candidates for various offices, from president down to constable, and supported their efforts with money of the realm. In return, they exacted favors which gathered to them both wealth and honors. The close of the

Civil War found the country demoralized, mentally and morally. War always destroys the finer feelings of nations and individuals. Abuses of the nature above recited become the rule rather than the exception. President Grant's administration in this respect was a disgrace to the nation. Scoundrels innumerable flourished, abuses of public trusts multiplied rapidly, corruption on a scale never before or since known in America, was rampant. The Credit Mobilier steal, involving both senators and representatives, shocked the nation. During Grant's first term, with his assistance, which his brother-in-law, General Corbin, induced him to lend, and out of which Corbin reaped a fortune, Fisk and Gould looted the Erie Railroad and conducted a campaign which sent gold to unheard of and unbelievable figures, bringing on the celebrated Black Friday crash which shook the finances of the nation to their very foundations. Grant's selection of his assistants was extremely unfortunate. Renegades of every description were given offices of trust and responsibility which they abused.

Andrew Johnson's administration, which preceded Grant's, was comparatively free from scandal as far as he was concerned. He began attempting to carry out the late President Lincoln's policies of conciliation of the South. His great mistake was in relying and placing confidence in General Grant, who double crossed him and betrayed him. The rampant abolitionists of the Senate, led by Sumner, Wade, and others, including Stanton, hold-over Secretary of War, thwarted Johnson's efforts and involved the nation in turmoil and disorder. Sumner and his coterie were not satisfied that Lincoln had emancipated the slaves. They wanted to give them the ballot and put them in power over their former owners. Carpet bag rule in the South followed, and was the most everlasting disgrace which our government ever countenanced. The southern people had laid down their arms and sought peace and unity with their northern brethren. They were treated as convicted criminals rather than as conquered foes. The South was robbed by the carpet baggers and subjected to the insults and ignominy of negro rule. In time, the genius of the southern people overcame all of these difficulties, and the South has made most wonderful progress, but she made no headway while the white thieves imposed upon her by Grant and Sumner, and their assistants, controlled her destinies. Anyone who will patiently read the Life of Andrew Johnson, recently issued, written by Lloyd Paul Stryker, must conclude that he was as great a patriot as Abraham Lincoln, and that he deserves praise instead of the obloquy and abuse which many writers continue to heap upon him.

Grant's second term was fully as corrupt as was his first. That his followers later on urged him as a candidate for a third term is ample proof of the moral political degeneracy of the times. Those followers were simply looking for more plunder, for another chance to loot the public treasury. Since Grant we have had all sorts of presidents. Hayes was a good man, and did more toward regenerating the country than anyone would have thought possible. Of course he was handicapped by the hang-over from the Grant administration. Garfield, McKinley, and Harding were all politicians, pure and simple. McKinley made a better record than either of the others, and yet he would have come out for free silver, but for Mark Hanna. Grover Cleveland was an outstanding example of courageous honesty, for which he was despised and abused and slandered by Democratic politicians who longed for a dip into the fleshpots of the government. Roosevelt was undoubtedly honest. He saw and pointed out and denounced trickery and spoliation of the government, but was powerless to entirely suppress them. When Wilson was elected the Democrats had long been out of office, and were eager and hungry for the spoils. He, too, was honest, but he could not control the politicians. If you will remember, they immediately passed what was called the Wilson Tariff Bill, which ushered in a calamity that, had not the World War broken out, would have been the worst that America ever suffered under. Then came the war, which made illicitly more millionaires in a short time than America ever before developed, and of course, they did not make their wealth honestly, but, as said before, war is destructive of not only honesty but decency as well.

Coolidge was honest and possessed of the ideas of thrift and economy of his native state. He said little, which was much better than saying too much, but abuses continued. As the prizes of office holding became richer with the increased wealth of the nation, efforts to win office became more intense, and elections became more expensive. In my opinion, America is today under a misguided financial leadership. President Coolidge, shortly before his retirement, endorsed stock speculation, notwithstanding the inflated values of stocks at that time. This was the greatest blunder of his otherwise admirable administration. Owing to his exalted position, probably thousands were induced by his remark to go into the market. No one in high authority in our government issued one word of warning prior to the collapse of our stock boom, against a condition which the merest tyro in finance could recognize as dangerous to the nation. After billions had been lost, the Federal Reserve Board, having reduced the discount rate to a low figure, thus aiding speculation, issued a feeble warning against speculation. In the past two years, had one-tenth of the time been spent warning the public against buying stocks at inflated prices which is now being spent in spreading misinformation as to the soundness of business and the prosperity of the country, it would have been better for everybody. Business conditions, generally, are sound, but if business conditions are as prosperous as many would have us believe, why should the Federal Loan Board be advancing millions to the raisin growers of California, millions to the wheat growers of the middle west and millions to the cotton growers of the south? These advancements by the government to certain selected industries, which is paternalism, a forerunner of socialism, will meet with disaster, as they should. California's so-called progressive officials tried it, in making loans to returned soldiers to buy farms with. The state was swindled in the land it bought and received but little interest from the soldiers; has taken back much of the property purchased, and is now about to write off, that is, make a free gift to the purchasers, of several hundred thousand dollars which they are owing and cannot pay. California also had a mortgage loan law, which has resulted disastrously. Much has been said about the few billion dollars loaned on stocks to brokers. These loans are not a drop in the bucket compared to the loans outstanding, made by banks on stocks, and bonds, to corporations and individuals. Few of them can pay when called on. Right here in Los Angeles, and in every other city of the nation, the borrowing aristocracy of the city, during the last week in October and the first half of November, 1929, thronged the lobbies of our banks putting up additional collateral to secure loans they could not liquidate. It is going to take more economy than the individuals of the nation have been practicing for a considerable time, before all of these loans are cleaned up. You hear a great deal about large public expenditures, to keep labor employed. Moneys so spent by the United States Government, or by states, counties or municipalities, will be no evidence of prosperity. In all such expenditures the taxpayer, as usual, bears the burden. The chances are that much of the money so spent will go into structures not needed. By all means, build such structures as are absolutely necessary. It is just as well at this juncture that we do not lose our heads and by temporarily assisting one class to keep employed at highly inflated wages, impose a burden which may run for years upon the property holding class. Inflation has been largely taken out of real estate and out of stocks and bonds. It would be just as well also to deflate organized labor.

The greatest menace threatening this country at the present time is the constantly growing cost of our elections, national, state, county and municipal. The Democratic National Committee has not yet liquidated a hang-over debt of over half a million dollars for the Al Smith campaign. I believe that it is admitted that several millions were spent by the Democrats over and above the half million still owing. The Republican campaign cost I know not how much, but rest assured it cost too much, for the good of our country.

We can never have honest administration of political affairs while such sums are spent on our elections. I have the highest possible regard for President Hoover. He is without question absolutely honest and incorruptible. Admit as much for Al Smith had he been elected. Now, the men, or at least the majority of them, who advanced the money for these campaign funds, expect to get it back with interest. They cannot get it honestly. They will get it, no matter who is president, and in spite of the president's best intentions. They will get it through legislation controlled by corrupt members of the house and of the senate, or through contracts made with the government for public improvements. They will get it back through tariff legislation passed for their benefit. They will get it through the invisible government which is the curse of all governmental systems. They will get it by preying upon the taxpayers of the country by the thousand crooked ways known only to corrupt politicians.

The same evils are encountered in local politics. In a sworn complaint, filed to test the right of Mayor Porter of Los Angeles to his office, it was charged that his election cost over $50,000. He admits the charge when, without answering the complaint, he moved to dismiss the action, which motion prevailed. He claims he spent less than $2,000. Then some one spent more than $48,000 in the campaign. Those who advanced this money expect it back. They can only get it by dishonest means. I do not know Mayor Porter—have never seen him. Admit that he is absolutely honest, nevertheless, corrupt politicians will deceive him.

Many a man, if elected Mayor of Los Angeles at an expense of $50,000, or President of the United States at a cost of millions—would hesitate to accept the office, but, if over persuaded by his friends to do so, if he were at all inclined to be a religious man he would abandon all communion with God and apply to the devil for advice and assistance.

This is not an attack upon any public official, but upon the evil of buying elections by inordinate election expenses. An awakened public conscience will be the only way of correcting the evil. Any laws passed to limit campaign contributions will be evaded. Rewarding constituents who assist at the elections by increasing offices, has constantly increased the costs of government, national, state and municipal. In 1910, when the expenses of conducting the national government were probably one-tenth of what they are today, Senator Nelson A. Aldrich of Rhode Island, who had amassed an immense fortune in the wholesale grocery business before he became senator, and who served in that body from October 5, 1881, to April 3, 1911, in a speech delivered in the senate, commenting on the costs of running the government, said:

"If I were a business man and could be permitted to do so, I would undertake to run the national government for three hundred million dollars a year less than it is now run for."

If he could have saved that amount in 1910, the saving, if he were alive and allowed to conduct the government now, would be many times that amount.

CHAPTER XXI

HAPPINESS CRAVED BY ALL, POSSESSED BY SOME AND DENIED TO OTHERS.

HAPPINESS is a boon that all of us desire, some of us attain and some of us never possess. The first object of any human being in life is to make a living. Food is the first requisite of human, as well as of other animal life. A newborn babe is not long in this world until it wants its hunger satisfied. When that want is satisfied the child expresses contentment—its first feelings of happiness—and if its little stomach doesn't ache, it immediately goes to sleep and, if left alone, will sleep until hunger disturbs it.

After the human animal acquires what we call a living, it develops a taste for the aesthetic and for ornaments and personal adornments. It satisfies a craving which is natural to it. Then there awakens a want for luxury, for better things. "Some for fame and honor strive," things which usually come as a reward for services rendered the human race. To a properly constituted human mind, the mere fact of existence, the ability to do, the fact of accomplishment—the opportunity to relieve suffering and misery of those less fortunate than oneself—should bring happiness. Good health is a prime factor in producing happiness. For that very reason, the proper physical development, (without which there cannot be good health), of the human being, from its very infancy, should receive careful attention. The first lesson inculcated into the human understanding should be how to live. Few people know how.

Webster's dictionary defines happiness as "good luck; good fortune; prosperity." It gives as another definition the following: "An agreeable feeling or condition of the soul arising from good fortune or propitious happenings of any kind."

Pope says of it: "Oh, happiness! Our being's end and aim." And he further says:

> "The learned is happy nature to explore,
> The fool is happy that he knows no more."

Seneca, in accord with all the other Stoic philosophers, preaches that contentment and the contented mind alone bring happiness. His argument is that we must take what comes to us in life, be it riches or poverty, health or disease, joy or sorrow, as we find it, and only he is happy, or entitled to be happy, who can adjust himself to all the circumstances of life without a murmur or complaint.

In a beautiful essay on the "Secret of Happiness," that most charming and entertaining writer and nature lover, John Burroughs, lays down the doctrine that "happiness is the result of all that is just and sane," a most excellent definition, to my mind, in this age of excited activity and frequently unjust and ever-increasing criticism of established rules and precedents.

The Latin poet, Horace, again and again indulged in the warmest praise of the pleasures of country life. He always urged the simple life as conducive to man's longevity and serenity of mind. Balzac did the same thing, and has woven into his wonderful stories more beautiful descriptions of country life and country scenery than any other writer I know of—Scott himself not excepted. Most of the English poets were partial to country life. All of the older writers, English and American, have extolled country life as the true source of happiness. In one of his shorter poems Pope tells us:

> "Happy the man whose wish and care
> A few paternal acres bound;
> Content to breathe his native air
> In his own ground."

One of America's greatest word painters tells us in his terse and forcible style that "happiness is the legal tender of the soul."

As staid an author as Vattel, in his "Law of Nations," pays the highest tribute to the agriculturist, in fact, he places the science of farming and agriculture on a high plane, where it ought to be; and in discussing happiness he says:

"Happiness is the point where center all those duties which individuals and nations owe to themselves. This is the great end of the law of nature. The desire for happiness is the powerful spring that puts man in motion; felicity is the end that all have in view, and it ought to be the grand object of the public will."

He also contends that it should be the highest aim of the state to provide for the happiness of the public. After laying down various rules for bringing about this result, he adds:

"To instruct the nation is not sufficient. In order to conduct it to happiness it is still more necessary to inspire the people with the love of virtue and the abhorrence of vice. Those who are deeply versed in the study of morality are convinced that virtue is the true and only path that leads to happiness."

Truly ideal, in the earlier days of America, must have been the life of the planters of the Southern States. Their estates were almost feudal in proportions. While possessing none of the modern educational advantages, they managed, through private tutors and a few academies and institutes, as their seats of learning were called, to educate their children. Their sons, especially, were trained for public life and developed into orators and statesmen of the highest standing and ability.

Contrasted with the more peaceful days of the early life of the republic, I fear that modern life is too strenuous for complete and unalloyed happiness. We live in too great a rush, in too much excitement, under too great a nervous strain, to be happy. We enjoy thrills, get enthusiastic, get worked up to a pitch of frenzy over religious questions, politics, the great national games, baseball and football, automobile speed contests, airplanes and motion picture shows. All of these things, however, leave the human mind in such a condition that its longings are only satisfied by more frequent and more hazardous repetitions of the sports that thrill. I fear that the "contented mind" which Seneca speaks of and so lovingly dwells upon as true happiness, is almost a negative quantity in these days.

I am not one of those who believe that you can legislate the millennium or, by laws or statutes, control the morals any more than you can the brains of the race. I am one of those old-school, oldfashioned sort of persons who believe that parents are responsible for both the excellency and the delinquency of their offspring. I notice that those people who are not running over with fads of the "new life," who are not too loud in their professions of religion, who are not eternally endeavoring to reform their neighbors, who, in fact, keep their fingers out of other people's pie, concentrating in their own families the efforts that many waste on entire communities, bring up children who are an honor to themselves and a credit to society.

Idleness destroys both peace of mind and happiness. All healthy human beings demand, for their physical and mental welfare, some sort of activity. I am sure that following the butterfly experiences of fashionable women cannot bring happiness to anyone. No woman is happy who spends half of her life at pink teas or because she can parade a crowded thoroughfare in high-heeled shoes, a picture hat and a short skirt. The chances are that when she reaches home she feels depressed because her heels were not higher, her hat larger or her skirt shorter. A male loafer cannot be happy. He gets tired even of himself and then grumbles at all humanity.

The frivolous pleasures that are too often indulged in, to the exclusion of the more serious things of life to the detriment of health and morals, must be those to which Bobbie Burns alluded when he said:

"But pleasures are like poppies spread,
You seize the flow'r, its bloom is shed.
Or like the snowfall in the river,
A moment white, then melts forever."

Great wealth does not in itself bring happiness. In fact, many wealthy people are most unhappy. Few of our modern captains of industry, the men who control the finances of the nation, are happy. Their responsibilities are so great that they do not have time to be happy.

The possession of power, the possession and pomp of office, fail to extend to any human being true happiness. There goes with these things a responsibility which cannot be escaped or avoided, a responsibility which destroys all hope of happiness.

The great conquerors of the world, its greatest generals of all time, from Hannibal down to the present time, were not happy men. The very powers that made them usually worked their final destruction. They ever stood in the shade of impending disaster. Napoleon undoubtedly possessed more genius for war than any man who ever lived, yet he never was a happy man. Success was undoubtedly dear to him. If there was one spark of conscience in his make-up, the misery he caused during his career must have been a constant menace to him.

To my mind, true happiness is only found in the home, in family ties and responsibilities, in the companionship of husband and wife with their children.

I believe in the sanctity of the marriage tie and the sublimity of the domestic altar. I sincerely believe that the home influence makes or mars the human character. I am of the opinion that the only true happiness is found in the marriage state, in the home, in its surroundings; in the social acquaintances that result from the marriage state; in the joys and even the burdens of rearing children, educating them, teaching them the objects of life, pointing out to them the straight and narrow path of duty and honesty.

There is bliss unalloyed and imperishable in the acquaintanceship of an honest young couple which leads up to marriage. But lovers are not always happy. There is often a tinge of bitterness with the sweet; fear sometimes drives happiness to despair. This feeling is well illustrated in those beautiful lines of Moore's where he describes the parting of the faithful Hinda from her beloved Hafed. Every noted writer of tragedy or fiction has given expression somewhere to the same sentiment.

Again I say that true happiness, lasting happiness, happiness proof against adversity, sorrow, misfortune, even death, is only found in the home and home ties. In the true home love rules supreme, and where can you find a more beautiful picture than that of a father and mother and children, united, actuated by common impulses, held together by the closest ties, respecting each other, loyal in love and in sympathy with each other?

Campbell, in his "Pleasures of Hope," gives us these apt lines:

"And say, without our hopes, without our fears,
Without the home that plighted love endears,
Without the smile from partial beauty won,
Oh, what were man! A world without a sun."

Too often, I am sorry to say, there are many married men, and many married women, for that matter, who do not appreciate their blessings.

I firmly believe that the most exquisite happiness that ever comes into the life of any true woman is her emotion when some one lays upon her arm her first-born babe; when she feels its velvet cheek against her own; when she takes its little helpless hands in hers; when she feels its little heart pulsate against her breast, and she realizes that here is a perfect specimen of humanity, born of her body and partaking of her soul. And the happiest moment of any pure man's life is when someone takes him to the bedside of his wife, and when, with a wan glad smile, she returns his kiss and gentle hand pressure and points out to him, huddled on her arm, the little pink and wrinkled face of that newborn babe, and he realizes that all the joys and all the responsibilities of fatherhood are his.

Should that father, after this event, ever be guilty of brutality or cruelty to, or abuse of, or unfaithfulness to the wife who has suffered pain and misery to make him a father, then if, in that future state we know not of, physical punishment is dealt out to malefactors, according to their deserts, surely will he undergo punishment so horrible as to make devils weep and wail from sympathy.

Should either parent die, leaving helpless children fatherless or motherless, as the case may be, and another in good time takes the place in that family circle of the deceased parent, and takes to his or her heart those fatherless or motherless children and treats them as their own, with the same loving kindness and sympathy as he or she would their own child, then, for that man or woman, smiling angels shall open the gates of heaven and seraphs sing paeans of praise, and all the glory and all the joys of future bliss shall be theirs forever and forever.

How men and women, with children dependent upon them, can quarrel and resort to the divorce court, is beyond my comprehension. And yet there must, in many instances, be justifying conditions actuating them.

Happiness is a relative term, a comparative term. What is happiness for one person may be misery for another. There are people in this world so constituted that they are never happy, except in contemplating their own misery. Others are so constituted that they are always happy. Environment, disposition, habits, state of health, opportunity, one's wants and capabilities, all may be factors of great weight in rendering one happy or unhappy.

Please understand that I am not advocating an "all work and no play" existence. On the contrary, I believe in sane amusements and plenty of them. Especially should people enjoy social intercourse with their fellow beings. But pursuit of pleasure should never become a passion to the exclusion of everything else.

The man or woman who does not get happiness out of friendships with their fellow beings, out of the satisfaction of doing good, out of the charity which should move all human beings to relieve the sufferings of those around them, out of their daily intercourse with those with whom they are thrown in contact, is leading a misspent life. There is no true happiness in leading a selfish existence.

Today women are in every respect men's equals before the law. Suffrage alone will not bring them happiness any more than it brings happiness to men. Suffrage is a burden, a duty, an obligation. Any happiness derived from this source will be the happiness which comes to any person from duty well performed, from obligations properly discharged, from a sense of responsibility well fulfilled.

No one must expect a life of continual happiness. There is so much misery in the world that none escape. There is enough to go around. There comes a time in the life of every person when ceaseless grief almost paralyzes the pulsations of the human heart; when even Reason totters on her throne; when deep despair drives out all light and hope and joy of life, and leaves each succeeding day even darker and more miserable than its predecessor.

When we stand beside the open coffin of one we love; when we gaze upon the cold and pallid features of the dead

"Before decay's defacing fingers
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers;"

when we look upon the eyes forever closed, the hands forever folded, the lips we loved forever silent; when we realize that we shall never again receive the warm embrace, the loving kiss, the hearty handshake, or hear again the merry salutation of the loved one now lying before us cold in death—then, at last, we fully realize the inexorableness of fate, the smallness and impotence of man.

We should all be happy while we can. We should contribute by our example, our conduct, our actions, our demeanor, toward the happiness of our fellow beings, toward the happiness of those with whom we are thrown in contact. Remember that kind words, gentle actions, a helping hand to those in distress, mean happiness to them. It costs but little to be pleasant. A smile is as easy to cultivate as a frown. Cheerfulness will go a long way toward dispelling gloom on the part of others.

There is much misery in the world that any of us, by a little effort on our part, can alleviate. Not a day passes that does not afford us an opportunity of brushing the clouds away from the tear dimmed vision of some poor unfortunate. Not a day passes but we can add a bright ray of hope to some despondent human existence.

In doing these things we will have happiness on this earth, peace of mind, contentment, and receive an added joy in living.

Measured by time which is past, and which is yet to pass, the span of human life is short indeed, even for those who attain the century mark in years. It is shameful to waste any of the precious moments allotted to us in unhappiness, which, very often, a little effort can avoid. Since the human race was created successive members of it move in a well established circle. Some fortunate individuals are able to break through all the hardships and disadvantages experienced by those who have preceded them. Where other fail they succeed. Success should bring happiness, while failure always brings misery and despair. Some there are who, by their own wilful conduct, by casting off restraints and indulging their brutal passions to the limit, lose all chance of happiness for themselves and those intimately connected with or associated with them. Selfishness and a disregard for the rights of others are prolific sources of unhappiness.

As far as the history of the human race is concerned the past will probably be repeated in the future. While a "burnt child dreads the fire," it will not always leave it alone. Grown persons are much like children in that respect. In the face of previous knowledge of the evil effects of a certain line of conduct, too many will follow the line of least resistance and pursue a course which they fully realize will destroy all their hopes of happiness. Such persons apparently never learn.

CHAPTER XXII

TRIAL MARRIAGES DEGRADING AND SHOULD NOT BE TOLERATED. GOVERNMENT OWNERSHIP JUST AS GREAT A MISTAKE.

THE HOME is the foundation of our national honor and stability. Children brought up in the home, by proper minded parents, are usually a credit to society and an honor to the state. From the home went forth the stalwart thousands in the Union army, which put down the rebellion in the sixties and restored to the nation peace and prosperity.

We have enough influences weakening home ties already, in the movies, visited nightly by parents who leave their youngsters to themselves, while they seek enjoyment; in the golf-playing fathers and mothers—fathers more especially—who put in their Sundays on the golf links, to the accompaniment of smoking, drinking illicit liquors, and gambling on nearly every stroke made; and in the automobile, which affords a ready excuse to cut church attendance. The children of such parents cannot be even as good citizens as their parents were, or as the children of parents who give them religious instruction and the benefit of their companionship.

Now comes Ben Lindsey, recently disbarred from practice in Colorado, for accepting a fee while on the Bench, suggesting trial marriage to further stir up the dirty pool of marital infidelity and social degradation. Marriages should be entered into with more deliberation than they now are. Divorces should not be granted for frivolous causes. The merchant who goes into bankruptcy is forever branded as an undesirable credit risk. Most divorcees, not all of them, of course, go through moral bankruptcy, which should, if society were rightly organized, forever leave a stigma of irresponsibility. We are living in a frivolous age. People seek excitement, instead of quiet contemplation of the problems of life. I believe that, for the safety of society, often convicted moral derelicts, of both sexes, should be sterilized, so that they could not inflict society with offspring which would be an encumbrance on the social state. We spend millions in breeding cattle and other livestock, thereby improving breeds, yet we do nothing to improve the human herd, in fact, our educational lines too often lowering, instead of improving moral standards.

Away with this doctrine of trial marriages! It is a heresy unworthy of American civilization. It would lower our standards of citizenship, flood the nation with abandoned children begotten by irresponsible parents lacking parental instincts, and would thereby largely increase the already pressing burdens of our taxpayers.

When people are privileged to enter the marriage state for a day, or a week, or any other limited time necessary to temporarily allay their brutal passions, we can bid good-bye to our civilization. This idea of trial marriage is a Communistic one, the object being to make the rearing of children a duty of the state. The Bolshevists of Russia invented and foster this abominable practice.

My impression is that those judges of ours who advocate this doctrine are simply bidding for popularity among the fast growing element of our voting population imbued with these abominable ideas. A fad equally as erroneous and dangerous as trial marriage is government ownership.

Government in business fails because, when it undertakes a business enterprise, it departs from the object for which the government was established. The blighting hand of politics blasts all hopes of success when a government undertakes any business which should be conducted by individuals. Appointments are made as a result of favoritism rather than upon merit. Pay rolls are stuffed by the employment of supernumeraries to make places for successful vote getters.

The man working for a public utility conducted by the government has not the urge of self-interest to stimulate his efforts. He knows his position is a political one and that as long as the party to which he belongs remains in power he is safe, whether competent or incompetent. Because his position depends upon party success, he uses it to the neglect of his duties, to perpetuate his party in power. For the government, with its taxing powers, to enter into competition with its own citizens, in any line of industry, is fundamentally wrong. The government pays neither taxes nor license fees, which its private competitor does. If the government has a deficit as a result of its operations, it can tax its property holders to make up the same. All losses are covered in the same manner. I do not know of a single government enterprise that has been a success. Surely the national government cannot be proud of its Muscle Shoals enterprise, or of its government owned shipping business. Hundreds of millions of dollars have been sunk in each of these propositions. They have been the football of thieving politicians to provide for their henchmen. The Alaska railroad, built by the Federal government during the Wilson regime, is another example of complete government failure as far as returns on the investment are concerned.

The government at present, through its Farm Loan Board, is extensively loaning government funds to various selected enterprises, in opposition to our banks, and usually at lower rates than the ordinary merchant can secure. This is a gross violation of the principle that the function of government is to govern. It should leave business of every kind, including the loaning of money, to private enterprise. It is paternalism of the rankest kind and in the end encourages socialism. If these loans terminate as disastrously as manyother ventures of the government into business, it will not be surprising.

General M. H. Sherman

CHAPTER XXIII

AUTOMOBILE TRIP TAKEN IN JULY, 1909

WHEN automobiles came in vogue, it was my good pleasure to visit many parts of the state. I recall these trips with pleasure, especially one I made in July, 1909. On my return I reduced it to writing, and I commented upon the roads and the mileage made. Reading the story now one must contrast the condition of our roads at the present time with their condition in 1909, and the improvement which has been made since that time in automobiles. A run of two hundred miles then was as good as four hundred miles over our present paved highways. I described that trip as follows:

On Monday morning, July 12th, 1909, accompanied by Mr. Edward Strasburg, General M. H. Sherman, and my son Francis, I left my home at Alhambra at 4:50 a.m., in a six-cylinder Franklin touring car, of 1908 make, driven by Harry C. Graves, my chauffeur. Mrs. Graves, with our daughter Katharine, and son Jack, was in Europe.

At 5:40 a.m., we reached San Fernando and at 6:15 a.m., Saugus. At 8:00 a.m., we were at Acton and at 8:40 a.m., at Palmdale. The ride in the early morning air was a most delightful one. A short time after leaving Palmdale an immense wildcat showed up in the sagebrush. Harry Graves jumped out of the machine taking with him a Colt's revolver that he had carried with him on the seat, and shot at the thing running. He shot it through the bowels. It drew up for an instant and then slipped around the sagebrush. Harry and Francis went over to the place, found some blood, but the cat had gone. He undoubtedly had his death wound.

Francis had my aneroid in the pocket of his duster and lost it, much to my regret, as I should have been greatly pleased to have taken the altitude of the various mountains we passed over.

We passed Neenach a little after 10 a.m., and Lebec at 11:50 a.m. A short time before reaching Lebec we came to a collection of houses and thought we would take on gasoline if there was any to be had. Sherman was sitting on the front seat, and rapped on several houses, but got no reply. Close to the machine there was an outbuilding with the door partly open, which looked like a granary. He walked up, threw the door open, and out came an immense hog, squealing and grunting at every jump. It was amusing to see the polite way in which Sherman took off his hat, bowed and backed off.

Just below Lebec, under the shade of some oak trees, we ate our lunch. Here Francis killed some squirrels with his twenty-two. From Lebec we gave the hotel keeper a ride into Bakersfield. From 12 o'clock until our arrival at Fresno the heat was intense, it being one hundred and five degrees at Fresno, which point we reached at 7:35 p.m., running time twelve hours and distance made, two hundred and eighty-three miles, which roads considered, was good enough for one day. We got comfortable quarters at the Hughes Hotel but it was hot all night.

Next morning, July 13th, we left Fresno, without breakfast, at 5:30 a.m., reached Merced at 7:30 a.m., and breakfasted there. We got from the garage a route to Stockton which I had never traveled, going considerably to the right, by way of Hickman and other small towns. The road is a great improvement over the one which follows the main Southern Pacific track. A few miles out of Merced we broke a spring, which we mended with a spring mender, and reached Stockton at 1:30 p.m. Got lunch there, had spring repaired, and left Stockton at 4:20 p.m., heading for Placerville by way of Lockport. At Lockport we should have inquired the way to Clay Station and gone from thence to Michigan Bar, but we ran past Lockport and went considerably out of our way, passing through the town of Ione where the Preston Reform School is situated. We saw some very prosperous looking country, much of it in alfalfa. We reached Michigan Bar after dark and shortly afterward got onto the main Sacramento and Placerville road. At a place which we could not locate, where there were some houses and lights, Sherman chased a light for an eighth of a mile, got mixed up with barbed wire fences and quagmires, and finally got hold of a boy who did not know anything. In the meantime we had ascertained that we were at Shingle Springs, not very far from Placerville. We plodded on over tough mountain grades reaching Placerville at 10:30 p.m., having made two hundred and seven miles from Fresno. Our delay at Stockton, of course, threw us into the night.

Placerville is a deserted mining town, once exceedingly prosperous, now devoted largely to fruit raising. There are some slate quarries there which are being mined to advantage. The residents consider that they have the finest climate in the world and are waiting for somebody to come along and build them a tourist hotel.

Next morning we found that the bushing for the valve pin was worn and we had a new one made at a foundry, so that we did not leave Placerville until 10 a.m. The road from Placerville to Tallac is a most beautiful one and the scenery as picturesque as anyone could desire, but the dust was intolerable. We made the trip slowly in five hours, the distance being sixty-six miles. Up to this time we had had no tire trouble whatever.

Tallac is as beautiful as ever. We found the patronage of the hotel light and the management claimed that they had lost five thousand dollars up to date. There were various causes attributed to the lack of travel to the Lake this year, the principal one being the Seattle Fair, and the next most potent one, the very pleasant weather prevailing generally throughout the California valleys.

After a splendid night's rest, we spent the next day fishing with more than fair success. Cooked fish for lunch at noon and then concluded to run over to Mr. Hellman's place, although we knew no one was there. We found the half of a menu card from the hotel at the picnic grounds and on this we wrote a little note of welcome to Mr. Hellman and all hands signed it. The launch we had took us to his place in less than an hour. We left the note with his boatman, strolled over his beautiful grounds, and then went back to our fishing.

The next day we made a trip to the top of Tallac. Drove in a wagon to Glen Alpine and there took horses which a guide had brought along. Passed very considerable snow but reached the summit without accident. The view from the summit is one of the grandest in California. There was considerable wind on Lake Tahoe and it did not look, from our viewpoint, like water, but reminded me very much of the appearance of the Cucamonga plains thirty years ago, when covered with sagebrush, as seen from the mouth of the San Antonio Canyon.

July 17th we loafed and rested and at one o'clock on Sunday, July 18th, we left Tallac for Reno, and made the distance of seventy-five miles, over a most infamous road, with heavy grades and loose gray alkali penetrating dust, in a little over four hours. We passed through Carson, just in the midst of a sagebrush desert, afterwards by Steamboat Springs and through more desert. On the road we ran over a miserable looking rattlesnake, about four feet long, which Harry killed with his revolver. He had but two rattles and a button but possessed the most vicious and venomous looking head I ever saw on a rattler.

Shortly before getting to Reno, at a nice looking place I saw two buffalo heads, one on each side of the entrance to a house, and I immediately called a halt and said that this was Governor Sparks' place. He had been dead some months, but I knew him in his lifetime, and I wanted to see if any of the family were there, so as to pass the time of day with them. A board was nailed across the entrance to the front porch so I walked around to the rear of the house and finally attracted the attention of a mild-mannered, pleasant-faced lady in mourning. I asked her if this was the late Governor Sparks' place and if she was Mrs. Sparks. She said, "Yes," and I introduced myself to her and she was very glad to see me. She reminded me of something I had forgotten. She said she never forgot a face and that in 1896, when I went to Idaho on a hunting trip with Governor Sparks, she had driven him to the station at Reno that morning and was introduced to me there. She urged us to stay to supper but I did not feel like intruding upon her. After bidding her good-bye, as we started away we saw a herd of elk which Governor Sparks always kept in a corral.

In a few minutes we were in Reno, which we found a typical mountain town, fully one-third of the business buildings being occupied by saloons, and the streets were full of drunken Indians.

We left Reno the next morning at 7:10 a.m., and at 12:10 p.m. had made the distance of seventy-three miles and reached Janesville, where we lunched. At Janesville, we were shown the former home of Mr. L. N. Breed, lately deceased, a former resident of this city and at one time president of the Merchants National Bank of this city. The proprietor of the house we lunched at spoke of him most feelingly, and said that a little over a year ago he had taken him on a little trip over the cattle and horse ranch that Breed formerly owned. The latter felt the hand of death then upon him and said that he wanted to see the old stamping ground once more before he passed over the river.

The sagebrush in this country grows fully ten feet high in places. For two or three hours on this trip I had a very serious bilious attack, but felt better after drinking a cup of hot tea at Janesville. We found the people all along the line most hospitable and sociable. They were always willing to do anything they could for us.

At 2:15 p.m., we were at Susanville. From this place I telephoned to my uncle, D. L. Haun, that we were on the way. We knew he lived somewhere near Greenville, and towards five o'clock we were whirling along through the heavy timber of this region when we came upon a little sawmill. I saw a boiler which Uncle Dave had told me he had made, and I immediately knew that we had reached our destination. Just then he walked around from behind the house. He and his wife were overjoyed at seeing us.

At Susanville many old friends of the late J. S. Chapman of this city made inquiries as to him and his family, sending regards to Mrs. Chapman and the children. We stayed with Uncle Dave two days. Neither he nor his wife had ever ridden in an automobile, so the first day we took a trip around the Big Meadows Ranch at Prattville. The next day, Mr. Strasburg and Francis staying at the mill, the rest of us took them over the Indian Valley road and the experience was to them a novel one. That afternoon we ran down to the hotel at Prattville and fished for a few hours, but it was not a good trout day and our luck was poor. It was now almost full moon, and the fish are a great deal like the deer, they feed when the nights are bright and lay up during the daylight.

On the morning of July 22nd we left Prattville at 6:25 a.m., and traveled for seventy-five miles, almost all the way, except the last few miles, through the most magnificent belt of timber in California. Spruce, sugar pine, cedar and yellow pine, as far as the eye could see, north or south, this timber belt extended. One and a half miles out of Prattville we picked up a nail and the front tire went flat. This was our first tire trouble on this remarkable trip. On the road I gathered a handful of green hazelnuts with the husks still on them. The meat had fully formed in them and the flavor was delicious. The dust, on this portion of the trip, was simply horrible. Fine red lava dust, which penetrated to the inmost recesses of one's soul as well as one's clothing.

We reached Chico at 12:15 p.m., lunched there, and Sherman, Strasburg and Francis took the electric car and went down to Oroville to see the dredgers work. Harry and I went on to Hamilton and they joined us about dark, coming over the electric road.

We left Hamilton on July 23rd, at 7:00 a.m., and at 1:00 p.m., reached Bartlett Springs, having made ninety-five miles, one-half of it over very rough up-hill grades. The dust on this trip was also unbearable. The difference between it and the dust of the day before was that it was gray instead of being red.

At Bartlett we saw a Mr. Gienella, who is about my age and who lived within half a mile of our ranch in 1857 when we first went to Marysville. He is now a large land holder near Chico. I also met there a very intelligent gentleman named Childs, of Davisville. Both of these gentlemen are growing beets for the Sacramento Valley Sugar Factory. There were several Los Angeles people there, including Mr. Johnson, formerly of the Union Hardware and Metal Company. The accommodations at Bartlett were simply horrid, but the water is probably the best in the world. People drink it indiscriminately, without any medical advice, and it if were not good they would surely die.

We remained at Bartlett, resting up and drinking the waters, until the 25th instant. Left Bartlett at 7:45 a.m. About forty minutes later we noticed a joggle in the driving shaft with every revolution it made. We backed up and ran forward, and still noticed it. Stopped the car at the side of the road and jacked up left rear wheel. By turning the wheel backward and forward, after undoing driving shaft, we located the trouble in the gear. Harry got on his back under the machine, loosened the front bearing of the gear, and by the aid of an electric light found the trouble to be in the driving gear. A very small piece of a cog had broken off and landed between two other cogs, so that every time a revolution of the wheels was made there was an interruption of the smooth play that the gear should have. By working his light, with the aid of a small screw-driver he removed the broken piece. We coupled up the shaft and went on, and had no more trouble with the driving gear throughout the trip. This was Harry's thirty-second birthday, and we all felt so good at getting over this difficulty, which might have been extremely serious, that we presented him with a fifty dollar bill for a birthday present.

Just after leaving Bartlett we met two guests from the hotel, with a fine buck, on a horse, which they had killed that morning, a five-pointer in the velvet.

We reached Witter at 11:40 a.m., having spent an hour and a quarter locating our gear trouble. We spent that afternoon and night at Witter and next morning, July 26th, at 8:30 a.m., left for Willits. Fifteen minutes out of the hotel we jumped a spiked buck, which crossed the road and started up the hill. Harry stopped the machine, grabbed his revolver and killed him running at about eighty-five yards. We put him in the car and thirty minutes after we had left the hotel were back there with the buck, and presented it to the management amid the plaudits of the assembled guests. My only regret at leaving it was that Fremont Older, a progressive politician, was one of the guests, and probably ate some of it. The killing of this buck was a feat that I suppose may not be repeated in a hundred years.

We reached Willits at a little after twelve o'clock. The road we traveled was very tortuous, some of the turns being so short that we had to back up to make them. The grades were also very steep and the roadbed dusty. We stayed all night at Willits. We got together the things that we had forwarded by express and awaited the arrival of Mr. Keller, who got in on the train at one o'clock the next day.

We all enjoyed a couple of salads that I made at the Willits Hotel. We dubbed the lady who waited on us the "Duchess of Donnebrook," and the head waitress we called the "Duchess of Kingston." She was a stately creature, a tall blonde, and arrayed herself very immaculately. We had called the waitress at Chico the "Duchess of Donegal," and at Tallac, the "Duchess of Connaught." By some strange coincidence, each one that fell to our table happened to be the rawest kind of Irish; but they were good-natured girls and none of them shied when we called them "Duchess."

At 2:30 p.m., we left Willits for Eden Valley, Keller and Mr. Harry Chickering and my son, going in my car, Mr. Strasburg and General Sherman going in another car accompanying a Mr. Thomas and two gentlemen who were also going to Eden Valley to look at a coal property. We made Eden Valley over the stiffest kind of a mountain, thirty-one miles, in three hours. The other car was eight hours on the road and they pushed the car seven miles uphill.

Eden Valley is the home place on the 30,000 acre ranch owned by Mr. William G. Henshaw of Oakland. The Covolo Road runs through it. The valley is surrounded on all sides by mountains from three to five thousand feet high. While rough they are accessible, and one can go on horseback to the top of any of them. There are probably more deer on this thirty thousand-acre place than on any thirty thousand acres in California. We saw six while going to the ranch. On one afternoon's ride twenty-two bucks, besides numerous does and fawns, were seen.

The morning after our arrival, Keller and I started out in one direction and General Sherman and Strasburg in another, just to get a view of things. We walked quite a distance. Keller and I saw several does and fawns but we were too low in the valley for deer. The next day, Keller, young Griffith Henshaw and myself were out and the young man killed a very nice four-pronged buck, which got on its back in a sharp, dry waterway, and as it was too big for him to get it out, he drew it and left it there. A dog he had with him would not come away and later in the day, when we went out to get the buck, the dog was still with it.

The first day out, Harry Graves, the chauffeur, got another spiked buck. On Friday, the 30th, I killed a four-pronged buck, that is, I crippled him so badly he could not get away, and we got him early next morning. Nearly all of this meat we cut up for jerkey. The days got pretty warm in the valley but the nights were delightfully cool. Once Mr. Strasburg and Francis had several chances at a buck going up the mountainside, but failed to stop him. Francis began to break out with poison oak, which was very thick in this locality. He suffers so much with it that I concluded it was better for us to leave the valley.

I must, however, note the presence of the famous rattlesnake killer, a German, the barkeeper of the Oakland Country Club, who was spending his vacation at the ranch. The first two days he got fourteen rattlesnakes. He seemed to have a nose for finding them out. In running one into a pile of rocks or a hole, he did not hesitate to grab him by the tail and pull him out. After catching a snake, he would hold him down with a stick, upon one end of which he had a fork. He would then pass a noose over the head of the snake, hang it up to a tree and skin it while it was alive. He said they skinned better while warm. After hanging up the snake he would take the rattlers in his hand and with a pair of scissors slit the skin from the rattlers up to where the cord was around the snake's neck. Then he would cut the skin around the neck, below the cord, and taking the skin in his hands, by a downward pull, remove it. Sometimes he would turn the poor snake loose and it would wiggle away without any skin, but it would not get far as the ants soon made a meal of it after its skin was removed. Latterly, he was getting but three snakes a day, much to his disgust.

One evening Francis and I were coming in on horseback. I was showing him the mark of a very large rattlesnake which had crossed the road. The words calling his attention to the path of the snake, were hardly out of my mouth, when biff! he struck from a ledge of rocks at my horse, missing him but a few inches. Francis dismounted and shot him a couple of times with a thirty-

thirty and then beat his head with a rock. He was four or five feet long and very thick through the body. This snake struck without rattling, without any warning whatever.

We left Eden Valley at 12:45 p.m., on Saturday, July 31st, Mr. Keller remaining there with General Sherman. The General was going to the "Bohemian High Jinks," and concluded to remain in the vicinity for a few days. We had a comfortable run to Willits, where we shipped some of our baggage by express, and then started for McCray's, a kind of summer resort, a few miles out of Cloverdale, which we reached at 7:30 p.m., that day, after a run of eighty-four miles from Eden Valley. McCray, the owner of this place, was a former stage driver, and ran the first stage into Bartlett Springs. He bore a decided resemblance to General Otis of the *Los Angeles Times* and, personally, was quite a character. He seemed to be running a very successful resort and his place has quite a reputation.

Next morning at 8 a.m., we left McCray's for San Francisco. At 11:30 a.m., we passed three or four automobiles coming like mad. They did not give one inch of road. We were on quite a narrow grade and it was either dive off to one side or have a collision. We chose the first alternative and struck a frightful ditch and broke the left rear spring. Jacked it up and proceeded. We passed Miller's Hall, a place five miles from San Rafael, where forty years ago I spent many happy days with the Miller family. We drove in, found the house locked and the yard neglected. A little Swiss girl, in answer to my question as to whether any of the family lived there, said, with a sad shake of her head, "No, there are so many of them dead. Mr. Bernard Miller lives at Necasio, on his place, and my father rents this home place for dairy purposes."

We proceeded to San Rafael and went to Pastori's for lunch. A French woman is the proprietress of the institution which, in the summertime, is a large open-air resort. We got a very good luncheon and then started to Sausalito which we reached without accident at 3:50 p.m. The boat had just gone and we had to wait thirty minutes for the next one, and we landed in San Francisco at 5 p.m., the automobile run from McCray's being ninety-three miles.

We spent from Sunday until Thursday in San Francisco. Monday night we went to the Orpheum. Tuesday night Francis and I visited Judge Henshaw at Redwood City. Wednesday Dr. Lindley and myself visited Mr. I. W. Hellman, Jr., at San Leandro, Alameda County, while General Sherman, who had come to San Francisco, Mr. Strasburg and others, went to the theater.

At 2 p.m. on Thursday we left San Francisco, homeward bound, Judge Lucien Shaw taking the place of General Sherman in the machine. We drove through the Park and stopped some thirty minutes at Belmont School, which Francis will shortly attend, and reached San Juan at 5:30 p.m., having driven ninety-six miles from the city.

At San Juan we visited the Old Mission and saw many relics of great interest in that antiquity. One thing of especial note was a large book into which a priest, whose name I have forgotten, but who is buried in the churchyard, had copied the masses of the church, writing both the music and the Latin with a quill pen. All of it was done in a very clear, legible hand, and was a marvel of neatness. The old church suffered severely in the last earthquake, and unless repaired before the next winter it will be seriously injured by the winter rains.

We left San Juan on August 6th at 4:30 a. m., without breakfast. Took breakfast at Soledad a little after 6 a. m. We had some fine road and made excellent time. At 5 p. m. we were at the Painted Sycamore, a few miles on the other side of Gaviota Pass. As there was plenty of daylight we concluded to push on to Santa Barbara, which we did, reaching that place at 7 p. m. During the day we had two blow-outs, and taking time spent for breakfast, for luncheon at San Luis Obispo, taking on gas, etc., our running time for the day was twelve and one-half hours and distance made two hundred and eighty miles. When the condition of the last sixty miles of the road was taken into consideration, this run far exceeded the two hundred and eighty-three miles made on the first day from Los Angeles to Fresno.

While in San Francisco I bought another aneroid and we found that the San Juan grade was 1,015 feet high, the Soledad grade 1,200 feet high and the San Luis Obispo grade 1,200 feet.

At Santa Barbara we found many Los Angeles people who were there attending the Hardwaremen's annual convention. We were all thoroughly tired and enjoyed a good night's rest. We left Santa Barbara at 7:45 a.m., and were in Los Angeles at 12:50 p.m. The run from Santa Barbara to Los Angeles was over some good roads and some thoroughly bad roads.

The total distance traveled by us on this trip was 2,825 miles. We were in something like thirty-five counties of the State of California, besides a few counties in the State of Nevada. The trip was an enjoyable one and did not fatigue us to any extent, notwithstanding the extraordinarily long runs we made. The fact that we used a Franklin car, with elliptic springs, I believe had much to do with this, as the car is an exceedingly easy rider.

CHAPTER XXIV

A DARING CALIFORNIA MOTOR TRIP.

IT HAS been my good fortune to visit many portions of California by automobile. Some of these trips I enjoyed so much that I reduced them to writing and they were printed in a local magazine which has long since gone out of existence. I believe that the following account will interest my readers and I here reproduce it.

On June 7, 1910, at 7 a.m., Mrs. Graves and myself, with Miss Ruth Stevenson, our son Francis and Dr. A. L. Macleish, left our home at Alhambra in a six-cylinder Franklin, with Harry Graves at the wheel, for an extended trip through Northern California.

It was a cool, cloudy morning. We never saw the sun until we reached Saugus. We were soon over the Newhall grade. I hope the next time I travel this road I shall pass through the good roads tunnel, instead of over the grade.

At Newhall we took on gasoline. As we passed Saugus a passenger train, northbound, pulled out. We went through Mint Canyon, the train to the right of us. When we reached Acton we were astonished to see this train just coming into the station. Palmdale was passed by us at 10:45 a.m. We were then about one hundred yards ahead of the train, which was at Acton when we left there. We were not running fast, but we kept going. Between Acton and Palmdale at times the train was ahead of us. Then when it would strike a stiff grade it would fall behind. The train crew and passengers were all watching us, making signs of exultation whenever the train was ahead. They kept silent when we were in the lead. The train stopped at Alpine, which gave us a clear lead to Palmdale. Here we left the railroad, going west, it north. The engineer saluted us and the passengers waved their hats, and the impromptu race was off.

When we got to Fairmont a gale was blowing from the northwest, a scorching desert wind, which burned our faces and dried our nostrils. The further we went the stronger it blew. Our top and glass front were up, and with throttle wide open it was impossible to run better than fifteen miles an hour, although the road was excellent.

We had promised ourselves an easy first day's run, and that we would stop at Lebec the first night, but we reached that place at 1 p.m., and concluded to go on to Bakersfield where we arrived at 4:45 p.m. It was then so hot and the hotels were so crowded, that the place did not look at all inviting. I had read a few days before of the refurnishing of a hotel at Tulare. We concluded to go to it. Left Bakersfield at 5 p.m., and, while the roads were bad, reached Tulare at 8:10 p.m., having traveled two hundred and thirty-five miles in eleven and one-half hours. We were not unduly fatigued, and after getting a cup of tea and a bite to eat at a restaurant, the hotel dining room being closed, we retired in good clean beds and airy rooms, and slept soundly until 7:30 next morning.

During the previous afternoon, as we came out of the Tejon Canyon, the smell of crude oil was very distinct. The wind was blowing strongly from the west. After getting beyond a point of hills west of us, we could see the oil derricks and smoke from drilling rigs at Maricopa, many miles away, with a field glass. The smell of crude oil came with the wind that distance, probably from the Lake View gusher. For fully ten miles we were in the path of the odor from these oil wells. The smell of the oil was by no means unpleasant. The marvel was that it should travel so far.

Next morning at 8:30 a.m., we left Tulare for Fresno which we reached at 10:45 a.m., after a run of fifty-four miles over good roads. Here we met Mr. A. G. Wishon of the San Joaquin Light and Power Company, and at 3 p.m. we started with him for the camp of his company in Madera County. He was in his own machine, accompanied by Mr. Keller of the Globe Milling Company of Los Angeles and Mr. Gilmore of one of the Fresno papers. This run was up into the Sierra Nevada Mountains on the headwaters of the San Joaquin River. Part of the way the road was badly cut up by freight teams. It was very dusty.

We ran slowly and reached the camp, fifty-two miles from Fresno, at 7 p.m. Here we spent all of Saturday. The company is employing over eleven hundred men in building a new dam, putting in power plants and clearing timber from reservoir site. Some five hundred men were being cared for at this camp. The arrangements for feeding this large number of persons were excellent. The kitchen was manned by a large force of clean, intelligent young Chinamen. The cooking was excellent and the fare all that anyone could ask for. Bread and pie baking never ceased. Day and night gangs kept up the work. No modern bakery ever turned out better products. Bread was stacked up like cord wood. When five hundred men sat down at one time, at a meal, these cords of bread seemed to melt away like snowbanks under a summer sun. The men formed in lines and marched into the dining rooms through small gates, in an orderly manner. All supplies are hauled over the mountains. Yet there was an abundance of everything, including fresh fruits and vegetables.

After seeing the excellent manner in which the Chinamen handled this army of hungry laborers, I could not help reflecting on the utter absurdity of closing our doors to the Chinese. The exclusion act should be amended at once allowing 100,000 Chinamen a year, for several years, to be admitted to the country, through the port of San Francisco. They should be registered as they enter the state. They would willingly perform services which white people will not perform for love or money. At all points on this trip we found the same cry of "no household help." Chinese cooks are commanding one hundred dollars a month to cook for threshing outfits in this state. Where a Chinamen was in the kitchen, wherever we stopped on this tour, we fared better than we did where some other nationality presided at the range. The fruit, vineyard, even grain interests of the state are suffering for lack of labor. Chinamen would relieve the situation, add largely to the output of the state's production and correspondingly to the land owners' income. This question of an adequate supply of labor must be solved, and quickly. The decent, law-abiding citizens of the state are not, I hope, going to allow the question to be decided by a few beer-brutalized foreign labor union bosses.

The work now being done by the power company is of a stupendous nature. It is increasing the height of existing dams, and building new ones, having a cement core, and clay and rock filling on each side, to such an extent as to impound water more than two hundred feet deep in a reservoir which will be about twenty miles in circumference. At one point it is installing a pipe line for a power plant which will deliver water with a drop of one thousand four hundred and eighty feet. Present improvements will increase the company's output from seven thousand five hundred to twenty-seven thousand horsepower.

After inspecting this enterprise we were compelled to take off our hats to Messrs. W. G. Kerckhoff, Abe Haas, A. C. Balch and Kaspare Cohn, all Los Angeles men, who have fathered and are carrying on the work. Their courage is deserving of the highest admiration.

Sunday morning, June 5th (the thirty-fifth anniversary of my arrival in Los Angeles), Mr. Wishon piloted us up the valley in which this work is being done, to the head of the proposed reservoir, and put us onto a dimly marked wagon road running through stately timber beautifully situated, and we bade him good-bye. We climbed a mountain where our aneroid showed our elevation to be five thousand five hundred feet. By a tortuous descent we soon reached the old town of Fresno Flats. This place is but a few miles from Wawona, the gateway to the Yosemite Valley. From Fresno Flats we passed through the mining town of Coarse Gold; then miles of splendid land owned by Miller and Lux, and reached Madera at 10:40 a.m. On this trip just described we met, to us, a new tree, the Leatherwood tree. Some of them were of considerable size. They had the general appearance of oaks, but were covered with a peculiar shaped yellow blossom.

From Madera our destination was San Jose by way of "Pacheco Pass." Our direct route was through Firebaugh, a town on the San Joaquin River. Having learned that the road to Firebaugh had been badly cut up by heavy teams, we made a detour in a southerly direction over an excellent road to Kerman in Fresno County, some twenty miles distant from Madera. We crossed the San Joaquin River on a bridge before reaching Kerman. This country has been recently settled by Germans, and bears evidence of great thrift. Churches were numerous and it being Sunday they were well filled, if one should judge from the number of vehicles, including some autos, gathered around each of them.

At Mendota we had a vile lunch at a vile inn. Passed Los Banos and then entered the Pacheco Pass, which has an elevation of one thousand eight hundred and fifty feet. The ascent and descent is long and in places very rough. At its west portal lies San Miguel Valley, in which is the mission of that name, still well preserved. Running into it in the early evening no more beautiful scene could have presented itself. The lands are rich, well-cultivated and groaning under an abundant harvest. Miles of grain fields, miles of hay already cut and in the shock, pastures filled with cattle, sleek and fat, stretched to the south and west. The people living here were largely Swiss. They looked contented and happy. We skirted the northeasterly edge of the valley, redolent of ripened and growing things, for some distance, then ran into the valley to Gilroy, which we reached at 6:45 p.m. Stopping there was out of the question. We made San Jose, thirty miles distant, over perfect roads, in forty-five minutes.

Our transmission brake was in need of repairs and oil pump not working satisfactorily. We spent a few hours next morning having them repaired. Left San Jose at 11:45 a.m., for San Francisco, by way of Oakland. The going was good and the country charming. We reached the St. Francis Hotel at 1:45 p.m.

On the Oakland Mole three men in a machine ran abreast of us. They all seemed to be intoxicated. The driver, holding his wheel with his left hand, waved his right hand at us. Just then his machine veered into the fence separating the driveway from the railroad tracks. He ripped off boards, tore off his fenders, smashed his lamp, knocked out spokes of his front wheel and sprung an axle, besides suffering other minor injuries. We hastened out of the way fearing that he might run into us. We had to wait at the Ferry. Before it started the trio appeared, with a much battered machine. They were in high spirits and evidently thought the accident a great joke.

On June 8th, we took the 1:15 p.m. boat for Sausalito. That evening we ran thirty-three miles to Tocaloma (near the Rock) in Marin County, where we lodged at the Bertrand Hotel.

The ride that afternoon was a charming one, through the the wooded hills and smiling valleys, largely devoted to dairying. At times we ran along the bottom of a canyon, where the roadway was nearly smothered with vigorous growing bracken, flowering shrubs and beautiful wild flowers. Everywhere buckeyes in full bloom greeted the eye, intermingled with the laurel, the bay tree and stately madrone. Hazelnut bushes lined the roads and streams. They held up, as if to be admired, the ripening burs, sun-kissed on the upper side to a brilliant pink color. On the higher hills and deeper canyons second-growth redwoods made quite a showing. They were a fitting introduction to those forest monsters we feasted our eyes on a few days later in Mendocino and Humboldt counties. After a comfortable night we bade adieu to our Italian-Swiss landlady. She wished us *bon voyage* but told us we had a hard road ahead of us. In a short time, on turning an elbow in the road, we got our first glimpse of the ocean. Dairying appeared to be the principal industry of this section. Sleek, well-bred and well mannered cattle grazed peacefully in the meadows, gathered in clusters in the sunlight or lying down in groups, oblivious to everything, even the honk of the auto. Here and there were dairy farms from which the morning milk was being hurried in huge cans to the nearest creamery. We traveled along the east shore of Bolinas Bay. The tide was out and it was little more than a mud flat, over whose sticky bottom shore birds ran in search of food. We passed through the ancient towns of Point Reyes, Tomales and Valley Ford.

At Occidental we got gasoline. A man told us that if we were not tenderfeet as to roads and wanted to avoid a ford of Russian River and save miles, we should, a mile farther on, take a road marked "Willow Creek" to Markham. We did so. The road proved a mere trail down a steep mountain to a sawmill. We were told that the first redwood lumber of any consequence shipped to San Francisco came from this canyon. The old stumps were still there, some of them twenty to thirty feet in diameter. A large mill was at work on second growth timber, but fifty and sixty years old. Many of the logs of this second growth were five and six feet in diameter. Thousands of smaller trees are left, which, in another generation, will afford another cutting—more food for the insatiable maw of the sawmill. At Markham we were ferried over the Russian River to Jenner. Places bearing the names I mention, in many instances, consist of but one or two battered dwellings, one of them containing a post office.

Ten miles out of Tocaloma we had ascended a hill about a mile long, with patches here and there, two hundred yards in extent, as steep as our Newhall grade, with a loose broken roadbed, which made it hard work for our machine. Beyond Jenner we got just such another hill, only worse. At Plantation, we got a late lunch and at 6 p.m. reached Point Arena, one hundred and four miles from Tocaloma. This was as tough a drive as an auto, loaded as we were, ever made.

Point Arena is a one street town. This street has been oiled but is now badly out of repair and full of chuck holes. The town has three or more hotels, a livery stable, a few business houses and plenty of saloons. We ask ourselves why Southern California progresses, why it looks better, cleaner, more attractive to the eye than much of Northern California. From several trips which I have made through the state in an automobile, I have come to the conclusion that the saloons make the difference. Just as soon as you cross the Tehachapi Range the saloon blight becomes apparent. They are abundant in all the towns and villages and thrive in the rural districts. Their influence is degrading. They demoralize the working classes, make paupers of capitalists and work general havoc among all classes. When the saloons are numerous the dwellings are run down, fences dilapidated, yards grassless and full of weeds. Thrift seems to have taken wings and given place to slothfulness. In such districts churches are few and far between. Schoolhouses are ill kept and battered. These conditions are especially true of the older settlements, generally true of the mountains and former mining regions. Nearly all of the traveling men one meets are liquor sellers. These conditions do not prevail in the more prosperous fruit growing districts of the northern part of the state, but even there the saloons are numerous enough. I believe that north of the Tehachapi Range, according to population, there are ten saloons where there is one south of the range. The effect of the saloons is apparent on the face of the communities of the north. San Francisco is, without doubt, worse cursed in this respect than any other city west of the Rockies. Her very soul is blighted by the liquor traffic and its accompanying and attendant evils.

We left Point Arena, noted for her great dairying interests, at 7:55 a.m., on the morning of June 10th. Reached Albion, the seat of large lumbering interests owned by the Southern Pacific Railroad Company, at 9:35 a.m. A slight rain was falling and we stayed here an hour and a quarter until it passed away. At Fort Bragg, where we stopped for lunch, we also laid over for more than an hour on account of rain.

For the best part of two days we had been toiling along the bluffs overlooking a bleak, barren, repulsive yet entrancing ocean beach, upon which the surf beat mercilessly. The turmoil of the sea, as it rolled piteously with a wild sullen dirge on the forbidding rocks of the shore line, was ceaseless. Sea birds with shrill cries flew about from barren rock to jagged peak with an activity as restless as the swash of the ever-moving waves. The floating kelp, torn from its ocean bed by the angry force of the sullen waters, floated here and there. Its round bulb-like roots looked for all the world like seal heads above the foam-flecked waters. Behind some storm-swept rocks were deep bays of more placid water, and of great beauty. As far as you could see up or down the coast, weary looking waves splashed upon storm swept rock masses only to fall back into the receding tide and to be caught into the everlasting swirl of the sea and churned to foam. The bleak winds blew and moaned.

The trees within a mile of the shore were dwarfed, disfigured, bent and leaning away from the sea, with great flaring tops as smooth as if trimmed by some Titanic hedge pruner, hugging the earth as if afraid to stand up and face the sun. The timber line began to advance to the shore line as we proceeded northward. Always along the edges of the cliffs, and in the canyons leading to the sea, the trees were the victims of the ceaseless winds. The weather was such that we were unable to get satisfactory photographs of this interesting country.

We went through Inglenook, Westport, Hardy, and many other shipping ports, many of them without wharves. Biding their time, between wind and tide, the lumber schooners run as close to shore as they dare to. Each vessel is anchored from the seaward side by numerous heavy cables. Another cable is stretched from the deck to the top of a cliff. Lying there, rolling in the choppy sea, each vessel's upbound freight is discharged in slings over the shore cable. In the same manner, a cargo of lumber or railroad ties is passed back to her.

Between Hardy and Kenny our road, while beautiful, was full of trouble. We would start at sea level and ascend, always going away from the coast, to an elevation of four thousand feet or better, and then drop back to sea level near the shore. On one side of us was the ocean. Receding from the shore, we were in a wealth of verdure hard to realize, much less describe. Wild blackberry vines wreathed the fences, when there were any, the stumps and logs, in thick matted hedges. Thimbleberry vines were everywhere, in places four feet high. Mingled with the redwoods, all the trees and shrubs of the locality abounded and were full of bloom. The tanbark oaks, whose new leaves, of a different color from the old, at first glance gave them the appearance of being loaded with blossoms, were abundant. Above the bracken, along the roadside, back in the little canyons, tiger lilies, giant Mariposa lilies, rhododendrons, azalias and the redwood lilies showed their various colors from their thick green settings. Various colored foxgloves, columbines and hyacinths bordered the roads and by-paths. White, purple and yellow iris nodded and bowed to us from their long stems, in friendly recognition, as they bobbed around in the breeze. A wild carnation of the most intense scarlet hid modestly under the sheltering leaves of its more vigorous neighbors.

Unnamed, or to us, at least, unknown flowers were everywhere. There was one particularly beautiful stranger, that I have seen in diminutive form as far inland as Witter Springs in Lake County, so wealthy in floral offerings. It is a scarlet flower, tipped with white, and where especially luxuriant, as long as one's finger and the size of a lead pencil. Usually there were three of them on one long stem, but in some well-protected places I saw as many as five on one stem. They looked for all the world like firecrackers. None of the natives knew any other name for them. I have since learned that its botanical name is "Brodiaea Coccinea."

Oh, the beauty of the redwood lilies! They were everywhere. They, too, grow on tall stems, like tiger lilies. They were of a light purple shade. Their coloring was as exquisite as that of the most beautiful orchid that was ever produced. The rhododendrons were so thick that their blossoms at times covered the road and were crushed by the wheels of our auto.

All day long mountain quail ran across the road. The Clarke jay, of deep indigo blue, with black tuft on his head, flitted about among the trees. Great tree squirrels, with bushy tails, crossed our path, ran along the fallen timber or jumped from tree to tree, timid yet curious, and barking forth angry protests at our intrusion into the innermost recesses of their daily haunts. Toward evening a large deer jumped nimbly into the road and ran on ahead of us, finally disappearing in the thick foliage on the hill above us.

A cold, wet, dripping fog set in, which did not mar our enthusiasm but gave the shrubbery and flowers a bedraggled look. At 6:15 p.m., we drew up at Kenny, a stage station. As a stopping place it was too horrible for description or remembrance. We were glad to leave early next morning, going northeast and directly away from the coast. All the forest beauties of the day before were repeated on the road we traveled. The timber became denser. The redwoods were so thick that all other varieties of trees were choked out, but the vines, the ferns, the undergrowth and flowers were all there.

We descended to a much lower level. Passed Modyville (a few old buildings) a hundred yards or so when an old bridge tumbled down with us. We received a great scare but suffered no injury except a crippled spring which gave us trouble later on. There were two spans to the bridge, each about thirty feet long. We passed the first one. The second broke. Had the first one broken it would have been all off with us. The second span was not over the main body of the ravine. We blocked up the rear wheels, worked a bridge timber, upon which the fly-wheel of our machine rested, out of the way, and the machine pulled herself out on her own power. Some people, who had assembled on hearing the crash when the bridge fell, warned us of three other bridges. We passed them safely by getting out of the auto and pulling it over with a rope.

Near Garbersville we ran out of gasoline. A dwelling was near by. We found a lady there from whom we got two gallons of coal oil (the Franklin will run on coal oil). She informed us that she was "Mrs. Margaret Smith Cobb, the authoress of a number of books, among others, 'Blaxime; Half-breed Girl; A Study of the Mixed Races of the North Coast Range of California.' " We promised to read her books and proceeded to Garbersville where we got gasoline. Shortly after leaving the latter place we saw another deer.

We lunched at Phillipsville, which is a tumbledown farmhouse with a post office attachment. In front of the house were two black walnut trees, forty years old. They were fully five feet in diameter and as large in top and spread of branches as a very large live oak tree.

Here we ran into our first grove of giant redwoods. There were trees in this grove from fifty to one hundred feet in circumference. They grew so thick upon the ground that they "touched elbows." Their first branches were often one hundred feet from the ground. Mr. Carson of Eureka told us that many of those trees were three hundred and fifty feet high. It is beyond me to impart to paper a description of this grove, or its effect upon the human understanding. We took off our hats and wandered about speechless. The ground, thickly carpeted with strawberry and oxalis vines, and fallen leaves or needles, gave forth no sound to the human footfall. We were overawed, stunned, dumbfounded by these wonderful productions of an over-generous nature. Only here and there a timid ray of sunlight penetrated the dense shade, lighting up just a handbreadth of the earth's surface. Like the silence of the ancient tomb of some great celebrity, the solemn stillness of the place oppressed you.

We put the top of our machine down so that we could better see the trees. We followed a road leading down the south fork of Eel River for twenty miles, through timber of this kind. Redwoods, not so large, grew to the tops of all the surrounding mountains.

We thought that it would be a crime to cut or mar one of these giant trees, yet they will surely be destroyed. Shortly after passing Dyersville we came to where the mills were already working on just such timber as we had been coming through. Everywhere the fallen monarchs stretched their giant forms, broken, bruised, dead, amid the whir of the steam saw, the scream of the donkey engine and all the usual activity of a logging and milling camp. Then we came upon vast stretches of territory, already despoiled where nature was doing her best to repair the damage by sending up shoots from stumps and roots, many of which were twenty-five to fifty feet high. After these came the treeless lands from which the forests have been removed, root and branch, and which have made Humboldt County famous agriculturally. Here we found a good road, over which we whirled at thirty-five miles an hour, in the face of a wind from the ocean which would have put San Francisco's daily breeze to the blush. We were soon at Eureka and civilization.

The mills cut timber one year in advance of milling. Gangs of men go through these magnificent groves. They cut down everything available for timber. All felled trees are barked. When the bark has dried a certain time fires are started, which run over the felled timber, destroying the bark, all wreckage and undergrowth. A hideous scarred landscape is left in place of the magnificent timber destroyed. The next season these blackened logs are taken to the mills and sawed up.

Eureka is a typical lumbering town of probably fifteen thousand inhabitants. Its water shipping facilities are good. It is soon to be connected with the outside world by a railroad.

The next day, Sunday, we called upon Mr. William Carson, of the lumbering firm of Dolbeer & Carson of San Francisco. He was a warm friend of Mrs. Graves' father during his lifetime. Mr. Carson is a well preserved man, considerably over eighty years of age. He told us an interesting story of his advent into

Eureka. More than sixty years ago he and four other young men arrived in San Francisco from the East. They went to the Sonoma Embarcadero (near Petaluma) and bought some mustangs, which they broke to ride and pack. Having outfitted, they set out for Trinity River, in Trinity County, to mine. They lost the trail, got into the head waters of the Eel River, which they followed to the coast. Giant trees then grew along the Eel River bottom lands to the ocean. They were all lumber men and the timber appealed to them strongly. Having rested up, they again started for Trinity River, where they mined for two years, making considerable money. They then returned to Eureka and Mr. Carson has been there ever since. He is a very wealthy man and a most highly respected citizen.

He told us that on those early trips the deer and elk were so numerous and so tame that they had to "shoo" them out of the way. That the grizzly bears were almost as numerous and perfectly harmless. That these bears would come into their camp while his party were eating, and sitting upon their haunches, like great dogs, wait for scraps of meat to be thrown them. That none of his party, during all of their wanderings through these virgin forests, were ever molested by a bear, nor did they kill a bear. They did kill any number of elk and deer and ducks and geese for food. The grizzly must have become ferocious when man began to hunt him.

On June 13th, we left Eureka by the same road we came in on, as far as Dyersville. There we turned to the left instead of to the right. Then, for more than twenty-five miles, all along the valley of the Eel River, we ran through just such timber as we met at Phillipsville. Then we went to climbing mountains again. The redwoods became smaller; oaks, manzanita, madrone, dogwood and various other California growths began to be woven in with the taller trees. Thickly matted areas of all sorts of wild berries, including the salmonberry, were frequently passed.

We climbed several good-sized mountains, only to drop down and begin another ascent. The roadbed was fairly good but the grades steep. At two o'clock in the afternoon the spring which was injured when the bridge broke down, succumbed. We took off the upper half of the spring, reversed it, set the broken end under a bolt passed through the eye of the lower half, held same in place with a clip, securely bolted in place with a flat monkey wrench also held in place by the same clip, over the broken spring, so that the end could not fly up or get sideways. Thus mended, this spring carried us safely six hundred and thirty miles, until we got to San Francisco and had it repaired.

It took us nearly two hours to repair the spring. While working on it rain began to fall so heavily that we had to put up our top and put on our chains. After we had gotten under way the rain turned into a very heavy, cold gray fog. At eight o'clock we pulled up at a place which proved to be "Bell's Springs." A warm fire, amid pleasant surroundings, greeted us. After a short time a clean, substantial hot meal was served us. It felt good to get to so comfortable a stopping place, after the only really dreary ride of our trip. Shortly before reaching Bell's we saw, within half an hour, seven deer. The proprietor of the place owns 8,000 acres of land devoted to cattle and sheep. He told us that while riding the range that afternoon he had seen twenty-seven deer. They allow no shooting on the property except by guests stopping with them. The elevation here was 3,500 feet.

The next morning we ran to Willets over continuous up and down grades. Here we lunched, and that afternoon passed through Ukiah to Pieta, where we took a toll road to Highland Springs, Willets Springs not being open. This is the best mountain road in California. It was a real pleasure to travel it. We remained all night at Highland Springs and found the accommodations excellent. From Highlands we went by way of Lakeport and Clear Lake Valley, around the north end of the lake to Bartlett Springs. We had another fine run over a toll road from the lake to Bartlett. The Mineral Springs at Bartlett are famous throughout California.

The management of the resort wants shaking up. The place is ill kept, the buildings old and uninviting. With an expenditure of a reasonable amount of money in new buildings, new furniture, and in building trails where proper exercise could be taken, this could be made the greatest resort in California. The houses have been occupied by so many thousands of guests that one imagines he detects in them an odor, which Balzac, in "Pere

Goriot," describes as the "*odor pension.*" Flies are scavengers. They are an evidence of filth. They were thick at Bartlett when we were there.

We left Bartlett Saturday morning for Fout's Springs, in Colusa County. While but twenty miles from Bartlett we traveled ninety-two miles to reach them. There is a cut-off which, had we known about it, would have saved us forty miles. These springs are situated at an elevation of 1,750 feet in a most charming valley. The houses are clean and comfortable, the table good, and trout fishing and deer shooting in season, first-class. Mr. Glenn, the owner, is a son of Dr. Glenn, now deceased, who was the largest landowner in Colusa County. He and his good wife certainly understand the art of making you at home and of administering to your comfort. The waters are excellent, both for drinking and bathing.

Sunday afternoon, with much regret, we left Fout's Springs for Hamilton, in Glenn County, arriving there at 4:55 p.m. after a very delightful run of seventy-four miles over most excellent roads.

Monday I spent with officers of the Sacramento Valley Sugar Company, in which I am interested, and with Major Driffill of Oxnard in looking over the beet fields of the company on each side of the Sacramento River.

Tuesday we went from Hamilton to Woodland in Yolo County, still looking at beets and prospective beet lands. The distance traveled by us that day was one hundred and thirty-four miles, through as rich an agricultural country as California possesses. At present it lacks transportation facilities and farm labor. We saw miles and miles and acres upon acres of good wheat and barley, ready for harvest. All day long we saw but eight combined harvesters at work. How these crops are to be taken care of, I do not know. The weather was delightful. We remained that night at Woodland, a very thriving city, well built in its business buildings and homes. The entire community bears an air of solidity, comfort and responsibility. We left Woodland at seven o'clock next day and caught the 9:30 boat at Vallejo, sixty-three miles away, for San Francisco, where we arrived at noon.

Having had our broken spring repaired, on June 24th, we left San Francisco at 1:15 p.m., going to San Jose by way of Crystal Springs. This was a very pleasant drive and we saw a country with which most of our party was unfamiliar.

After a comfortable night we started from San Jose at seven o'clock next morning for home. At 5:30 p.m. we pulled into Pismo Beach, two hundred and ten miles from San Jose. For several hours, in Monterey and the upper part of San Luis Obispo counties, the ride was frightfully hot, but Pismo was cool and refreshing.

At 9:30 next day we were over fifty miles from Pismo, a little south of Los Olivos, when trouble developed. A gear made of compressed rawhide, set upon the end of the cam shaft, wore out, and we were out of the running. By telephoning from a neighboring farmhouse, we got a team to tow our machine back to Los Olivos. Fortunately, Mr. M. S. Chapman, of Altadena, was stopping at the "Alamo Pintado" Inn. He heard of our trouble and very kindly came in his machine and conveyed our party to the Inn. We wired for a new gear but it did not reach us until Tuesday night.

It is a pleasure for the traveler to know that at the end of a day's run from Los Angeles there is so comfortable a stopping place as the Alamo. Mr. Mattie, who conducts it, is worthy of the greatest praise for the neat and comfortable accommodations he gives his guests. The rooms are clean and the table excellent. By one o'clock Wednesday our car was adjusted and at about a quarter to two we left the Alamo.

The drive through the Gaviota Pass was dusty. The road from this side of the Pass to Santa Barbara has been much improved during the past year. We had a very pleasant run to Shepard's Inn, by the way, another agreeable stopping place, several miles south of Santa Barbara. As we could not get breakfast here until seven o'clock next morning, we got up at the unusual hour of 3:30 a.m., and by 4 a.m., under a bright moon, and with our lamps lit, we started upon the last leg of our journey. We reached our home at Alhambra before eight o'clock and in time for breakfast.

After all our wanderings, home with its comforts, well-loved trees and plants, looked good to us. We were away just four weeks. We traveled 2,275 miles over all sorts of roads, and our average running time for the entire trip was better than nineteen miles an hour. We were in twenty-eight counties of the state and some of the most beautiful spots on this coast. Traveling in an automobile is certainly the way to see the country.

Yosemite Falls

Vernal Falls in Yosemite National Park

CHAPTER XXV

AN AUTO TRIP TO TULE RIVER, CRANE'S LAKE AND YOSEMITE.

MY WIFE had visited the Yosemite before we were married and during our married life she was urging me to make the trip. One thing or another, including an active law practice, the caring for and educating of a growing family, interfered with my doing so until June, 1911. Then, accompanied by Mrs. Graves, my son Francis and Dr. A. C. Macleish, I left home for a jaunt without fixing any limit as to the time of our return. After my return I reduced the trip to writing and will here reproduce it.

We left Alhambra at 7 a.m., passed through Garvanza, Glendale and Tropico, and were soon on the San Fernando Road. The run through the town of that name and through the tunnel recently constructed to avoid the Newhall grade, was made in good time and without incident.

At Newhall we procured and carried with us a five-gallon can of gasoline. A short distance out of Saugus we turned into the the San Francisquito Canyon road. Shortly afterwards a brand new inner tube on the right rear wheel went completely to pieces. It had been too highly cured and could not stand the heat. We replaced it with another one, and were soon crossing and recrossing the stream which meanders down the canyon. Constantly climbing the grade, we were whirling from sunshine to shadow, accordingly as the road was overhung with or free from trees.

I could not help recalling my trip over the same road with my old friend, Mr. A. C. Chauvin, on the third day of October, 1876. The road was fairly good, our machine was working nicely, the day a pleasant one and the trip enjoyable. In a few hours we reached Elizabeth Lake. I pointed our the very spot at which Chauvin and myself had camped thirty-five years before.

Ah, the fleeting years! How quickly they have sped! What experiences we have had! What pleasures we have enjoyed! What sorrows endured, in thirty-five years! Well it is, that then the future was not unfolded to me, and that all the enthusiasm, hope and ambition of youth led me on to the goal, which has brought me so much joy, as well as much sorrow. Momentous events have affected not only my own life, but the life of nations, in these thirty-five years.

We passed the Lake, turning down the grade into Antelope Valley. After several miles of very rolling country, we halted under some almond trees in a deserted orchard, for lunch. The grasshoppers were thicker than people on a hot Sunday at Venice or Ocean Park in the "good old summertime." We managed to eat our lunch without eating any of the hoppers, but there wasn't much margin in our favor in the performance. Before starting we emptied our can of gasoline into the tank.

Soon we intercepted the road leading from Palmdale to Fairmont and Nennach. We passed both of these places, then Quail Lake and Bailey Hotel. We were soon at Lebec. Then came the beautiful ride past Castaic Lake, and down the canyon, under the noble white oak trees which are the pride of the Tejon Ranch. We passed through Fort Tejon with its adobe buildings already fallen or rapidly falling into ruinous decay. Still descending through the lower reaches of the canyon, we took the final dip down the big grade and rolled out into the valley. A pleasant stream of water followed the road out into the plains at which sleek, fat cattle drank, or along whose banks they lolled listlessly, having already slaked their thirst. We whirled past the dilapidated ranch buildings put down in the guide books as Rose Station. From this point, since my trip over this country a year ago, much of the road to Bakersfield has been fenced.

While crossing Antelope Valley during the afternoon I observed a most wonderful cloud effect. A perfectly white cloud hung over Frazier Mountain. Its base was miles long and as straight as if it had been sheared off by machinery. Its top was as irregular as its base was finished. It extended into the sky farther than the blue old mountain did above the surrounding country. Irregular in shape, it assumed the form of mountains, valleys, forests, streams, castles and turrets. I watched it for hours. Apparently it never moved. It hung there as immovable as the mountain beneath it. It was at once an emblem of purity and apparent stability. After we had passed Fairmont, my attention was diverted from it for a short time, not over ten minutes, and upon again looking for my cloud, it was gone. Every vestige of it had vanished completely and in its place was the blue sky, its color intensified by reason of its recent meager obscuration.

We reached Bakersfield early in the evening having made the run of one hundred and forty-six miles, over a heavy mountain range, on fifteen gallons of gasoline. This I call a good performance for any six-cylinder car. Coming down the Tejon Canyon, we passed the *only* Joe Desmond, of aqueduct fame, with some companions, taking lunch by the road side. He had come from Mojave and was bound for Bakersfield to buy hay.

We left Bakersfield at seven o'clock next morning, over an excellent road, for Porterville. Fifty miles after starting we picked up a nail and had a flat tire. Porterville was reached at eleven o'clock. As a side trip we were going to a camp of the San Joaquin Light and Power Company, way up on the Tule River, for the purpose of visiting a grove of big trees located in that vicinity. As we had many miles of uphill work ahead of us we concluded not to delay at Porterville for lunch. We replenished our lunch basket of the day before from a grocery store, filled our tank with gasoline, and sped on. At twelve o'clock, a few miles beyond the small village of Springville, which will shortly be connected with the outside world by a railroad, now in process of construction, we halted for lunch in a shady spot on one of the forks of the Tule River.

For many miles before reaching Porterville we saw quite extensive evidence of the orange industry. There were many groves in full bearing and miles and miles of young groves but a few years planted or just set out.

From Porterville to Springville the canyon of the Tule River is quite wide. The course of the river itself is marked by a heavy growth of timber some quarter of a mile in width. Orange and lemon groves have been planted in favored localities on the bench lands, here and there, but not continuously. There is much hilly land back of the canyon proper, covered with wild oats and evidently devoted entirely to pasturage.

Shortly after our noon halt we came to the power plant of the Mt. Whitney Power Company. Here they told us our journey would end twelve miles further up the stream. From this point the canyon narrowed rapidly until it became a mere gorge. While precipitously steep, the roadbed was good. It ran along the left side of the canyon going up. At all times we had the right-hand side of the canyon in plain view. Far above us, on our side, now in plain sight, now hidden by a projecting point or tall timber, was the flume of the Mt. Whitney Power Company, which carried water from the river to the power house we had passed. As we ascended, we continually got nearer to this flume, which was run on a grade, and at last we passed under it. We saw it shortly afterwards terminate at an intake in the canyon below our road. From here on, I never enjoyed a more beautiful ride. To my mind, there is nothing more attractive than a California mountain canyon and its thickly wooded sides. Below us, foam-covered, white, radiant with light and beauty, ran the Tule River. In its rapid descent, confined to the bottom of the canyon, it hurtled along over waterworn boulders of great size, its swollen masses of surging waters forming here and there cascades, immense pools and miniature falls. It kept up a loud and constant roar, not too loud, but with just enough energy to be grateful to the ear.

We had left behind us the scattering timber of the lower foothills. The sides of the canyon were clothed and garlanded in various shades of green from top to bottom. Black oak trees, in their fresh new garb of early summer, intermingled with stately pines. All space between these trees was filled with a rich growth of all the flowering shrubs known to our California mountains. In the damper places a wild tangle of ferns and vines and bracken entirely hid the earth from view. Lilacs, white and purple, in full bloom, emitted a fragrance which rendered the air intoxicating and nearly overpowered one's senses. Mingled with these bushes were the cascara sagrada, bright-leafed maples and the brilliantly colored stems and vividly green leaves of the manzanitas, some in full bloom, some with berries set. The graceful red bud, found in luxuriant growth in Lake County, was also here. Likewise the elders, with their heavy clusters of yellow blossoms. The buckeye, with its long graceful blossoms, reached far up above the undergrowth. The mountain sage, differing materially from the valley sage and bearing a yellow flower, was also here. The mountain balm, with its long purple blossoms, mingled its colors with its neighbors. Occasionally a humble thistle with its blossom of purple base and intense pink center, thrust up its head through some leafy bower. Crowding all of these was the greasewood, with its yellow bloom, the snowbush or buckthorn, with a blossom resembling white lilac and fully as sweet, and all the other shrubs of our mountain chaparrals, all, however, blended into one beautiful and fragrant bouquet, so exquisitely formed that man's ingenuity could never equal it in arranging floral decorations. Then again, a turn in the road would bring us great masses of tall dogwood, with its shining leaves and beautiful white blossoms with yellow centers. They also, like the ferns, seek the cooler, darker spots. Never before have I seen the California slippery elm or leatherwood tree in such perfect form. It makes a stately branching tree. Its great yellow blossoms almost cover the limbs. The shade of the flower is a deep golden yellow. When mingled with the dogwood, the intense green of the foliage of the two trees, coupled with the white and yellow decorations, make a bouquet of rarest beauty. Thimbleberry bushes, rich in color, bright of leaf and rank of growth, sported their great white blossoms with much grace and dignity. Yellow buttercups, carnations, violets of three colors, white, yellow and purple, half hid their graceful heads under the tangled growth of various grasses by the wayside. The wild iris moved their varicolored flowers with each passing breath of air.

Hyacinths, lupins and hollyhocks were freely interspersed with the glistening foliage of the shrubbery. The tiger and yellow mountain lilies were not yet in flower, although we frequently saw their tall stems sporting undeveloped blossoms. The columbine and white and yellow clematis were much in evidence, and presented a charming picture as they wound in and out and over and around the green leaves of the shrubs, displaying their creamy blossoms with a dainty air and self-conscious superiority. In open places beneath the forest trees, where no large underbrush grew, a fern-like, low shrub, locally known as bear clover, completely hid the earth. It bore a white blossom with yellow center, for all the world like that of a strawberry. To my surprise, the Spanish bayonets, in full bloom, reared their heads above the lower growing evergreens. We saw them no further north than the Tule River canyon. What a picture the sunlight made on the mountain tops and the sloping slides of the lateral valleys of the canyon! Ah, that river, how beautiful it was! There it ran below us, in the very bottom of the canyon, ever moving, ever turbulent, ever flashing in the sunlight, ever tossing its foamy spray far up into the air, a thing of life, of joy and ecstatic force. It sang and laughed and gurgled aloud in the happiness of its life and freedom. Above was the sky, pure and radiantly blue. Its exquisite coloring was intensified by the wild riot of color beneath it. We still ascended. Each breath of air we drew was rich with the odor of pine and fir, mint and balsam. The line of survey on the opposite side of the canyon from us, marking the course of the tunnel now being constructed by the San Joaquin Light and Power Company, which terminates at a point on the mountain side at the junction of a side canyon sixteen hundred feet above the stream, was now on a level with us. We could see ahead of us where it, like the flume earlier in the day, reached the water level. At this point we knew our journey ended. We were pulling slowly up a stiff, nasty grade, when all at once a loud crash announced the demolition of some of the internal machinery of our car. We stopped from necessity.

Our "auto" was a helpless thing. When the clutch was thrown in, it could only respond with a loud, discordant whirring. It made no forward movement. We all thought our differential had gone to smash. One of our party went on ahead, and at a nearby camp we telephoned Mr. Hill, superintendent of the power company, of our predicament. He directed a man who was working a pair of heavy horses on a road close by, to hitch on to us and haul us up to his place, a mile or so distant. All of us, except

Mrs. Graves, and our chauffeur, who had to steer the car and work the brakes, walked. It was slow going but the journey finally ended. We found a good, clean camp, clean beds and a good supper awaiting us. That night we enjoyed the sweet repose which comes from exertion in the open air.

Early the next morning we blocked up our car and took off the rear axle, uncoupled the differential case and found everything there intact. We then removed the caps from the wheel hubs and took out the floating axles or drive shafts. One of them was broken into two pieces. It either had a flaw in it when made or had crystallized, no one could determine which. We got Los Angeles by phone, ordered the necessary parts by express to Porterville, and, think of it, we had these parts delivered to us at two o'clock the next afternoon.

We spent the rest of Friday, June 9th, in visiting a magnificent soda and iron spring, a mile above camp, which is for all the world like the spring of the same quality in Runkle's Meadows, above the lake on Kern River, some ninety miles above Kernville. The waters of the spring were deliciously cool and refreshing.

Next morning the male members of our party started up a steep mountain trail to see some sequoias I had heard about. Unused as we were to excessive exercise and the altitude, the climb was a hard one. We ascended from four thousand feet elevation to over seven thousand feet. Most of the way the trail was through heavy fir and sugar pine timber. Going up we ran into two beautiful full grown deer, a buck and a doe. They fled to security, with easy, graceful jumps, into the thick underbrush. We heard grouse drumming loudly in two or three different localities and saw one bird make a long dive from one pine tree to another. We found wild flowers in profusion, of the same variety, fragrance and coloring as encountered in the canyon the day before. Just as we reached the summit we found, standing on the backbone of the ridge—so located that rain falling on it would flow from one side of it into one watershed and from the other side into another watershed—a great, stately sequoia, fully three hundred feet high and of immense circumference. There wasn't a branch on it within one hundred feet of the ground. It was in good leaf, except at the top which was gnarled and weatherbeaten. Its base had been cruelly burned. This tree bears a striking resemblance to the grizzly giant which we saw later in the Mariposa big tree grove near Wawona. Not far from this fine old guardian of the pass were groups of noble sequoias, fully as tall though not as large as the one described, but perfect trees, erect, stately and imposing. The bark of all of these trees was very smooth and very red, much more highly colored than the trees in the Wawona grove.

I was too much fatigued to make another mile down the west side of the mountain (we had come up from the east) to inspect a much larger grove of still larger trees. Two of the younger members of our party, my son Francis and Harry Graves, our chauffeur, made the trip while Dr. Macleish and I awaited their return on the summit. They came back enthusiastic over the lower groves, the trees there being much more numerous and much larger in size than the ones we first ran into. We sat around resting for awhile, straining our necks looking for the tops of those trees, all of which were away up there in the blue sky. We wondered how many years they had been there, and what revolutions in climate and topographical appearance of the country had they witnessed. Finally having satiated ourselves with their beauty, we started on the return journey, which was made without incident except that we disturbed a hen grouse with a fine brood of little ones about the size of valley quail.

The mother bird flew into a scrub oak. She there asserted the privilege of her sex and scolded us in no uncertain tones. When all her young had flitted away to cover, still scolding, she took one of those long dives down to a deep, dark canyon, flying with incredible rapidity and apparently not moving a feather. No other bird I ever saw can do the trick as a grouse does it. We saw but few other birds on this excursion. An occasional blue jay, a vagrant bee bird, now and then a robin, and once in awhile a most brilliantly colored oriole, made up the list. Fluffy tailed gray squirrels chattered at us noisily from the wayside trees. They seemed bubbling over with life and motion. We stopped at the Soda Springs for a life-giving draught of its refreshing waters and were back to camp in time for lunch.

When we reached the Soda Springs we met the most remarkable migration of red ladybugs that I ever saw. They were coming in myriads down the main canyon and each side canyon. They extended in a swarm from the ground to a distance above it of from ten to twelve feet. Huge rocks would be covered six or eight inches deep with them. Occasionally they would light upon a tree and in a few moments the tree or bush would be absolutely covered, every speck of foliage hidden. It was difficult to breathe without inhaling them, and we were kept busy brushing them from our faces and clothes. They were all traveling in one direction, down stream. I believe that they had been into the canyons laying their eggs and were returning to the valleys. All afternoon the flight continued but by nightfall there was not a ladybug in sight.

We tried fishing, but the water was too high and too turbulent for success in the sport.

About two o'clock that afternoon our new floating axle and fittings had arrived and in another hour the car was set up and ready for business.

The following morning (Sunday) we bade Mr. Hill and his men good-bye and started for Crane Valley. The drive out of the canyon was a beautiful one. We did not go all the way to Porterville, but went several miles beyond Springville, turned into Frazier Valley, and went to Visalia by way of Lindsay and half a dozen small villages, and from there on to Fresno, which place we reached at about two o'clock. The ride was a hot one. We drove through miles and miles of orange orchards, some in full bearing but most of them recently planted.

We left Fresno at about 4:30 p.m., over the same road we had traveled a year before. However, before crossing the river we turned to the right and went up through a town, Pulaski, where we crossed on a splendid cement bridge. The road was pretty badly cut up from heavy teaming but we got to Crane Valley about 10 p.m. We had considerable trouble with our carbureter during the afternoon and lost much time trying to locate the trouble but without avail.

The younger members of the party, although the hour was late, went to prowling around the camp for something to eat.

They raided the cook's pie counter in the dark. We had had a splendid lunch at Fresno at two o'clock and Mrs. Graves and I were too tired to want anything to eat and retired on our arrival.

Since our visit to Crane Valley a year ago, we found that the then uncompleted dam was finished. Instead of a small reservoir of water we found a vast inland sea, with water one hundred and ten feet deep at its deepest part. It is six miles long by from one-half to one mile in width. It is twenty-five miles in circumference. The dam proper is nearly two thousand feet long and at one part is one hundred and fifty-four feet high on its lower side. It is built with a cement core, with rock and earth fill, above and below, that is, on each side of the cement work. The inner and outer surfaces of the dam are rock covered. To give you an idea of its capacity, if emptied on a level plain its waters would cover forty-two thousand acres of land, one foot deep. When we were there a discharge gate had been open two weeks discharging a stream of water two and one-half feet deep over a weir thirty-eight feet wide, and the surface of the reservoir had been lowered but two inches. I say, "All hail to the San Joaquin Light and Power Company, and its enterprising officials, for the great work completed by them!" It is a public benefactor in storing up for gradual discharge, at a time of the year when it could do no good, this vast body of water which would otherwise run to the sea.

What a place for rest are these mountain valleys! After inspecting the dam, catching some bass and killing a rattlesnake, we were all content to sit around for the remainder of the day. A certain languor takes possession of the human frame when one has come from a lower to a higher altitude. One ceases to think, his mentality goes to sleep, he can doze and dream and be happy in doing so.

Tuesday morning, leaving Mr. Dougherty, the superintendent, and his good wife, we started for Wawona. We traveled up the left side of the lake, over a good road, above the water level, to its extreme western end. Here we climbed a mountain to an elevation of fifty-five hundred feet, over a cattle trail, which was badly washed out, to a road leading to Fresno Flats. This place we soon reached over a good but steep roadbed.

Then, winding in and out of the canyon, through a foothill country, we made steady progress until we reached the main road from Raymond to Wawona. The grade was uphill all the time. We left the lumbering camp known as Sugar Pine, to our right. The lumber interests have made a sad spectacle of miles and miles of country, recently heavily forested. There seems to be no idea in the lumberman's mind of saving the young growth when cutting the larger timber. All the young growth is broken down and destroyed and finally burned up with the brush and wreckage of the larger trees, leaving the mountain side scarred and blackened and so lye-soaked that immediate growth of even brush or chaparral is impossible. We passed through Fish Camp and in a short time came to the tollgate at which point the road to the Mariposa Grove of big trees branches off.

The rest of the run to Wawona was all downhill, through heavy timber, over a good but dusty road. We reached the hotel in time for lunch. That afternoon, with Mr. Washburn, we took a drive of some miles around the Big Meadows, near the hotel, went up the river and took in all points of interest in the neighborhood. Wawona Hotel is pleasantly located.' It is an ideal place to rest in. There inertia creeps into the system. You avoid all unnecessary exercise. You are ever ready to drop into a chair and listen to the wind sighing through the trees and the river singing its never ending song; to watch the robins and the blackbirds and the orioles come and go, and observe the never ending coming and going of guests. Some are just arriving from the San Joaquin Valley; some are departing to it, or coming home or going to the Yosemite; or starting off or coming from the Big Trees or Signal Peak. You eat and sleep and forget the cares of life, forget its troubles, and smelling the incense of the pines, sleep comes to you the moment your head touches the pillow and lasts unbrokenly until breakfast time the next day.

We took passage on a stagecoach next morning for the Wawona big trees. The trip is one ever to be remembered. The road winds around over the mountains, always ascending, for about eight miles. The great trees are scattered over quite an expanse of territory. A technical description of them would be out of place here. To realize their size and majesty you must see them. Many are named after prominent men of the nations and after various cities and states of the Union. I was glad to see the names of Los Angeles and Pasadena on two magnificent specimens. We drove through the trunk of a standing tree.

We lunched in the open air at the big trees and made the return trip in a reverent mood, almost in silence, each of the party given over to his or her reflections. I realize that there is in my mind an ineffaceable mental picture of those gigantic trees, which are so tall, so large, so impressive and massive that they overpower the understanding.

During our stay at Wawona we tried fishing in the main river, which was swollen to a raging torrent by the melting snows. We found it so discolored and so turbulent that fishing was not a success. We also visited the cascades. An immense body of water comes down a rocky gorge very precipitously. From one rock to another the water dashes with an awful roar. Mist and spray ascend and fall over a considerable area, keeping the trees and brush and grass and ferns dripping wet, and it would soon render one's clothing exceedingly uncomfortable.

It is twenty-six miles from Wawona to Yosemite Valley. (NOTE—It is hardly to be believed that at this time automobiles were not allowed in the Yosemite Valley or in the road between Wawona and the Valley.) The stages leave Wawona at 11:30 a.m. to make the trip. On June 16th, we took our places with some other victims of this piece of transportation idiocy, on an open four-horse stage for Yosemite. The going was very slow. It was hot and dusty and we soon got irritable and uncomfortable. Why the traveling public should be subjected to this outrage is beyond me. We wound our weary way over the dusty road, oblivious to the scenery, until 6 p.m., when we suddenly came to Inspiration Point, our first view of the great Yosemite Valley.

The beauty of the scene to some extent compensated us for a beastly ride. Beyond us lay the great gorge known as the Yosemite. Below us, the Merced River. On the left were Ribbon Falls and just beyond them El Capitan. On our right, but well in front of us, were the Bridal Veil Falls. We were just in time to see that wonderful rainbow effect for which they are celebrated.

Surely no more beautiful sheet of water could be found anywhere. A wonderful volume of water dashes over the cliff, unbroken by intercepting rocks, and drops a straight distance of six hundred feet. Then it drops three hundred feet more in dancing cascades to the floor of the valley and divides up into three good sized streams which empty into the Merced River. When once started on its downward course, the water seems all spray. At the bottom of the first six-hundred foot descent it makes a mighty shower of mist, like escaping steam from a giant rift in some titanic boiler, and soon reaches the floor of the valley. The road from El Portal comes up on the north side of the river. We passed El Capitan, which rears its massive head thirty-three hundred feet in the distance, perpendicularly above the river. We were shown the pine tree, one hundred and fifty feet high, growing out of a rift in the rocks on its perpendicular face more than two-thirds of the distance from its base. The tree looked to us like a rose bush, not two feet high, in a garden.

As we proceeded up the Valley there were pointed out to us the Three Brothers, a triple group of rocks, thirty-eight hundred feet high; Cathedral Spire, Sentinel Rock, Yosemite and Lost Arrow Falls, and all the other points of interest that can be seen on entering the Valley.

The river was abnormally high—higher, we were told, than it had been in many years. It flowed with great rapidity, as if hurrying out of the Valley to join the flood waters which had already submerged many acres of low land in the San Joaquin Valley, miles below. It looked dark and wicked, as if it carried certain death in its cold embrace. Half of the Yosemite Valley was flooded. Meadows, rich in natural grasses, were knee-deep with backwater.

We reached the Sentinel Hotel, and sloughing off the most of the fine emery-like mountain dust with which we were enveloped, we got our first good look at the Yosemite Falls. They were at their best. Imagine a large river coming over a cliff, a seething, foaming mass of spray, and dropping, in two descents, two thousand six hundred and thirty-four feet, sending heavenward great clouds of mist! I took one look, then looked up the Valley to the great Half Dome, to Glacier Point, from there to

Sentinel Peak and the Cathedral Spires, and I concluded that the Yosemite is too beautiful for description, too sublime for comprehension and too magnificent for immediate human understanding. In the presence of those awful cliffs, towering, with an average height of over three thousand feet, above the floor of the Valley; those immense waterfalls, thundering over the canyon walls; that mad river, gathering their united flow into one embrace, and scurrying away with an irresistible energy that almost sweeps you off your feet as you look at it, all things human seem to shrink into the infinitesimal. You do not ask yourself, "How did all this get here?" You accept the situation as you find it. You leave it to the scientists to dispute whether the Valley was formed wholly by glacial action or by some gigantic convulsion of nature which tore its frowning cliffs apart, leaving the Valley rough, unfinished and uncouth to the gentle, molding hand of Time to smooth it up, and beautify its floor with its present growth of oaks and pines and shrub and bush and ferns and vines, and laughing, running waters.

You are four thousand feet above sea-level. All around you cliffs and walls tower three thousand feet and upwards above you. Back of these are still higher peaks, whole mountain ranges, clothed in their snowy mantles, this season far beyond their usual time. The air is delightful, pure as the waters of the Yosemite Falls, soft as a carpet of pine needles to the footfall, balmy as the breath of Spring, and cool and invigorating.

The Valley is full of people, the hotels crowded, the camps overflowing. From early dawn until the setting summer sun has cast long shadows over meadow and stream alike, there is a moving mass of restless people, mounted on horseback, in vehicles or on foot, going out or coming in from the trails and side excursions. The walker seems to get the most fun out of life. Men and women are alike khaki clad and sunburned to a berry brown. They walk with the easy grace of perfect strength and long practice and think nothing of "hiking" to the top of Yosemite Falls or Sentinel Peak and back. One of the favorite trips is to Glacier Point by the Illilouette, Vernal and Nevada Falls, a distance of eleven miles, remaining there all night at a comfortable inn and returning by a shorter route by Sentinel Peak.

Looking up between the rocky walls of the Valley, how far away the stars all looked at night! In that pure atmosphere, how beautiful the sky! How perfect each constellation! Each star with peculiar brightness shone. One's view of the sky is circumscribed by the height of the cliffs. Instead of the great arched vault of heaven one usually looks up to, one sees only that part of the sky immediately above the Valley. It was like looking at the heavens from the bottom of a deep, narrow shaft. I looked in vain for well known beacon lights. They were not in sight. The towering cliffs shut them out. The sky looked strange to me, yet how beautiful it was! Through the gathering darkness we took one more look at the Yosemite Falls and betook ourselves to bed, to sleep the sleep once enjoyed in the long ago, when, as children, we returned, tired but happy, from some long outing in the woods.

On the following morning we took in the sights of the floor of the Valley. We rode to Mirror Lake which, however, did not come up to its reputation. This summer the entrance to the Lake has changed its channel from its west to its east side, and a long sand bar has been deposited in the Lake proper, all of which, our guide told us, marred the reflections usually visible therein.

We passed hundreds of people, of all ages, walking through the Valley. In visiting the Yosemite you do not realize that the Valley is several miles long and has an average width of about one-half mile. The great height of the surrounding walls dwarfs your idea of distance. Even the trees, many of which are of great size, look small and puny.

We drove to the Happy Isles, small islands covered with trees around which the river surges in foaming masses. Standing at the upper end of one of the Happy Isles, one gets a splendid impression of the cascade effect of the waters, rushing madly down a steep rocky channel with an irresistible, terrifying force. The descent of the bed of the stream is very marked. The waters come over submerged rocky masses. Just as you think that maddened torrent must sweep over the Island, engulfing you in its course, the stream divides, half of it passing to the right and half to the left. These divided waters unite again farther down the Valley.

On our return from this short excursion Francis, Dr. Macleish and Harry, taking their lunch with them, walked up to the top of the Yosemite Falls. They stood beneath the flag at Yosemite Point and got a comprehensive view of the entire Valley. They reported the trip a heart-breaking one.

The Valley has a military government. What Major Forsyth says goes. There are no saloons in the Yosemite, nor are there any cats. The Major saw a cat catch a young gray squirrel. He issued an edict that the cats must go or be killed. They went.

The next day all of our party, except Mrs. Graves who had made the journey some years before, went to the top of Glacier Point. We took a stage to the Happy Isles and there mounted mules for the trail. The climb is a steady one. Soon we got our first view of the Vernal Falls. To my mind they are the most perfect waterfalls in the Valley. The water flows over the cliffs in an unbroken mass one hundred feet wide. The initial drop is three hundred and fifty feet. The effect cannot be imagined by one who has not seen the actual descent of this great mass of water. The emerald pond above the Falls, in which the waters assume an emerald hue and appear to seek a momentary rest before taking the final plunge over the cliffs, is one of the Valley's beauty spots. The roar of the falling waters, striking the rocks below, is loud and reverberating. Great clouds of spray and mist float off in falling masses, appearing more like smoke than water.

After passing Vernal Falls you come to the Diamond Cascades. They are below the Nevada Falls. The long-flowing waters from the Nevada Falls have cut a channel deep into the bedrock. You cross this channel on a bridge. Under the bridge the water flows with such velocity that great volumes of it are hurled into the air in long strings, one succeeding the other. The sunlight on these strings of water makes them flash like diamonds. The effect is as if someone were sowing diamonds by the bushel above the water. A similar effect is noticed just above the Nevada Falls, though not so pronounced. The latter are something like a mile above Vernal Falls. They are six hundred feet high. They seem to come over the cliff like the Yosemite Falls, through a broken or distorted lip, and the water is lashed to foam and looks for all the world like the smoke of some mighty conflagration upon which a score of modern fire engines are playing. Near the top of the Nevada Falls is a fir tree more than ten feet in diameter, said to be the largest tree in the Yosemite Valley. Just above the falls we again crossed the river on a bridge. On the rocks near the bridge is plain evidence of glacial scourings. A glacial deposit is left in patches on the rocks which is today as smooth as plate glass.

Above Vernal Falls we skirted the base and climbed partly around the side of Liberty Cap, one of the great granite domes of the Valley, until we reached the top of the cliff over which the Nevada Falls plunge. Well up on the side of this cliff, in an inaccessible retreat, our guide, who had traversed this route for twenty-two years, showed me an ancient but now abandoned eagle's nest. The noble birds in late years, not liking the coming of the thousands of excursionists who pass that way daily, have forsaken their home for some other locality.

The trail now winds around the mountain side, finally crossing the canyon above the Illilouette Falls. In a short time you are at Glacier Point. As you go out to the iron railing erected on the outer edge of a flat rock on the extreme edge of the cliff, and look down into the valley below you, you cannot help a shrinking feeling, and you are only too glad soon to move back and get a view from safer quarters.

The celebrated overhanging rock is at this point. It is a piece of granite, say four or five feet wide, flat on top, but with rounding edges. It sticks out from the cliff several feet. Foolhardy people walk out to the edge of it and make their bow to imaginary audiences over three thousand feet below. One of the guides with our party, wearing heavy "chaps" (bearskin overalls), walked out upon this rock, took off his hat, waved it over his head, posed for his photograph, even took a jig step or two, stood on one foot and peered into the abyss below with apparent unconcern. Earlier in life I might have taken a similar chance, but it would be a physical impossibility for me to do it now. We feasted our eyes on the magnificent view.

We were now nearly level with the Half Dome (our elevation was seventy-one hundred feet), and below us was the beautiful

Valley with its winding river, bright meadows and stately forests. Horses staked out on the meadow looked like dogs; people like ants. The Yosemite, Vernal, Nevada, and Illilouette Falls, Mirror Lake, the roaring Cascades above, the Happy Isles, all the peaks of the upper end of the Valley and mountains for miles and miles beyond, snow-capped and storm-swept, were in plain sight.

After an appetizing lunch at the hotel, we took the short trail for the Valley. It is three and a half miles long, almost straight up and down, and is hard riding or walking. But the journey was soon ended, and that night we again slept the sleep of the joyously tired.

Morning came too soon, ushering in another perfect mountain day. We simply loafed around, never tiring of looking at the river or falls in sight, or the everlasting cliffs above us. We put in an hour or two watching a moving picture outfit photographing imitation Indians.

That evening as the daylight waned, while sky and stream, trees, mountains and jagged peaks were still gloriously tinted with the sun's last rays, Mr. Chris Jorgenson, the artist, brought out a ''Claude Lorraine'' glass. We stood upon the bridge of the Merced River and caught upon the glass the Half Dome, bathed in mellow light; the Yosemite Falls with its great mass of falling waters exquisitely illuminated; Sentinel Peak; the swiftly moving river, fringed with green trees; the grassy meadows and the fleecy clouds. The picture of reflected beauty so produced, such tints and colors, such glints of stream and forest, such a glorified reproduction of the beauties of the Valley can only be imagined, they cannot be described.

There were enough Los Angeles people in the Yosemite at the time to have voted a bond issue. They were all out for a good time, and were having it.

Not wishing to undergo the torture of the noonday ride back to Wawona, a party of us chartered a stage to leave the Valley at 6 a.m. We got off next morning at 6:40 a.m., and had a delightful drive, making Wawona before noon. Thus a few hours' difference in the time of starting made a pleasure of what otherwise would have been a torment. While we were in the Valley some

Los Angeles friends had arrived at Wawona and were in camp near the hotel.

We rested at Wawona several days. During one of these I went with the boys on horseback to Signal Peak, whose elevation is seven thousand and ninety-three feet. The San Joaquin Valley was enveloped in haze, but the mountain ranges east of us were in plain sight. We could see all the peaks from Tallac at Lake Tahoe to Mt. Whitney. Mt. Ritter, Mt. Dana, Mt. Hamilton, Galen Clarke, Starr King, Lyell, the Gale Group, and others, whose names I do not now recall, stood out in bold relief, encased in snowy mantles. The view from Signal Peak is well worth the trip. Enjoying it so much, we persuaded Mrs. Graves and other ladies to take it next day by carriage, which is easily done.

On June 23rd, the boys went to Empire Meadows, some eleven miles distant, with a fishing party. They had fair luck, the entire party taking nearly two hundred eastern brook trout.

On the morning of June 24th, at six o'clock, we started on our homeward journey. We had carburetor trouble coming up, we still had it going out, until at last our driver discovered that one of the insulating wires had worn through its covering and, coming in contact with metal, had resulted in a short circuit. When this was remedied our troubles were over and our machine performed handsomely. The first forty-four miles to Raymond were all downhill, over a very rough road, with sharp turns and depressions every one hundred feet or so, to allow the rain water to run off the road, which rendered the going very slow. We were three hours and a half reaching Raymond. Passing the point we sped into Madera, then to Firebaugh. During the morning we saw a stately pair of wild pigeons winging their swift flight in and out of some tall pine trees.

The San Joaquin River was very high and had overflowed thousands of acres of land. Our road, slightly elevated, passed for miles through an inland sea. To reach Los Banos we made a wide detour to the left. We crossed the Pacheco Pass into the Santa Clara Valley. We had intended to go to Hollister, by way of San Felipe. Some three miles from the latter place we saw a sign reading, "Hollister 9 miles." We took the road indicated and must have saved six or seven miles.

This portion of the country is largely given over to fruit-growing and raising flower and garden seed, acres and acres of which were in full bloom, and the mingled colors were exceedingly charming. We reached Hollister in good time, one hundred and seventy miles from Wawona. We found good accommodations at the Hotel Hartman. Bright and early next morning we were off. We went due west. We found the bridge over the Pajaro River utterly destroyed by last winter's rains. We crossed through the bed of the stream without difficulty, and were soon upon the main road to Salinas, just below San Juan. As we ascended the San Juan Hills we paused at a turn in the road and got a view of the beautiful valley in which Hollister lies. No more peaceful landscape ever greeted mortal eye. Every acre as far as one could see, not devoted to pasturage, was cultivated. There were grain and hay fields, orchards by the mile and the seed farms in full bloom, while cattle and horses grazed peacefully in many pastures. We turned away with regret at leaving a land so beautiful, so happy and contented looking.

At Salinas River we found a man with a good sized team of horses, who, for one dollar and fifty cents, hauled us through a little water which we could have crossed without difficulty and a mile of loose shifting sand which we could never have crossed without his aid. He has a tent in which he has lived since last winter, and he gets them coming and going, as no machine can negotiate that stretch of road unassisted. He earns his money and I wish him well.

Taking out the time spent at lunch, and in taking on gasoline, we reached Los Olivos, two hundred and thirty-one miles from Hollister, in eleven hours running time. We again had good accommodations at Los Olivos and were off next morning on the final "leg" of our journey. The road from the north side of Gaviota Pass to within a few miles of Santa Barbara is a disgrace to Santa Barbara County. I prefer the valley route, with its heat, to the coast route, and I warn all automobilists to avoid the latter route.

We had a good lunch at Shepard's Inn, and then ran home in time for dinner. We came by Calabasas, and just before we reached the Cahuenga Pass, we turned off and went through

Lankershim on our way to Alhambra. We all remarked that in no section of the state we had visited did the trees look as healthy, the alfalfa as luxuriant, the garden truck as vigorous, as they did at Lankershim. Every inch of the ground there is cultivated. There are no waste spots.

Home looked better and dearer to us when we reached it than it ever did before. We had traveled one thousand and forty-five miles and used on the trip one hundred and four gallons of gasoline, thus averaging over all sorts of roads, including several mountain ranges, a little better than ten miles to the gallon. I defy any six cylinder car in America to beat this record. I used the same old Franklin car in which I have made four tours of California. I have no apology to offer for breaking the drive shaft. The parts of any car will stand just so much. Pass this point and trouble ensues. This grand old car has run over eighty thousand miles and seen much hardship. I salute it!

CHAPTER XXVI

THE TIOGA PASS. A SCENIC WONDERLAND.

I HAD long heard of the Tioga Pass, usually called the Tioga Grade, which is a pass through the Sierras from east to west, several miles north of the Yosemite Valley. It was much frequented in early days by the Indians of California in their migrations from the east to the west side of the Sierra Nevadas, and vice versa.

Having heard so much of its beauties I determined to visit it. On September 16, 1916, Mrs. Graves; my brother's widow, Mrs. Mary F. Graves (now deceased), and myself, with chauffeur, left Alhambra for the north. After the usual hot run to Bakersfield and Fresno, we reached the Yosemite Valley on September 21st. That night we spent in the Sentinel Hotel.

During the day the sky was much overcast and we occasionally felt a vagrant raindrop. By six o'clock that evening a fine rain had set in. Two hours later a general rain storm prevailed, accompanied by heavy thunder. Being somewhat fatigued after two days on the road, I retired early. Shortly afterward a heavy thunderstorm set in.

The thunder began with a low, distant rumbling, which increased in force, violence, volume and sound until it reached a climax right over the Valley in violent outbursts, deep-voiced and penetrating. Each shock did not stop with one peal, but hung on tenaciously. Peal followed peal, thrown from cliff to cliff, from peak to peak, and from dome to dome, gathering increased force in every added reverberation. They finally culminated in heavy flashes of lightning and snappy reports similar to those which all the monster guns at Verdun would make if discharged in quick succession.

The building we were in shuddered and shook, and the very bed I occupied trembled with the jar as the storm king threw his contending forces into collision with each other. I have never lived in a country where thunderstorms were prevalent, and anything I ever experienced in that line heretofore was but a puny infant compared with Yosemite's effort that night. After an unusually powerful manifestation of what thunder and lightning, when in a merry mood, could really do, I concluded that I was not to be annihilated by those agencies and went to sleep.

Next morning Mrs. Graves assured me that what had occurred while I was awake was child's play compared with what took place after I went to sleep.

The following day showed us a Valley thoroughly drenched, dust-settled and foliaged-cleansed. The sun came out and there were signs of clearing weather. The employes at the hotel all agreed that the storm was over. We had made arrangements to go over the Tioga Grade on September 22nd. The camp of Desmond's Park Service Company was being held open for us. In view of the prospects of clearing weather, we concluded to make the trip notwithstanding the rain storm. We left Yosemite by the Big Oak Flat road. This was my first trip over this road, and believe me, it is some road. The dust, which had annoyed us the day before, was thoroughly settled. There was but little mud.

The trees and shrubbery on every side of us were washed clean. They fairly glistened in their freshness. When the sun struck the raindrops still lingering on the branches of the trees, they glittered like diamonds. The damp foliage, the trees, underbrush, and creeping vines, gave off a most delightful odor, incense from the pines and cedars predominating. The lower canyon of the Yosemite sank deeper and deeper away from us as we ascended its northern rim.

We reached an elevation of over six thousand feet before we began a meandering descent through a fine forest of assorted trees. As there was no rain falling, we let down the top of our machine to more thoroughly enjoy the scenery. A sudden shower made us put it up again. We went through that performance several times that forenoon. We wound in and around canyon after canyon, mostly descending, for something over twenty miles, when at Hodgkin's Ranch we took the righthand road over the Tioga Grade. We soon came to a junction with the main road which leads to Crockers.

We passed through the Tuolumne grove of big trees. The side roads were wet and slippery and we did not stop to inspect this grove, but satisfied ourselves with glimpses of the monster trees which were near the main road. We met a few machines during the morning coming west. We were going east.

For miles we rode through dense timber. The mountain peaks on either side of us were obscured in clouds. Animal and bird life were very scarce. A few cattle browsing on the underbrush, all in good condition, were met with. The big gray tree squirrels, with their bushy tails, were much in evidence. They looked as bright and clean as if they had been especially groomed for our delight. We passed a few small coveys of mountain quail, saw some woodpeckers, flickers, many nut hatches, mountain sparrows, and now and then a grosbeak, and wrens without number. At one place we saw what is called a tree crow, a bird the size of our flicker, but of a dove color with white and black feathers in the wings and tail.

Our road became steeper. Granite domes, frowning down upon us from either side, confined us to the narrow wall between them. Already the frost king had withered, with his faint embrace, the brackens, which had lost their velvety green and now presented a withered grayish brown appearance. Maples, oaks, quaking aspen and wild plum trees, in the more exposed places, were sporting scattered yellow leaves with a golden tinge. High up on the mountain sides, at times miles from us, the frost king's efforts had been stronger. There were places where acres of undergrowth were colored like a poppy field on the Antelope Valley slopes in Los Angeles County. There the poppies take on a deeper red than most places.

In all the shaded marshy places there were still standing the tall stems of thousands of tiger lilies. When in full bloom their color masses must have lent an added charm to this wonderful road. At an elevation of eight thousand feet we passed three deer. A full grown doe, sleek and graceful, her great ears thrust forward, looked at us with those wonderful eyes which only the deer family possess. When her curiosity was satisfied she turned and, with haughty pride, head and tail erect, stalked down a hill, lifting each foot high in the air. As she rounded a boulder, two yearlings, a spike buck and a doe, came out of the brush and joined her. They showed less confidence than the mother deer, and bounded off in long, quick, high jumps. None of these deer had assumed their winter coats of gray, but were of a tawny color, like their natural enemy, the California lion.

Soon afterward we came upon little streaks of snow, just a patch here and there on the ground, where it had sifted through the trees. Some miles farther we crossed a ridge and came upon sure enough snow. In places the ground was covered many inches deep. The young fir and tamarack trees, their thick boughs snow laden, were things of striking beauty. One could have imagined himself in a vast forest of Christmas trees. Not every drooping branch was snow laden. Only here and there, on each tree, had the snow settled. When the trees stood upon rolling lands, or a sloping high hill, the effect was most charming.

For miles we swept through this snow forest and then descended into the meadow in which lies nestled Tenaya Lake. Its surface was gently rippled by a breeze from the south. On its eastern side a granite mass rises to a dizzy height. Snow clouds drifted across its face. At the lower end of the lake is a remarkable granite dome disconnected on either side from the rock masses forming the sides of the valley we were in. High up on its southern slope a species of yellow pine, certainly one hundred feet high and three feet in diameter, stands alone. It is several hundred feet above the lake which comes to the foot of the dome. This tree stands separate from all others. To the north, this dome runs out into a granite ridge supporting tree growths apparently without soil assistance. The outlet of Tenaya Lake runs east of this central dome. Our road was on its left. We still ascended, always hedged in by granite walls. Some miles further on we came to Tuolumne Meadows. We skirted these on the left, then crossed them near the Soda Springs, owned by the Sierra Club.

The club is erecting here an imposing granite memorial lodge. We again ascended and two miles beyond these springs we came to Tuolumne Soda Springs Camp, established by the Desmond Park Service Company. Notwithstanding the name of the camp, there are no soda springs here, but a splendid stream of mountain water.

It was nearly 2 p.m. when we reached this camp. We had had no lunch. A cup of hot tea and good buttered toast was most cheerfully accepted by us. We remained at the camp all night. Snow one foot deep had fallen there the night before, but it had disappeared when we got there. Here, nearly ten thousand feet in elevation, and miles from the base of supplies, we were served with as good a dinner as one could possibly ask for. The table linen was spotless and the table cutlery and dishes scrupulously clean, while the service was of the best. I am glad to bear this testimony to the efficiency of the Desmond Park Service Company.

Next morning the ground was covered with a heavy frost and the thermometer stood very low. All water pipes were frozen solid. We had drained our radiator the night before. We filled it with hot water from the kitchen. Even then, to develop any power in our machine, we were compelled to cover up the front of the hood so as to shut off the air. After we had reached an elevation of eight thousand feet the day before, our machine lost power and we were compelled to travel slowly. Our Westinghouse shock absorbers became almost useless. They would not stay pumped up. Later in the day, when we descended to a six thousand foot level, and got into a warmer climate, the shock absorbers seemed to pump themselves up and perform their proper functions.

We were the last guests of the year at the Soda Springs Camp. They are situated a few hundred yards from the main road. When we got back to the junction of the main road the sign was up, "Camp closed for the season. No accommodations granted."

For six miles we proceeded up grade, in many places through quite heavy snow, until we reached the summit at an elevation of fifty feet less than ten thousand feet. We descended along a winding snow-swept canyon, an upper arm of Tioga proper. We passed two small lakes, At the second one some men were sinking a shaft, prospecting for bed rock as the foundation for a dam for storage purposes. They were pumping the water out of the shaft with a small donkey engine, which looked strangely out of place in those surroundings.

We were now in a side canyon of Tioga Canyon. We were on the left side of the canyon and remained there until we reached the canyon proper. The Grand Canyon of the Colorado has nothing on the Tioga for stupendous sublimity. If we leave out of consideration the small canyon we have been descending, Tioga proper is bounded by three, instead of two sides, that is to say, its left-hand wall as you descend bears sharply to the southeast and runs squarely across the face or upper end of the canyon proper which is much wider than the mouth of the canyon. The face of this cliff is almost perpendicular and is several thousand feet high. Our road ran along the face of the cliff. It has, in many places, been hewn out of solid rock. Below it is an abyss several thousand feet deep. Above it are several thousand feet of granite mountain. So steep are these cliffs that in many places the road is walled upon its outer edge with granite blocks laid up like bricks. This north and south road, with a grade in places of ten per cent, is fully half a mile in length. Men were at work on it widening out the narrow places. At one point they had blasted down a granite mass from above the road. A huge boulder, weighing tons, obstructed our passing. The men had just completed drilling a hole in it so as to blast it. They told us to back up out of danger and they would shoot it. We ran back about a thousand feet. We watched these men put a stick of dynamite into the hole, tamp it and light the fuse. They scampered to safety, one running down grade and getting behind a tree, and the others up grade toward us, seeking refuge behind a boulder. I kept my eyes glued on the great boulder. Before I heard any noise of the explosion, or saw any smoke or dust arising from it, I saw this boulder fly into smithereens. Most of it went over the cliff, falling thousands of feet below. What remained in the road was shoveled off by two men in a jiffy.

After crossing what I have termed the head of the canyon on the road just described, we passed down the canyon on the southern slope of its northern wall. This road is rather steep in places, narrow, but perfectly safe, and has a splendid roadbed. Near the bottom there are several switchbacks to aid in overcoming the steepness of the grade. All the way down the canyon the south wall is fully as high and just as rugged as its north wall. At a point well up the canyon in the south wall is the old Mono crater, circular in shape. Its walls are perfect for two-thirds of the distance around it. For almost one-third of the circumference of the crater, on the north side, the crater wall has fallen into the canyon and lies, a broken mass of volcanic rock, on the northern face of the south wall. While on the grade crossing the bed of the canyon where the boulder was blasted, we had a wonderful view of the White Mountains in Nevada. They are a range of mountains running north and south, parallel with the Sierra Nevadas, and lie east of Owens Valley. They were completely covered with snow from base to summit. Not a rock showed through the snow. The snowfall there must have been extremely heavy. All that afternoon we felt icy blasts from this snow-covered range. The road we were following finally landed us in the valley near the north end of Mono Lake. We had crossed the Tioga Grade.

No matter how much one has traveled through the mountains in California, one has not taken in all their grandeur and sublimity unless this trip over the Tioga Grade has been made.

The Tioga Pass debouches into Owens River Valley near Mono Lake. I made a trip through the Owens River Valley to Lake Tahoe two years prior to the Tioga Pass trip, which I intend to describe in detail. For that reason, I will not review our experience on the road north from Mono Lake. Suffice it to say that in due time we reached, by way of Reno, Nevada, Brockway, a resort near the northeast corner of Lake Tahoe, where, as the guests of Lawrence & Comstock, proprietors of the resort, we spent two delightful weeks. The weather was perfect, cool and bracing, the fishing good, and accommodations all that one could ask for. We left Brockway for home, going around the north end of the lake, passing through Tahoe and Tallac, and reaching Sacramento by way of Placerville. The journey down the mountains from Placerville was most entertaining. Much of the way we followed a good sized river joyously flowing at the bottom of a canyon the sides of which were clothed with magnificent pines and all the verdant shrubbery of these mountain districts. From Sacramento we went down the valley by way of Stockton, Merced, Fresno, and Bakersfield, and arrived at our home in Alhambra, safe and sound, after a restful and refreshing outing.

CHAPTER XXVII

TOURING THE OWENS RIVER VALLEY. WATER EVERYWHERE. SNOW-COVERED MOUNTAINS PROMISED MORE.

ON THE 11th day of June, 1914, four of us besides our chauffeur, left Alhambra at one o'clock in the afternoon for the Owens River Valley and points north. We ran through Pasadena, over the high bridge, through Annandale, Glendale and Tropico to the San Fernando Boulevard. This was followed to Saugus. Here we took the San Francisquito Canyon road, and after crossing the wash, turned to the right into Bouquet Canyon. We had magneto trouble, and the machine got pretty hot. After adjusting this we made good headway through the winding canyon which is as crooked as it is beautiful. The road leaves the canyon in Leonis Valley, some five miles south of Elizabeth Lake. At five o'clock we were at Munz's ranch, just beyond the extreme westerly end of the lake. Here we remained all night.

At seven o'clock next morning we were under way and at eight-thirty reached Mojave. Here we took on gasoline. It was quite warm at Mojave, but after we got under way the heat was not oppressive. We followed the road leading north by east, with the Southern Pacific Railroad track on our right and the aqueduct on our left. Mt. San Antonio was southwest of us, its northern slopes covered with snow glistening in the sunlight. Still farther off, to the south and west, Mt. San Bernardino, also white with snow, was in sight, and Mt. Tahquitz, a sharper peak than either of the other two, could be dimly seen, still to the south of Mt. San Bernardino. Our road was fairly good. It showed the effect of last winter's heavy rains and in spots was sandy. At Cinco Station we turned to the left through Jawbone Canyon.

Our course was now almost due north as far as Narka, when it became northwest, which was our general direction until we reached Mono Lake. In Jawbone Canyon we encountered immense steel pipes of the aqueduct. They are used as siphons over the canyons, down steep mountain sides and up still steeper ones, where a gravity flow aqueduct could not be built. To the right of Cinco Station, out in the desert, is an immense dry lake. From a distance it looks like a lake of water, but when we got above it and could look down upon it, it proved to be a vast sandy depression covered with alkaline deposits. It appeared to be a sort of catch basin in which the run off from the surrounding hills gathered in the winter time, remaining there until soaked away in the sands of the desert or evaporated by the sun's burning rays.

On our left, until we reached Jawbone Canyon, was a ridge of barren mountains. The aqueduct follows the base of these mountains. Colored rocks of many hues were laid up in great folds, one above the other, along this mountain range. Well could they be called the painted mountains. The entire country gave evidence of very heavy rainfalls. Deep gullies had been made, down which torrents had rushed on their way to the floor of the desert. The mountains themselves looked scoured. It appeared as though erosion had in many places removed all the soil and left only the indestructible rock masses, which were worn smooth and glistened as if artificially polished.

To our right was sagebrush desert, stretching miles and miles clear to the Cajon Pass, back of San Bernardino, and still on to Yuma. Broken ranges or buttes, barren and forbidding looking, were scattered over the desert. The sagebrush of the desert, green as alfalfa, was a great relief to the eye. Bird and animal life was almost absent. Not a quail did we see, nor did we meet with either jack rabbits or cottontail rabbits. Occasionally a dove sailed past us. Here and there, a crow, a road runner or a blue jay were seen, but all songbirds were absent.

In Jawbone Canyon, we ascended very rapidly. Then we passed over a rolling mesa, crossing the aqueduct several times, and dropped down into a canyon where Freeman's (a wayside station) is situated. A road from Kernville, by way of Walker's Pass, comes from the northeast down this canyon to Freeman's. Then we had more rolling country, more desert and more sagebrush. We passed Indian Wells, Narka and Little Lake. Far ahead of us, to the right, at the foot of the range of barren mountains, appeared a stretch of land several thousand acres of which seemed to have been recently burned over. When we got nearer to this apparently burned mesa, we found it to be a giant mass of black lava, which had flowed, in some bygone age, from east to west. Its western edge terminated in a high wall, miles long, and almost straight. The whole lava mass seemed capable of defying the elements for all time to come. Great cracks appeared in the western wall, evidently made as the lava cooled. The scene was one of weird desolation.

About this time it was high noon. We wanted to eat our luncheon but there was no shade, and standing still, the rays of the sun were quite hot. We discovered a cement culvert under the railroad, large enough to hold an automobile, if driven into it. We had to walk up a rough wash about one hundred yards to get to it. In the grateful shade of this culvert, through which a cool breeze blew, we ate our lunch.

On again we whirled, through sands and gullies, washes and sagebrush, over lava rocks and through depressions caused by the great earthquake of 1876. After a time we came to Haiwee reservoir, which is a part of the aqueduct system. We were now between two mountain ranges, both snow-covered. We had gotten occasional glimpses of San Antonio and the San Bernardino Mountains through passes in the hills, both of which peaks were far in our rear. They were almost never out of sight until snow appeared both to the right and left of us. All that day we were never out of sight of snow. The mountains to our left, showing Olancha Peak, Mt. Langley, Mt. Whitney and various other mountains making up the range, extending from Olancha clear to Tahoe, were peculiarly beautiful. Their eastern slopes are extremely precipitous, almost as straight up and down as our mountains back of Pasadena, but they are rougher, contain greater rock masses, and, lower down at least, show less of vegetation.

The snowy peaks of all these mountains looked like the pictures we see of the Alps. Streams of water, formed by the melting snow, rushed from the base of these mountains eastward. Some of these streams are utilized by the settlers, and when the sagebrush is cleared away and water applied to the land, alfalfa thrives wonderfully. Sleek looking cattle grazed upon the unenclosed lands. We began to pass the homes of settlers and cattle raisers.

Ascending a ridge, Owens Lake, at an elevation of about six thousand feet, appeared. It was east of us, some distance from our road. It is in a sink or depression and has no outlet. In size, I should say that it is about half as large as Lake Tahoe. Its waters are as blue as the ocean at Seal Rock, at the east end of Santa Catalina Island, but are as useless for stock or agricultural purposes as the sea itself. Opposite its south end is Olancha Peak. Opposite its north end is Mt. Langley, both west of the lake, the length of the latter being, I should say, some fifteen miles.

Toward the middle of the afternoon we reached Lone Pine, two hundred and forty-three miles from Los Angeles. Sitting in the entrance of the garage there, I saw Elmer Wachtel, the artist. I hailed him and we had a little chat. He and his wife had arrived there, the day before, on a sketching tour.

We were now in a fairly well settled country. Stock raising is its principal industry. All the animals we saw, whether cattle, horses or mules, looked well bred and were in splendid condition. Considerable grain, wheat, barley and oats and much alfalfa is raised from this point on, until you ascend the mountains beyond Bishop. We passed through Independence, then Big Pine just this side of which is Fred Eaton's far-famed chicken ranch, at which it is said there are now thirty thousand birds, and at six o'clock we reached Bishop, two hundred and eighteen miles from Munz's ranch at Elizabeth Lake, which point we had left at seven o'clock that morning. We covered this mileage without a mishap in less than eleven hours' running time. Before reaching Bishop we crossed the aqueduct for the last time. To appreciate the stupendous character of this work one must make this trip. It took nerve and brains and grit and money to construct these works over the burning sands of the desert country, and well may the greatest engineers of the world, who have inspected the work, congratulate Los Angeles upon its completion and pay high tribute to "Bill" Mulholland, the master mind of the entire enterprise.

At Elizabeth Lake I discovered that I had left at home my pocketbook, which contained funds necessary for the trip barring some loose change which I had in my vest pocket. From that point I telephoned home for it, and we were compelled to remain at Bishop until 3 p.m. next day, awaiting the train from the south. Securing the pocketbook, we left Bishop at three o'clock for Mammoth, fifty-one miles away. For ten or fifteen miles the road was good. We passed through Round Valley, one of the fertile sections of this country, and on leaving it we came to a lava mountain, over which we zigzagged and switched back, making the hardest all around pull I ever experienced. At the summit we were seventy-two hundred feet high. We passed off of a lava mesa by a narrow road, up the left side of the Canyon Diablo at the bottom of which Owens River runs. We emerged from the canyon into Long Valley, which sooner or later will be converted into a reservoir for the benefit of Los Angeles City. This is an immense valley, so situated that it can be made to store an incalculable amount of pure snow water.

Passing through Long Valley at 7 p.m., four hours from Bishop, we reached Mammoth, which has an elevation of seventy-six hundred feet. Here we got good hotel accommodations. We had now reached a point where we could step out of the machine into snow. The atmosphere was not uncomfortable. In the middle of the day it was even warm and mosquitoes and gnats, which always accompany melting snow, were most annoying.

This point would have been our farthest point north on this route but for Mr. N. G. Smith, the proprietor of the garage at Bishop, who, hearing that we wanted to go to Tallac, had told me while we were at Bishop that if we would stay at Mammoth a day or two he would build an automobile bridge over the Owens River at Thompson's Ranch, twelve miles beyond Mammoth, so that we could go on.

We arrived at Mammoth on Saturday night and spent Sunday and Monday fishing. Tuesday we drove over to Thompson's

Ranch through some splendid pine timber, and spent a part of the day with Mr. and Mrs. Smith, who were camping there. The bridge was just finished. We had lunch with them and enjoyed trout just out of the stream and deliciously cooked over a camp fire.

Next morning we left Mammoth at seven o'clock for Tallac. We safely crossed over Mr. Smith's bridge, bade him and his wife good-bye and began the ascent of the worst hill I have ever climbed with a machine. The grade is about two and a half miles long, very steep, and the roadbed in places over dry mountain soil. At the summit my aneroid showed an elevation of eighty-two hundred feet. We then descended through a country once timbered, but now desolate, all the timber having been cut for lumber.

At Mono Mills we were told that Mono Lake was so high that the road was flooded and that we must make a turn to the left by what is known as the "Craters," three extinct volcanic cones, and make a detour some ten miles by Farrington's ranch. The roads here were over a heavy sort of volcanic sand, and at one place we were compelled to get into low gear even in going down hill.

We were now in a country wholly volcanic in formation. Evidences of former eruptions were on all sides of us. The craters stood in a line running north and south. From them lava had flowed from the west to the east in great quantities. It is a dead land, without vegetation. A few scraggy pines grow here and there in a disheartened way. The whole country seems to be heavily mineralized.

Mono Lake has an elevation of sixty-four hundred feet. It is not as large as Owens Lake. There are two islands in it on one of which somebody has drilled for oil but without success. We could see the derrick still standing. Near the north end of the lake the road runs just above the water. The waters of the lake are beautiful to look upon, clear as crystal. Near the shore one can see every stone and grain of sand in the lake bottom, but there is nothing alive in it. It is even more heavily mineralized than Owens Lake, and a school teacher, from whom we inquired the way at a schoolhouse just beyond the lake, told us that the odor from the water, when the weather is extremely hot, is very disagreeable.

Passing around the north end of Mono Lake, we had more bad going through heavy sand for about ten miles. Then came a rolling sagebrush country, such as we had passed through for miles in the early part of the trip. Coming up a hill out of the canyon, on a narrow road, a short distance ahead of us suddenly appeared a large automobile. A man got out of it. Although he was some distance off I recognized him and called out, "Hello, Longyear!" He knew my voice and answered, "Why, J. A., what are you doing here?" It was W. D. Longyear of the Security Trust and Savings Bank, Los Angeles. He and his family had come from Bridgeport that morning. I cautioned him about a bad mud hole on this side of Mono Mills, and also as to the sand. He told me that they had left some bad roads behind for us to travel. Although we had successfully negotiated the mud hole, he spent some time in it, but we had a light car (a Franklin) and he a heavy one (a Packard).

At twelve o'clock we were at Bridgeport where we lunched. Bridgeport is the county seat of Mono County. It is situated on the edge of a beautiful mountain meadow, which, at an elevation of sixty-five hundred feet, is watered by East Walker River. I should judge that there are several thousand acres in this meadow which is devoted to hay raising and pasturage.

Ever since leaving Lone Pine the mountains to the west of us had been covered with snow, not only the summits but the sides far down to their base. Streams from these mountains were running bank full. Many bridges had been destroyed during the winter throughout this section and temporary ones had replaced them. Leaving Bridgeport, we had more rolling country, more sagebrush, more small fertile valleys and more stock ranches. Our course was still northwest and we were descending.

Halfway between Bridgeport and Gardnerville we passed out of California into Nevada. The elevation at Gardnerville is forty-seven hundred feet against sixty-five hundred feet at Mono Lake. We reached Gardnerville at 6 p.m. We were told that it was but twenty-three miles to Tallac on Lake Tahoe, by way of Genoa, and that we could make it in an hour and a half. The first twelve or fourteen miles was splendid going, through meadows, rich in grass and alfalfa. Then we turned into a canyon and began the ascent of a mountain over a narrow, winding grade with sharp turns. To add to the difficulties of the going, the roadbed was soft. The summit showed an elevation of seventy-two hundred feet. We had risen from forty-seven hundred feet at the foot of the grade to seventy-two hundred feet in traveling five miles.

The view of the Carson Valley as we climbed that mountain was one never to be forgotten. Alfalfa fields, hay, grain, stock grazing, running water and farm houses, illumined by the rays of the setting sun and the afterglow that followed, made a beautiful panorama. After reaching the summit the run to Tallac was an easy one. Before eight o'clock we were there, just one hundred and seventy-five miles from Mammoth—a most remarkable run, when considering the character of the roads we had traveled.

While at Tallac we drove over to Tahoe Tavern for a few days' stay. The road was bad, owing to the melting snows. This is a state highway. Some of the state's highway repairing crews were working on it, but all they seemed to know was to shovel mud on mud. No systematic effort was being made to get the snow waters out of the roadbeds. When this road is in proper shape it will be one of the most beautiful drives in California. That part of it which skirts Emerald Bay is especially charming.

We returned to Tallac from Tahoe Wednesday night. The following Tuesday morning we left there for home. That day we got to San Jose, two hundred and forty-five miles. The road to Placerville is only fair, from Placerville to Folsom, poor, but from Folsom to San Jose we had roads like those of Los Angeles County, and it was no trouble to do an average of thirty-five miles an hour. Between Folsom and Sacramento huge dredgers were mining for gold. They leave acres and miles of great rock piles and, strange to say, when these rock piles are leveled, fruit trees thrive in them. The crops between Sacramento and San Jose appeared to be excellent, but all farm commodities were low. The reduction in tariff on everything grown in California, coupled with the vagaries of the Progressive administration in the state, is rapidly making Republican voters, and accounts for the splendid Republican majorities shown by the registration returns.

Next day we traveled as far as Paso Robles where we spent the night. Santa Barbara and the Hotel Potter was our destination the next night. The following morning we drove home and experienced the only real hot day of our trip. We came by Santa Paula and Saugus and were home at 1 p.m., having driven better than thirteen hundred miles, virtually without trouble.

Many people have asked me about the routes to be taken in making the trip. For the benefit of those who should desire to go to Tallac by that route, I would advise that on the first day out of Los Angeles they go through to Willow Springs or Mojave, the next day to Lone Pine. From Lone Pine to Mammoth would not be a hard day's trip, but if thought too long, one could stop at Bishop. I would not advise anyone to attempt to make the run from Mammoth to Tallac as we did it, that is, in one day's time. It would be better to go to Farrington's Ranch, or Bridgeport, and stay all night, and from that point to Tallac by way of Carson, rather than by way of Genoa. The heavy pull over what is known as the Kingsburg grade would thus be avoided.

CHAPTER XXVIII

A GREAT TRIP IN IDAHO AND NEVADA. ABUNDANCE OF GAME. INTERESTING EXPERIENCES.

MANY years ago I had a most enjoyable outing, at the invitation of Messrs. Sparks and Harrell, on their vast cattle range in Nevada and Idaho. Some time afterwards I described it in writing, which was published in the *Los Angeles Daily Examiner*. With some additions and changes, I will reproduce that article here.

About the middle of September, 1897, I left San Francisco in company with Mr. A. J. Harrell, of Visalia, and Mr. Frank Schumacher, of Los Angeles, on an eastbound overland train for Wells, Nevada. We expected to meet Mr. John Sparks, of the Sparks-Harrell Cattle Company, at Reno, his home being near that place. We arrived at Reno at seven o'clock next morning. Mr. Sparks was at the station accompanied by a huge crate of about a dozen big watermelons which Mr. A. J. Harrell's father had sent up from Visalia. We found them very acceptable before the day was finished.

Some time before we reached Reno, we were delayed a short time by a work crew which was cleaning up the wreck of a freight train of the night before, in which seven Indians were killed. It seems that, under some agreement with the railroad, Indians in Nevada were allowed to ride on freight trains free of charge. There were two tribes of Indians in that state, the Washoes and the Piutes. When we got off the train at Reno, "Washoe," the chief of the Washoe tribe, came along. Sparks shook hands with him and said, "Washoe, it is too bad that seven Indians were killed last night." Washoe replied, "No seven Indians killed. Three Indians and five Piutes." He would not even acknowledge that the despised Piutes were Indians.

Leaving Reno, we had a pleasant ride through the Carson Valley, which is pretty well settled, highly cultivated and thoroughly irrigated from the Carson River, the chief crop, apparently, being alfalfa. We then entered the Nevada desert, and a more dreary, desolate ride until we reached Wells, could hardly be imagined. We pulled into Wells at about ten o'clock at night, being a couple of hours late. Our train, although a passenger train, had ten or fifteen carloads of Asiatic freight, consisting of tea, silks, etc., which necessarily delayed us somewhat.

At Wells we found J. W. Dorsey, an attorney of San Francisco; Dr. B. W. Haines, also of San Francisco, and a young man named Bud Price, of Oakland. They had preceded us by a day, and on the day of our arrival they had been out after sage hens, and had on ice something over one hundred and fifty, which they shipped to San Francisco next morning.

The following morning we prepared ourselves for a drive across country. Mr. Harrell and John Schumacher started pretty early in Mr. Harrell's buggy. The rest of us waited for the arrival of the westbound Overland upon which a young man named Charles Thomas, of Independence, Missouri, was expected to arrive. He did not come, and we learned afterward that he was delayed by a washout.

At Wells the principal attraction was a saloon, kept by a man named Al Fisher. Upon looking across the street from the railroad depot one could see on the top of the building more deer horns than he probably ever saw in his life before, and underneath, in enormous letters, the announcement, "250 More Inside."

The announcement was not an exaggeration. The saloon was quite large and it was absolutely full of horns (no joke on Fisher's business intended). Elk heads, moose heads, mountain sheep heads, buffalo heads, deer heads, antelope heads, all nicely mounted, adorned the walls, and woven in with them, in every conceivable shape, deer horns in the velvet and others polished as bright as steel. He had several samples of horns, locked and interlaced together by the owners in mortal combat, so that they could not be taken apart. Both struggling beasts probably died from exhaustion leaving their bones and horns to bleach under the trees. Besides this wonderful collection of horns, Fisher had many varieties of stuffed birds, a great collection of Indian relics, some highly interesting meteoric stones and a few "horns" of good whiskey.

We loaded all of our possessions on a "chuck wagon." This term was a new one to me and it will probably be so to the reader. A "chuck wagon," as known in Nevada, is simply an ordinary farm wagon with a cupboard, about six feet high, in the rear end of it. The entire face of the cupboard at the rear of the wagon is a door, hinged on at the bottom and swinging down from the top. A brace is bolted on to the door, which stands on the ground when the wagon is in camp, and thus makes a very good table, about three and one-half by six feet long. In this cupboard dishes, provisions, culinary articles, etc., are carried, and I must say that it is a very convenient mode of handling these necessary articles on a camping trip. Three or four folds of canvas are nailed on the top and swing down over the full length of the cupboard, so that, when the door is closed, all dust is pretty effectually kept out of the interior.

Sparks and I were the last to leave Wells, Dorsey, Haines, Rand and Price having preceded us in a light wagon. Sparks had a wonderful buggy which he had had made in Davenport, Iowa. It had already worn out three sets of wheels and was using the fourth set. It had a very roomy boot behind the seat and was equipped with a top to protect us from the hot rays of the sun. I soon found that Sparks was a driver. When his horses got a little tired he let them run a mile or two to rest up, and when we came to a place where an ordinary man would use a brake, he generally began to ply the whip. Our rate of progress was therefore considerably accelerated and we soon passed the light wagon and the chuck wagon, leaving them far in the rear.

Our first ten or twelve miles was over sagebrush lands, constituting the cattle range of Colonel Hardesty. We then came onto the lands of the Sparks-Harrell Company. We were proceeding through low rolling hills, largely covered with sagebrush, amongst which, however, grew a great deal of bunch grass, buffalo and rye grass, and all the stock that we passed seemed in admirably good condition. At about 12 o'clock we struck our first bunch of sage hens, and in a very few minutes I killed seven young birds, about the size of Plymouth Rock chickens.

While I was shooting, Sparks had unhitched the team and built a fire. We cleaned our birds, washing them in a small stream, cut forked sticks of willow and liberal rashers of bacon, and inter-twining bird and bacon on the sticks we soon had our seven birds in process of broiling in the open air. About the time they were done, Dorsey, Haines, Rand and Price drove up, and we managed to make a very substantial lunch on sage hens, bacon, crackers, coffee and spring water. Beware of an old sage hen. It is impossible to cook them until they are tender, and they are unpalatable. The seven that I had killed, while fully grown, were young birds. The age of the bird is determined in the following manner. Pick up a bird by his beak, with the thumb on top and forefinger underneath. If it is an old bird the beak will not bend. If it is under a year old, the beak will bend in your fingers very perceptibly. All of my seven birds were tested in that manner, and we knew that they were young birds.

The day was a delightful one, and after a thorough rest we proceeded to the H. D. Ranch, reaching it about sundown. This was the first station of the Sparks-Harrell Company out of Wells. Here we found a very substantial and comfortable two-story farmhouse, situated upon the edge of a bluff. This ranch house is near the middle of Thousand Spring Valley, which extends to the northwest in one direction and southeast in the other.

Below the house, in a flat, were innumerable hot and cold springs, the cold springs so cold that you could not drink the water with comfort, and the hot springs so hot that you could not drink it at all without cooling it. A comfortable bathhouse was arranged here with hot and cold water running in large streams. We all took advantage of it, and then had a most delightful dinner, prepared by Mrs. Greathouse, the wife of the man who was in charge of this station.

The scene at this ranch was a most beautiful one. There were acres and acres of meadow land rich and green with grasses, covered with cattle and horses, and acres and acres of as beautiful alfalfa as a man ever saw, all under fence, and acres and acres of wild grass, which was being cut and cured for hay for winter use.

We slept that night by the side of some timothy hay stacks and after enjoying a breakfast fully as good as the dinner of the night before, we started off up Thousand Spring Valley, toward what is called the Hubbard Ranch, another station of the Sparks-Harrell Company. We were all to take our dinner at this ranch, but Sparks and I drove on to the Grapevine Ranch, some four or five miles beyond. Three or four of Mr. Sparks' boys were there and he had hurried on to see them before we left the valley.

The Hubbard and Grapevine Ranches were, to some extent, repetitions of the H. D. Ranch, except that the buildings were not of as high an order. There is no lumber in this country and these places were too far to haul it from the railroad. The houses are built of logs. The roofs are made of poles and on these fine hay, made of the natural wild grasses of the meadows, is piled about a foot thick, and upon this hay, dry dirt, to the depth of four or five inches, is piled and leveled; and astonishing to say, such a roof is absolutely impervious to rain, nor, for some extraordinary reason, does the dirt wash off. At both of these ranches were more alfalfa, more meadows, more stock and plenty of running water.

We left the Grapevine Ranch for the San Jacinto, the next stopping place, and traveled through miles and miles of rich meadows, under fence, with the grasses preserved for fall pasturage. The San Jacinto is also a beautifully located ranch, on the Salmon River. The buildings are of the same class above described and it had the finest alfalfa that I ever laid eyes on in any country. Thousands of acres of meadow land rich in natural grasses or sown to timothy. At each of these ranches immense stacks of hay were being put up. These haystacks are built with very pointed roofs and covered with a few feet of this natural grass hay, and strange to say, it sheds water like a duck's back. I was shown haystacks which parties assured me had stood for eight years, and barring the first six or eight inches, the hay was as fresh and bright as when it went into the stack.

We killed quite a lot of young ducks before we reached the San Jacinto, which were hurriedly dressed and cooked by Mrs.

Hewitt, wife of Charles Hewitt, who was in charge of the San Jacinto, for our dinner. It is useless to say how we enjoyed them. We slept again by a haystack, but not the same repose that we had the night before. Just outside of a fence, and fifteen feet from the haystack, was the alfalfa field which had been recently irrigated, and it had bred the largest crop of the biggest mosquitoes that I ever saw. Waking up occasionally, I would think I heard the shrill whistle of a locomotive, only to find that it was a mosquito settling down upon me. They appeared to make shadows in the moonlight, as they flew from victim to victim. Sleep was out of the question, unless one covered up his face and hands, and if he didn't have his blanket down all around the edges they would crawl inside. Toward twelve o'clock it got cold enough to put them all to sleep, so that we were freed from that annoyance the latter part of the night.

Breakfasting early, Mr. Harrell and myself mounted horses and with our rifles started on a short cut for Lost Creek, where our first camp was to be made, we intending to hunt on the way. We passed still down the Salmon River Valley and Mr. Harrell showed me a stretch of three thousand acres of sagebrush that the company was clearing up and preparing ditches on, so as to irrigate the same, and within a year or two plant the entire three thousand acres to alfalfa.

We passed a ranch called, if I remember rightly, The Stacks, where hosts of men were again putting up grass hay. Here we saw a flock of young geese just learning to fly and four or five sandhill cranes.

We then crossed quite a valley of rolling sagebrush hills and began the ascent of a mountain range. The country here is largely of a lava formation and toward the summit of the hills is what is called lava rim rock, being solid barren lava. Usually underneath these rim rocks are patches of quaking aspen trees of a bright green, the leaves of which seem never to be idle, but are eternally glimmering and shimmering in the sunlight. In these quaking aspen groves is usually a dense undergrowth of wild roses, wild pea vines, etc., and little springs of water. These groves are the daylight homes of the mule deer.

We went up a canyon and very soon struck the track of an enormous buck. We followed it some distance. It turned off into one of these patches, and although we beat the ground thoroughly we failed to arouse anything. Ascending a ridge and looking off back of us, we saw our first antelope, stealing along like a gray ghost, with the speed of the whirlwind. The gait of this animal is very dissimilar from that of the deer. It has a long, low gallop, like that of a greyhound, and while the motion does not seem to be fast, the speed attained is something incredible.

We whirled around into a swale and hurried over a ridge, hoping to intercept him, but he turned off into a bushy canyon and we saw no more of him. We ascended hill after hill, beat gulch after gulch, but were not rewarded with success.

About one o'clock we passed over the top of the ridge, and at a spring of cold, delicious water, which emerged from a granite rock, we ate our meager lunch which we had brought with us. South and east of us was an immense valley. Below us and fully ten miles away, my companion showed me a point of rock where he said our camp would be located. Shortly afterward we heard quite rapid firing south of us, and could see the smoke from the guns rising from scrub timber along a meandering stream, and we knew that our companions were after sage hens.

We had had a pretty hard and rapid ride, and after resting thoroughly we descended toward camp and gave up all hope of rousing anything that afternoon.

The sky was now overcast. Occasionally an immense raindrop would strike us with a splash. Then the thunder began to roar, rumble and reverberate among the lava hills, and forked streaks of lightning illuminated the sky in various places; and by 2:30, just as we reached camp, it began to rain in good earnest. The rain turned to hail, the thunder became more oppressive, the lightning more vivid. And such a hail storm! Every stone was as large as a bird's egg, and while the ground was soon covered, it seemed to me, to the depth of several inches, we were getting wet all the time.

The chuck wagon had not yet arrived in camp. There was no cover. The few willows and other bushes that were there were soon dripping wet, and we simply had to stand and take it. The hail ceased and then it rained. And such a rain as I never was out in before! The hail had beaten my hat brim down all around and rendered it so limber that I couldn't keep it up, and I could not see out from under. I had on high top boots with my trousers in them, and the water simply ran out over the tops, the boots being full. I was wringing wet all over and I was no exception to the rule. We were like drowned rats. When the rain had begun we were cooking sage hens and bacon on forked sticks before the fire. Of course the fire was put out and it was impossible to kindle it again.

This lasted until nearly five o'clock. Then the clouds rolled by, the sun came out, the sky was as clear as any sky could be, the air was pure and all nature smiled again. We soon got a big fire started. The chuck wagon arrived, with all of our blankets, tents, clothing, etc., as wet as we were; but fortunately, all of our provisions were underneath the other baggage and were perfectly dry. I gathered up a lot of the sage hens and quartered them, put them into a big kettle, with liberal amounts of potatoes, bacon and onions, and soon had a great stew cooking When it was done we sat around on the wet ground and enjoyed our stew, with hot bread and good steaming coffee, and I dare say that Delmonico's never furnished a feast that was eaten with more avidity, for young sage hens that feed on the alfalfa fields are very palatable game birds.

We did not try to dry out much that night, and strange to say, while we all lay down and slept there in damp blankets and in damp clothes, not a soul had the slightest sign of a cold from it. There is something in the atmosphere of that country that simply does not allow a man to take cold at that time of year.

The next morning horses were scarce. A few that had been hobbled were in sight. Dorsey and Sparks went off on a couple of them, and Bruce, a hired man, who was along in the capacity of horse tender, went off in another direction, and he, during the forenoon, rounded up various bands of animals. The rest of us shot some sage hens and dried out our belongings. About ten or eleven o'clock several of Mr. Sparks' boys joined us, having come over from the Grapevine Ranch. One of them had ridden all the way on a horse, and his efforts at perambulation on foot were ludicrous to behold. He was so stiff that he could hardly drag one limb after the other. But boylike, he was plucky, and insisted on knocking around and keeping in motion.

About twelve o'clock Dorsey and Sparks came in, each with a yearling buck, our first venison. Of course we were all much elated. Mr. Sparks concluded that the Indians had been in that country and scared the deer out, and thought we had better not lose any more time but go some fifteen miles further to a place called Camp Gordon.

Accordingly, we got under way as speedily as possible, Mr. Harrell and I still on horseback. We were delayed somewhat in adjusting saddles and the other members of the party gained considerable headway on us. We overtook them on a mesa and saw somebody on a white horse speeding north as fast as his animal would carry him. We found upon reaching them that they had run into a band of twenty-five or thirty antelopes, obtaining several shots at long range. As one of the animals appeared to be hit, Mr. Sparks had taken a horse and gone in pursuit. We could still see him, speeding through the sagebrush, at least five miles away.

As we intended to hunt that afternoon, we left the party and proceeded toward a range of hills covered with the quaking aspen groves. We passed innumerable small bands of cattle, Shorthorns and Herefords, that were in magnificent condition. We searched a dozen or more quaking aspen groves but failed to find deer.

At last we were approaching the summit of a range of hills crowned with the lava rim rock and dipping east. My horse indicated that he had heard something. I begged Harrell that we dismount, but he said no, and we pushed on to the very edge of the rim rock, and across a gorge, fully five hundred yards away, were two as magnificent bucks as I ever laid eyes upon, their heads thrown back and their gigantic antlers almost resting on their backs. We dismounted and opened our batteries, but the distance and the speed of the animals were too great for anything like accurate shooting. I was much disappointed, because if we had dismounted at the time my animal showed that he had discovered something, and had crept up to the edge of the rim rock, we would, I think, have obtained fairly good standing shots.

We then traveled southwest, toward the point where we knew our camp was to be made, and had gone but about three hundred yards when we again saw two bucks, probably, from the direction in which they were leisurely going, the same two we had been firing at. They were fully five hundred yards away, and as big as two yearling steers. We obtained several shots at them but again without effect, and right here let me remark that, as far as I was concerned, shooting at that distance, I might just as well have tried to shoot cottontails, running, with the rifle, as those mule deer.

We found everybody in camp. Sparks had not gotten his antelope. Fresh venison steaks, rice and tomatoes, good coffee and hot corn bread, served to satisfy our appetites that night.

Next morning everybody hunted, but no one brought in any game. After noon four of us took a light wagon and went about six miles to Deep Creek (so named, probably, because it is so excessively shallow) for trout fishing. This creek runs through a grassy meadow and is literally alive with trout, the largest taken being about ten inches. We caught one hundred and twenty-five or thirty in no time. They were very ravenous. At one time I was adjusting my line and my fly rested on a grassy bank overhanging the water and fully a foot above it. Much to my surprise, a good ten-inch trout leaped out of the water and caught himself, and I may remark that this was the first instance that I ever knew of a trout taking the fly off the bank.

We got back to camp about six o'clock and found that Dorsey had killed an immense buck antelope. He was the largest one I ever saw and I think would have weighed fully one hundred twenty-five pounds. Some one else in the party had killed a yearling buck, so that we had plenty of fresh meat in sight.

We were now about one hundred miles from Wells, and after the first ten miles had never been off the lands of the Sparks-Harrell Company. The weather was fine, the nights particularly delightful, and with plenty of exercise and plenty to eat, we were all in a high state of happiness.

The next day or two we spent in various ways, and Mr. Charles Thomas, who had been driven over to us by Mr. Hewitt of the San Jacinto Ranch, killed the largest buck of the trip. We had

Shoshone Falls

John Sparks and His Buggy
Sparks on the Left

no way of weighing him, but those well versed in the business said that that buck would weigh at least three hundred pounds. When he was hung up to a tree, with his nose off of the ground, I could hardly, standing tiptoe, touch the gammon stick. Thomas and Hewitt had been out for many long weary hours, and they were thoroughly fagged out when they returned announcing their success. The buck was brought in later in a wagon.

Mr. Sparks had to go to Albion, the county seat of whatever county in Idaho we were then in, and he suggested that several of us take the spring wagon and go to Shoshone Falls, so, one morning, bright and early, we started. Dorsey and Sparks were in the latter's double buggy, and Dr. Haines, myself and Charlie Hewitt in the two-seated wagon.

Dorsey and Sparks were ahead, and going down a canyon a most magnificent barren doe jumped out of a spring, just under their horses' feet. Dorsey had his rifle in its case, without a charge in it. The deer headed for a rim rock mound, and away went Sparks and Dorsey on the run, over sagebrush two or three feet high, in pursuit. By the time the gun was uncovered and charged, I think the deer was one thousand yards in advance. Dorsey fired five or six times, and we could see the shots strike the dust, first under, then over, then in front, then behind the deer, which seemed very much unconcerned about it and walked leisurely up a lava bed to the top of the rim rock, stood there a moment looking at us in defiance, and finally away she went. All her movements, from the time she left the spring until she vanished from our sight, were exceedingly graceful, and the very sight of that beautiful animal would have been repayment for the entire trip, had we never killed anything.

We reached Rock Creek, a settlement mostly owned by the Sparks-Harrell Company, about eleven o'clock, dined at one of their ranches, changed horses, Sparks turned to the right for Albion and we to the left for Shoshone. After going a half a mile we turned off at a right angle, and then for sixteen miles we followed an exceedingly good road which was as straight as if laid off by a government surveyor. We reached Shoshone Falls about three o'clock. They are on the Snake River. This river runs between lava cliffs twelve hundred feet high. The falls are two hundred and ten feet in height and over one thousand feet across. Above the main fall is a smaller fall, about fifteen feet high. Just above the falls is a ferryboat which runs from bank to bank. The water underneath the course of this ferryboat is two hundred and fifty feet deep, so that the bottom of the river below the falls, and the bottom of the river above the falls, are about on a level. Right at the falls there seems at some time to have been an immense cave or giving way of the lava banks, and, to my mind, this cave was the cause of the falls. This immense lava mass just fell in and across the river, making a barrier two hundred and fifteen or two hundred and twenty feet high. The water, of course, had to back up and flow over, hence the falls.

We could not appreciate the immensity of this watercourse. Standing on a level with the river below the falls, you would ridicule the idea of that sheet of water being two hundred and ten feet high or the river itself being one thousand feet wide, but I took a pebble and threw it with all my might into the stream. From appearances, I would have said that I could throw it across the river, but, comparatively speaking, it seemed to drop at my feet. The surroundings are so immense, those beetling cliffs of lava so high, that the mind does not fully grasp the volume of the water or the height of the falls. Sitting down, you can feel a reverberation. On a bank almost level with the falls is a hotel. Some ladies whom we met at Blue Lakes, farther down the river, said that at night the jar was like that of a berth in a sleeping car; that on waking, you would immediately perceive the motion.

The water dashes into spray and great clouds of mist are continually rising, and in daylight, when the sun shines, a rainbow is always visible, and on bright moonlight nights the lunar rainbow is very perceptible. We spent a couple of hours taking in the beauty of the scene, and then crossed the river on the ferryboat, and proceeded down the river about five miles to a place called Blue Lakes. Here there had been another immense cave in the lava walls and the distance across from cliff to cliff was probably a mile.

A man named Perine had established an orchard here of some five or six hundred acres. He had about five thousand growing trees and every kind of deciduous fruit. The only things that were ripe, at the time we were there, were apples, and they were of an excellent variety. His prune trees were fairly groaning with fruit. He told us that he had had a most excellent apricot and peach crop. These fruits he hauled away to the neighboring settlements and disposed of at good figures.

In one of the washouts, or "cave-outs" we might call it, of the lava plain, were two lakes, probably a quarter of a mile each in length and a depth of about fifty feet, the waters of which were so clear that I think a ten-cent piece could have been plainly seen in the bottom. These lakes were both full of trout and we caught all that we desired to, some of them running as high as two pounds in weight.

We spent one day with Mr. Perine and left him bright and early the next morning. At about nine o'clock we reached Rock Creek, changed our horses, laid in a lunch at a grocery store there, and by three o'clock we were back in camp, having traveled at least one hundred and ten miles in not more than fifteen hours' driving.

Mr. Sparks also got back that day bringing with him Jack Dolan, a noted cowboy of that section, who held the record of having started his horse in pursuit of a running steer, which had fifty yards running start of him, catching the steer and tying him up, all in the incredible period of fifty-six seconds. Jack proved himself to be an all-round good fellow and a great camp companion.

No one had killed anything while we were gone except Jack Rand, who got a yearling buck. So that night we determined to go to another famous hunting ground, called Gollyer Mountain. Our present camp was in a grove of tall quaking aspen in a small valley about one hundred yards from a fine spring of water, which, with others below it, united in a little stream forming one of the tributaries of Shoshone Creek. North and east lay larger valleys and high mountains.

As we left the mesas we left the sagebrush, got more timber, and found some fine pine forests topping the higher ridges. Through all this country, the natural grasses grew in great profusion and the summer pasturage was of the very best. All of the shrubs that deer feed on grew in abundance and the animals we killed were in the best condition. Bird life was represented by the universal blackbird, the magpie, a few ravens, wrens, meadow larks, snowbirds, various members of the thrush family and a species of whippoorwill. In the early morning, when the eastern sun just began to glow and the gray dawn to chase away the night, they made the woods resound with their plaintive calls. Not a cloud or bit of fog obscured the sky and the fresh, crisp air was meat and drink in itself.

We broke camp next morning, Mr. Harrell and Mr. Rand taking the back track for a ranch on the range called Point of Mountain, the rest of us starting for Gollyer Mountain, some twenty miles southwest of us and in the direction of Wells. Jack Dolan and myself stopped an hour at Deep Creek and caught about seventy-five trout. We followed the tracks of the remainder of the party, and after killing some teal ducks, reached the camp at Gollyer Mountain a little before noon. Mr. Sparks had killed a two-year-old-heifer, for use on his ranch, before we arrived. She was already dressed and hung up when we got there. I did not see the performance, but they told me that after shooting this animal, which would probably weigh better than a thousand pounds, Sparks had taken a bale rope, tied it around the horns, and fastening the bale rope to his horse's tail, had dragged the animal into camp, a distance of over two hundred yards. I could hardly believe this possible, but I was assured that it was a frequent occurrence among cattle men.

We determined upon an early dinner and a good hunt toward evening. Some one had killed a couple of mallard ducks. These and the teals were dressed, and after having stuffed them with bread and onions, well seasoned, I cooked them in a Dutch oven, as Dorsey would say, "in the highest style of occidental art." We also had rice and tomatoes, green corn (brought with us from Shoshone Falls), macaroni, enriched with a soup made of antelope bones; potatoes, onions, broiled trout and a fine roast of beef, also cooked in a Dutch oven; corn and wheat bread and good coffee.

Several of us went out after deer. We saw nine and had some shots (those in camp vowed they counted fifty-seven distinct reports) but failed to bag any game. That night Jack Dolan put the beef head and a deer head to cook in a pit in which a lot of wood had first been burned. After putting the heads into the pit on heated rocks, he covered it with boards, then with the green hide of the animal, and then with two feet of earth.

The next morning the mound was still smoking. The earth was carefully removed and the heads taken out. The skins looked charred to a crisp, but upon cutting them open we found the meat beautifully cooked. It was meat and bread and sauce all in one, and with a little salt and pepper added, and plenty of good corn bread and hot coffee, it made a royal breakfast for the entire party and left us sufficient meat for a dish or two of the best of hash. The meat of that deer head was by far the best meat I ever tasted.

That day three deer, one five-pronged buck and two yearlings, were added to our score. There were plenty of deer and also antelope. But some of us wanted to return and Mr. Sparks himself said that he was long overdue at Reno, so next morning we pulled out for Overland, the next station on the ranch, where we spent the night. This was one of the famous stopping places of the early settlers, on the road to California. There was a fine spring of water there, coming up from under a sandstone rock. Above this stone, the old road, traveled by many a sore-footed ox team, was still traceable, and the marks of the wagon wheels, where they had struck this sandstone rock, and slid along over one of its projections, were plainly in evidence.

Next morning we started for the H. D. Ranch. Nine miles from it we again came into Thousand Spring Valley, where there was an immense fenced meadow. Mr. Sparks and I were riding together and we saw, inside of this enclosure, a band of wild horses. They ran up and down the fence on the side of the meadow farthest from us and fully a mile away, at a great rate. I afterward learned that a party of men from the H. D. Ranch went down there next day and killed thirty-five of them. They are of no value and are made away with whenever it is possible to do so. There were many curious cripples among them, either the forward or the hind legs being distorted and misshapen, resulting, I was told, from long runs over rough, rocky mountains when quite young. These horses are extremely wild and frequently, when alarmed, run for twenty or thirty miles without stopping.

We reached the "H. D." in time for a good hot dinner, which was eaten in a civilized manner, in a house, off of a table, while sitting in chairs. We had made a complete circuit of a large mountain range, having left the "H. D." traveling in a northwesterly direction and returned from the east. We spent the afternoon bathing in the hot springs and lounging in the shade.

The following morning we set out for Wells, by a route forty-five miles in length. We killed about one hundred sage-hens on the road. We reached Wells in time to clean up, dine and take the westbound train, and arrived in San Francisco at 7 p.m. next evening, conscious of having visited a most interesting country and enjoyed an outing for which we would long be indebted to our friends, Messrs. Sparks and Harrell.

For some reason or other, Mr. A. J. Harrell did not visit Los Angeles for a number of years. At one time he had studied law in the office of Graves & O'Melveny and our relationship with him was quite intimate. In the summer of 1907, ten years subsequent to the date of our trip, I was standing on the wharf at Mr. I. W. Hellman's summer home on the shores of Lake Tahoe. "The Tallac," a steamer on the lake, stopped to deliver mail and express matter. As it moved on I saw "Andy" (A. J. Harrell) sitting upon the upper deck, and I hailed him. He waved a reply and the steamer moved on. On reaching Los Angeles I found a letter from him. He said he had failed to recognize me when I called to him and that for several days he had cudgeled his brains endeavoring to make out who I was. Hearing that I was at the Lake, he had finally concluded that I was the man on the wharf. Shortly afterward I was greatly shocked to see a dispatch in one of the morning papers announcing his sudden death at Stockton.

Later on, Mr. John Sparks sold his interest in the Sparks-Harrell Cattle Company to the Harrell family. Sparks was twice elected Governor of Nevada and was a prominent candidate for United States Senator when Senator Nixon was elected. He owned a beautiful stock ranch, "The Alamo," near Reno. He was a most lovable man and his word was always as good as his bond. An unfortunate mining venture, entered into after he sold his interest in the cattle company, cost him his fortune. He died some years ago. Mr. J. W. Dorsey, who recently died in San Francisco, obtained a position for John Dolan as a mounted policeman in San Francisco, which he filled with credit for some time, and then, for some reason which nobody could ever find out, committed suicide.

The Grim Reaper robs us constantly of our warmest friends and sweetest friendships. We lose the art of making new and lasting friends. For this reason, probably, we so fondly cherish the friendships left to us and the pleasant memories of those forever lost to us.

Contentment: Daddy Tufts and Henry O'Melveny

CHAPTER XXIX

THE CREEL CLUB.
ITS ATTRACTIONS AND THE ENJOYMENT IT AFFORDED.

SOME time ago, I wrote an article for "Touring Topics," which, for the sake of the old-timers still living, who were either members of the Club or enjoyed its hospitality, I here reproduce.

Many years ago, when our hearts were young and our entire beings vibrant with the very joy of living, the Creel Club was formed. Henry O'Melveny was the leading spirit in its organization. The following were members of the Club at various times, namely: H. W. O'Melveny, John E. Jackson, William H. Clark, John V. Wachtel, Fred A. Walton, William Cardwell, W. G. Kerckhoff, James Cuzner, George C. Dickson, George A. Safford, William P. Wade, H. L. Macneil, J. A. Graves, A. C. Jones, J. Q. Tufts. All of them are dead except H. W. O'Melveny, William Cardwell, James Cuzner, A. C. Jones, and J. A. Graves. Mr. Kerckhoff died on February 22, 1929. We were not all charter members. Some of us came in after the organization of the club.

In those days, the nineties, the San Gabriel River was one of the prize trout streams of the state. The trout taken there were, as a rule, not as large as those of some of the streams of northern California, but they were game fighters, took the fly avidly and were of fine flavor. In flood years, when the San Gabriel sent a large stream of water to the ocean for many months, large trout would ascend it and we would occasionally take a prize-winner for size.

The Creel Club built a cabin, probably twelve by twenty feet in dimensions, with a large fireplace at its western end, upon a small bench some forty feet above the river bed and some nine or ten miles from the mouth of the San Gabriel Canyon. This room was used as an assembly room and we took our meals in it in bad weather. The kitchen was on the north side of the cabin. Over the cabin a room was constructed which projected some four or five feet in each direction over the outer walls of the cabin. Here were our sleeping quarters, where each member had a cot. Our fishing clothes were hung on nails driven into the wall near the head of each cot. Of course mice bothered us, and sometimes in the night one's slumbers would be disturbed by mice wriggling and squealing in one's pillow. On one occasion, Judge Clark was taking down a silk hat which W. G. Kerckhoff had brought to the club. It was hanging, top down, on some deer antlers which were nailed to the wall. As he removed it, a large rat jumped out of the hat. She had a nest in it and many young ones. Hat and young went into the blaze of the fireplace and in a short time the body of the mother rat followed.

To the east of the cabin a gently murmuring stream came singing sweet lullabies from some distance up the mountains to the north of us, and emptied into the bed of the San Gabriel River. There were no settlements on it and the water was pure and uncontaminated. We piped this water to our cabin location and always had an ample supply of pure, cold water. We built quite a platform across the little canyon in which the stream I have spoken of ran. It had a railing around it and an opening next to our buildings. In fair weather we took our meals on this platform as an outdoor dining-room.

For many years our only means of reaching the club was on horseback from Azusa, but as time passed a road was constructed up to the cabin, and Ralph Follows, of Azusa, would meet us at the Santa Fe train and take us and our baggage up by stage, and would come for us at some appointed hour. Our outings were generally for the week-end, but frequently with an extra day or two thrown in. We were liberal in entertaining our friends. Our guest book, if in existence, would show the names of all the red-blooded men of Los Angeles of the period, who loved an outdoor life.

On a hill east of us a man, named Persinger, and his wife had a small orchard, some chickens, and grew some vegetables. They looked after our property, and when we were in camp Persinger would keep us supplied with wood and Mary would come down and mother us, helping us cook and cleaning up after we left.

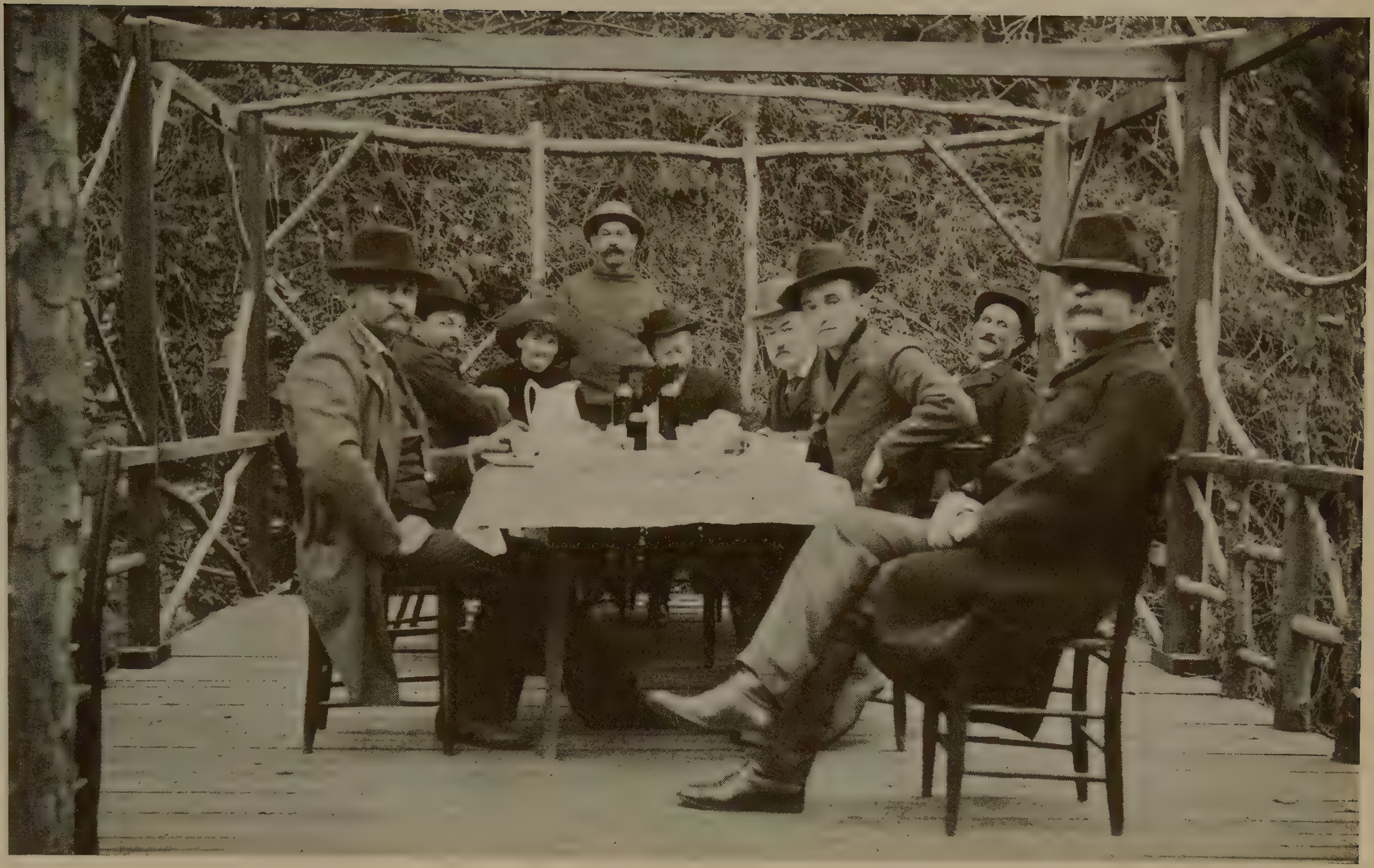
While fishing was our main object, we were always out for a good time. We prided ourselves on our gastronomic achievements. John E. Jackson, an old time civil engineer, and myself, were chief cooks, although there were many other good cooks in our membership. For breakfast, before taking to the stream for trout fishing, we usually contented ourselves with bacon and eggs, toast or biscuits, and coffee. Jackson was a first-class bread maker. When the morning fish was over, which was carried on by each member wading in the icy waters of the stream, sometimes up to his knees and sometimes up to his waist, we prepared the great meal of the day. We had constructed a galvanized iron reflector, which covered up the front of the fireplace. It had a door about a foot square in its center, opening outwards. We bored a hole through the wooden mantel and attached a doubled lamp wick to the ceiling, putting it through the hole in the mantel. We would hang from this lamp wick, by a wire, a green ham, which I generally furnished (being a ham thoroughly cured but not smoked), or a good fat goose, or turkey, or young pig, a haunch of venison or a loin of beef or lamb. A roaring fire was built and allowed to burn down to coals. The reflector would be put in place, a pan set under the cooking meat to catch the drippings, and through the door in the reflector the meat was, from time to time, basted with the drippings caught in the pan, to which we often added chili sauce. But now, the best part of the story. By taking the lamp wick above the mantel between the palms of the hands, and twisting it vigorously in one direction, the meat before the fire would revolve slowly for a long time, when we would give the lamp wick another twist. No chef in Los Angeles or elsewhere ever cooked meats which surpassed those we cooked in this manner.

For this midday meal, we usually had broiled trout, a good home made soup, a la Jackson, meat cooked as above; frequently tamales or enchiladas, contributed by Billy Cardwell; tagliarini

Italienne, rice Spanish, frijoles, cooked to a turn; potatoes, roasted in their jackets in the ashes of the fireplace where the meat was cooking; great black olives, a la Jerry Illich, that is, served hot after being cooked in claret; the best of cheese and delicious black coffee, with hot corn bread or good biscuits made by Jackson. Sometimes, on special occasions, he would make a plum pudding, and at other times we used canned fruits for dessert. Any of the surviving members of the club, who would partake heartily of a meal of this kind today, would be a subject for the coroner, but our youthful stomachs could stand anything, especially after wading in the San Gabriel. Of course at such a meal we served good claret or white wine.

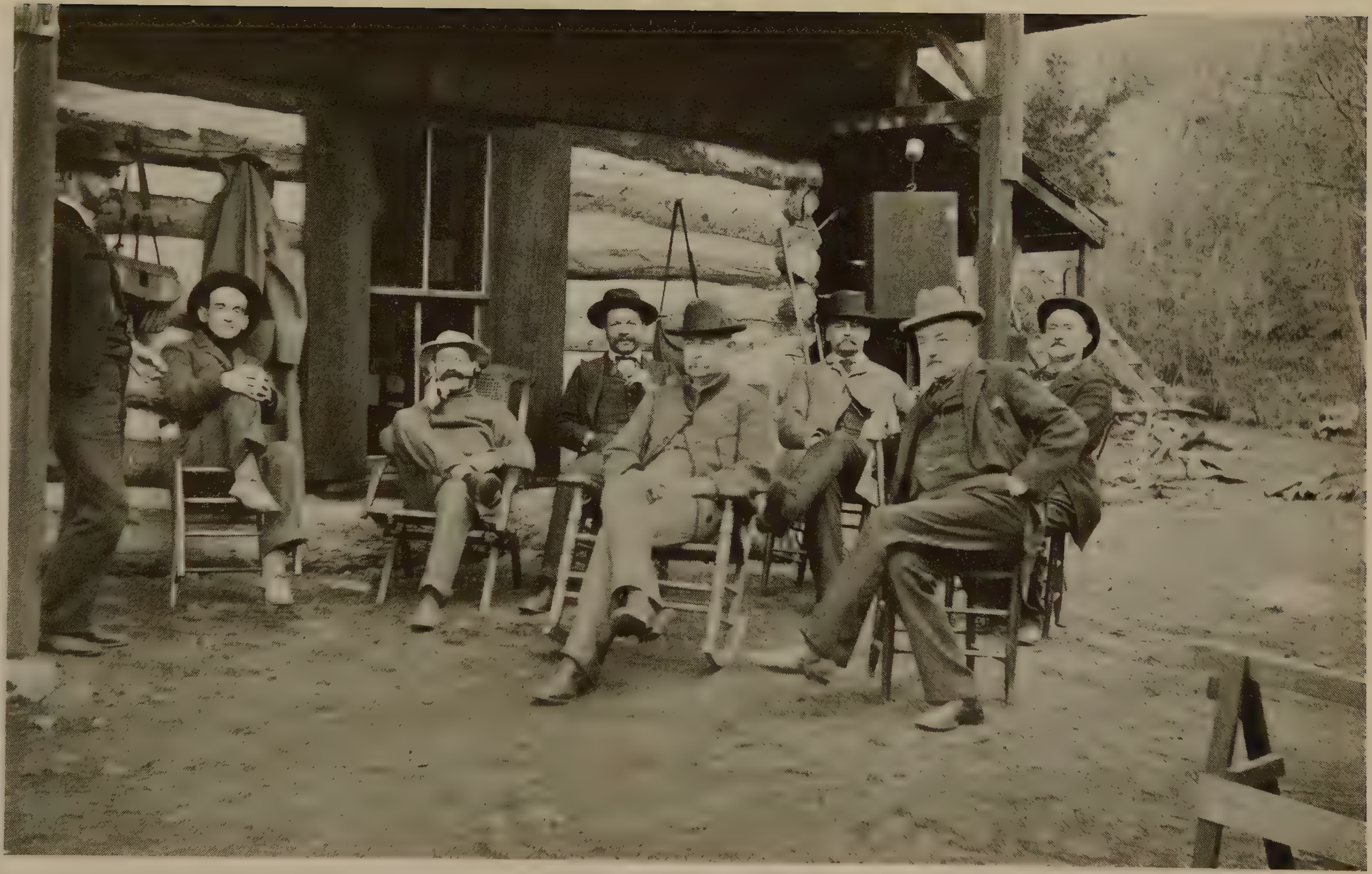
The meal over, we would indulge in genial conversation, story telling and joyous song. Of an evening we often played cribbage or whist, and I confess, at times a little bit of poker, but the betting in the poker game was not large enough to bankrupt any of us or cause ill-feeling.

On one occasion, several of us were at the club when William G. Kerckhoff came to us straight from San Clemente Island, bringing a four and a-half or five-foot yellowtail packed in ice. I concluded to try an experiment with it and cook it as we did a beef head. We dug a trench about six feet long and two feet deep, filled it with good hard oak and set it on fire, and I took the yellowtail down to a little stream, laid it on a board across the stream, and with a good stiff brush scoured it thoroughly inside and out. It had already been drawn. Then I oiled it with olive oil, both inside and out, and rubbed the meat part on the inside with chili sauce. I made a stuffing composed of bread crumbs, onions chopped fine, green chili peppers, sage, black pepper and salt, stuffed the fish and sewed it up. I then wrapped it in brown paper, several layers, moistened these with vinegar, then wrapped it in several more layers of brown paper and moistened these last wrappings with water. When the material in the trench had been reduced to coals, we shoveled the coals and ashes out, laid the fish in the bottom of the hot trench, took a piece of burlap, dampened, and laid it over the fish lengthwise, and then covered it with the hot coals and ashes, and on top of that, dirt. We left it in the trench two hours and then carefully



The Out-Door Dining Room at the Creel Club

H. E. Graves, Billy Cardwell, Stage Driver Fallows, Henry O'Melveny, Jim Cuzner, George C. Dickson, Caspare Cohn, Judge William H. Clark, J. A. Graves



AT THE CREEL CLUB

JAMES CUZNER, JUDGE WM. H. CLARK, HENRY O'MELVENY, BILLY CARDWELL, J. A. GRAVES.

removed it. The outer brown paper was charred a little bit, not much, and the inner paper, which had been dampened with vinegar, was not even browned. The fish was cooked to a turn, even the onions and green chilis being well done, and everybody said that they never ate anything in their lives to equal it. Yellowtail, as a rule, as cooked in hotels and restaurants, is not very appetizing. It is usually dry, but this fish was in every manner delicious. We all pronounced it a great success. I cheerfully recommend this manner of cooking a large fish to anyone who will go to the trouble to do it properly.

Among the joys of our outings at the club were the moonlight nights, in the early summertime, when we could comfortably sit out after sundown. The moon did not come straight up the canyon, but quartering from the northeast. Our camp was on the north side of the San Gabriel. Rugged mountains formed both walls of the canyon proper. As the moon came from the northeast it lit up the south wall of the canyon, making it a thing of great beauty. Pines and the various shrubs indigenous to Southern California mountain areas covered the mountain sides. Under the clear rays of the moon and stars, often nearly as bright as sunlight, these growths took on varying shades of green, making a soft and restful picture. The utmost stillness prevailed, broken only by the purling of the stream flowing over its rocky bed. We were too awed by the silent beauty of the night for even conversation. Here and there a deep side canyon, coming in at right angles to the stream through the southern wall of the canyon, would not be reached by the moon's rays. Each of its sides would be partially lighted up, while the canyon itself seemed dark and forbidding. One could imagine tragedies occurring in these darkest spots. In time, the moon would get squarely over the center of the canyon, illuminating both walls of it at the same time. When the evening breeze had died down, and a slight dampness which comes with night in this latitude spread over the river bed and mountain side, there came to us the mingled odor of pines and shrubs and flowers, soothing the senses and quieting the nerves. The absence of the noises—of the clanging bells, blowing whistles and the thousand and one raucous sounds which make life hideous in cities—was most restful to us, and prepared us for perfect rest and unbroken slumber.

In daylight, in our wanderings, we often saw deer daintily feeding on the tender growths of trees and shrubs. When they detected our presence they bounded away, disappearing instantly in the surrounding foliage. On a few occasions I saw tracks of mountain lions in the sand along the edge of the streams, but never got a glimpse of the beasts themselves. The graceful and ever active mountain tree squirrel would linger around our camp, hunting for scraps of food and scolding us severely when they did not find any. The ordinary blue jay and the tufted jay of higher altitudes were our constant and noisy visitors. The tufted jay is a darker blue in color than the valley jay, more graceful in his movements and more vociferous in his chatterings. Occasionally, someone would kill a rattlesnake, at times quite near our settlement. None of us was ever bitten by one though we made many trips in fern valleys where nothing on the ground was visible.

Well do I remember Sunday, the eighth day of May, 1898. Quite a party of us had been at the club for several days. We had had our Sunday dinner and at two o'clock Ralph Follows was to come for us in the stage. We had gotten cleaned up and were ready to depart. We heard the stage coming. Each man took his creel, if he was taking fish home, and his hand bag and we descended to the stream bed where the stage would pick us up. When Follows arrived he waved at us a *Los Angeles Times* "Extra." There, in bold headlines, the account of Admiral Dewey's great victory was announced. Dewey destroyed the Spanish fleet on Sunday, May 1st. He sent a dispatch boat with telegrams announcing the fact to some place in China for transmittal to America, but the message was not received until Sunday, May 8th. We all gathered around while Judge Clark read the details. He grew wildly enthusiastic. We all yelled and hurrahed like crazy men. We went back to the cabin, got out our best liquor, drank the health of Admiral Dewey, Uncle Sam, the American Navy and each seaman in it. We sang, "My Country, 'Tis of Thee," the "Star-Spangled Banner," and other patriotic songs, interspersed with frequent libations. Finally, Follows sternly admonished us that if we wanted to connect with the Santa Fe train we must get started, which we reluctantly did. Stimulated by patriotism and the good liquor we had imbibed, we sang all the way to Azusa.

On another occasion which I well remember, several of us, including John E. Jackson, were leaving the club after a pleasant outing. As we moved off in the stage, Jackson threw up his hands and said, "Good-bye, old club house, I shall never see you again." A few days afterward he died suddenly of a heart attack.

One by one our members dropped off. The fishing in the canyon, as it became better known and was visited by many outsiders, dropped off. Our trips to the club became less frequent. In one of the forest fires our buildings were destroyed. James Cuzner then acquired title from the government to the site of our club house, built himself a resort and spends much time there. Persinger died, but the faithful Mary still lives on their homestead and contributes to the comfort of Mr. Cuzner as she did to that of all of us in the days of long ago.

I am sure that every guest whom we ever entertained at the Creel Club, should he read this article, will have pleasant memories of his visits to us.

It is too bad that old age and death should put an end to so many of our joys and pleasures, but the memory of them remains to comfort us when we can no longer wade in the water or cast the fly for the trout which we may or may not hook.

The Big Horn Mine

CHAPTER XXX

THE "BIG HORN MINE. DIFFICULTIES IN GETTING OUT ORE. THE RESULT.

THERE is a good old maxim, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last," which, if strictly observed, would work wonders for the good of mankind. The man who abandons this maxim usually gets left. I certainly did, as the following tale will show.

In every community throughout California there can usually be found some would-be miners. In the springtime they wander off into the solitude of the mountains, subsisting on a grubstake, basking in the sunlight, lingering in the shade of giant trees, listening to the song of murmuring waters, catching the thrilling notes of the forest warblers, eating rancid bacon and sour bread, and half-cooked beans, doing a little prospecting, much loafing, and whiling away their time in comparative idleness during the long summer days.

The most inaccessible places are usually selected by these vagrants for spending their summer vacations. They break a few rocks, taking pieces therefrom with them, which they manage, unconsciously, to get mixed with some rich specimens obtained from some far-off mining camp. Finally, when the evening shadows begin to lengthen, and the chilly nights and frosty mornings begin to remind the rheumatic bones of the prospectors that summer is over, fall setting in, and winter will soon be at hand, then these lusty old vagrants select some spot high up on the mountainside where only the wild animals of the forest are wont to go, stake out a claim, putting up rock monuments at the corners and attaching to some stump or bush or rock a badly scrawled screed, giving notice to the world that the person signing the same has located and claims a mining claim called the "Big Horn," or the "Wildcat," or "Blue Goose" (Blue Goose seems to be a favorite with mining locators), or some other outlandish cognomen that the vagrant fancy suggests.

This task performed, the prospector hastens back to the town where his "grub-staker" resides. On his way he manages to lose all the rock specimens selected by him during his summer wanderings, and when he reaches his destination he generally has in his pocket only the rich specimens with which, unbeknown to his protector, he started out.

As a rule, the "grub-staker" is a prosperous professional or business man, who has forgotten the maxim, "Let the shoemaker stick to his last." At first he was probably actuated by pity, or a desire to get rid of some old whisky-soaked derelict, who, in more prosperous days, had befriended him. Once having broken the ice, the mining fever gets into his blood. He dreams of sudden riches by night. He brushes aside the cares of his occupation in the daytime by letting his mind wander to the time when his prospector shall come back, laden with riches. The uncertainty of the time when the wanderer will return, only adds to the pleasure of his protector's joyous anticipations.

The mind of the "grub-staker" is thus prepared, by pleasant reflections, for happy surprises, when the door of his office softly opens and the prospector, weatherworn, ragged and unkempt, appears. He carries over his shoulder a much-soiled canvas bag with something heavy in it. His face bears a mysterious expression. He closes the door, tiptoes up to his benefactor, and then, in whispered tones, informs him that he has "struck it rich." He unties the canvas bag and produces specimens of rock, richly studded with gold—rock that, as likely as not, came from Africa, South America, Alaska or any other old place under the sun where rich mines are found. He lays them under the bulging eyes of the man who fed him. This rich piece of free milling ore is labeled from the "Big Horn." Another, equally as rich, from the "Wildcat," still another from the "Blue Goose," etc. When he and his (by this time) half insane friend, have reveled for an hour or so over these specimens of their new-found wealth, the old duffer manages to inform his "angel" that he is dead broke and hungry. A generous check or donation of coin follows. The prospector departs to revel in long-deferred pleasures. The enthusiastic professional or business man hugs his specimens to his soul, rushes out to interview his immediate friends and give them a chance to share his fortune.

In a short time a corporation is formed. Highly decorated certificates of stock are issued over which their owners gloat with the joy of great wealth but shortly deferred. These stock certificates usually bear a picture of a quartz mill, a sturdy miner about to sink his pick into an ore body, and a pile of bar bullion ready for shipment. Mental enthusiasm, bordering on frenzy, seems to take possession of the entire bunch.

Many years ago I became interested with a number of gentlemen who had thus been hypnotized, and who had a bond on the "Big Horn" mine, located away up under the snow-crested top of "Old Baldy" or Mt. San Antonio, in San Bernardino County. Among the stockholders were such staunch and prosperous men as Stephen M. White, George Denis, Henry T. Gage, Judge E. M. Ross, L. W. Blinn, J. H. Call, James J. Mellus and some others of equal weight and respectability.

I was approached, if I remember correctly, by Denis and Ross, who, out of the very abundance of their affection for me, told me that Joe Call wanted to sell his stock at actual cost to him. Not that he was not satisfied with his investment—far from it—but because he had another mine so fabulously rich that it would, in a short time after it was opened up, pay off the national debt. He wanted to sell his "Big Horn" stock and develop his latest find with the money. J. H. Shankland, one of my partners, and I, bit. We took Call's stock, and immediately entered the assessment-paying class with our co-stockholders. We never saw Call in the transaction—just put up our money and got his stock.

Fifty thousand dollars had to be paid on the mine on January first, coming. About November first, before that date, I was invited to a conference at Stephen M. White's office, to devise ways and means of raising money. Everyone was wildly enthusiastic. Jim Mellus had just returned from the mine with some fabulously rich specimens. Jim was a stockholder, and was also to get a commission out of the $50,000 to be paid on the following January first.

We all knew Jim, knew he was honest, knew that he would not intentionally do any of us a wrong. At this date I am satisfied that someone salted that ore on Jim. Jim was walking in the seventh heaven of anticipation, a very delirium of joy. Like Colonel Sellers, his "millions" were in sight. He firmly believed that he had the richest mine in the world. Unconscious of any wrong, absolutely honest in his anticipations, just to make us feel good, just to anticipate the great find of ore soon to be uncovered, it might even be possible that he let his samples absorb a little gold dust, or let them get mixed up with some rich rock from some other mining district. If he did so, he did it with the same kindness of heart that a fond mother, feeding her children bread and milk, slips a little good cream into the mixture for their benefit.

How inspiring was Jim's enthusiasm! I remember how he put his arm around my shoulders and congratulated me on my good fortune in getting in at the eleventh hour to this charmed circle of financiers, at a ground floor price.

"That ledge is a mile wide," he said. "Why, we have just got into it. I can trace it on the surface for a mile. Next to the foot (or hanging wall, I don't know which he said), there is ore so rich that it can be sent to the mint without milling."

Of course I felt happy. I swelled up with anticipated joy until I looked as enthusiastic and felt as rich and important as did Denis and Judge Ross, but 'way down in my system, good old nature had implanted a strong bump of caution. I said to the assembled stockholders that I did not like these assays. I remembered the saying of old John Gashweiler, an old-time San Francisco mining man, viz: "Assays no more prove the existence or richness of a mine than the shape of a trotting horse's foot his speed."

I asked how much it would take to have a mill test made. The superintendent of the mine was present, and said at least three tons. "All right, let us get the three tons," I replied. They all leered at me as if I were a lunatic. The winter storms had already set in. In derision they desired to know how I proposed to get three tons of ore from that mine to Los Angeles at that time of year. I told them, "Never mind how, if you say the word, I will get them." They finally told me to go ahead, but most of them felt that it was a useless expenditure of good money to make the venture.

This meeting occurred on Friday. I went to my office and telephoned Ralph Follows of Azusa. I asked him how many pack mules and pack saddles he had. He said between ten and fifteen. I told him to take grain for them, camp outfit for himself and men, and to proceed up the San Gabriel Canyon and meet me at the "Big Horn" mine the following Monday morning. He said he would be there, and I knew he would not fail me.

I did not know any more about a mine than I did about the Koran or the unexplored regions of the Kingdom of Heaven, but I had a friend who knew the game, and in whose honesty, ability and integrity I had every confidence. I got him to go with me. I took two other reliable men and left the city Saturday morning by the Southern Pacific train for Palmdale. There we got a man to haul us to Shoemaker's in Big Rock Canyon. We stayed there all night. On Sunday, Shoemaker drove us up the canyon as far as he could for the snow that was on the ground, and we walked the rest of the way to the mine.

Follows was already there with his pack train. There was a full equipment of men, tools, powder, provisions, etc., on the ground for development work. The superintendent had preceded me to the mine. He had orders from the president of the company that when I got there he was to leave. The men showed us where the pay ore was. They had cross-cut with a tunnel what they said was the ore vein, for a considerable distance. "Any of this," indicating quite a stretch of rock, "is good, free milling ore," they informed us.

It being Sunday, we loafed around, enjoying the scenery, until night. In the sunlight it was delightfully warm. The ground everywhere was covered with snow. In the shade it was uncomfortably cool. That night I slept in a tent. Shortly after going to bed it began to rain. Soon it got cold. The rain ceased and the snow set in. I have had but very little experience with snow in my lifetime. That night I thought I would freeze to death.

The snow drifted in and covered my blankets. The wind circled around and entered that tent from every angle. I lay there and suffered, my teeth chattering. Every bone in my body ached. Toward morning I drifted off into a frozen, broken, troubled sleep. When I awoke the clouds had passed away, and the sun was shining beautifully. Three feet of snow had fallen during the night.

Shivering with cold, with teeth chattering like castanets, I got into my clothes. When I came out of the tent into the snow I was surprised to find the atmosphere not unpleasant. The camp was located on the side of a mountain, a little distance below the summit. The view down the San Gabriel was interrupted by a turn or twist in the canyon. ''Old Baldy'' was due east. Within the limited range of my view, a snowy mantle of exquisite whiteness covered everything. How the snow glistened in the sunlight! The trees were so enveloped and covered with snow that not a leaf or twig was visible. The laden branches bent outward from the trunk. In many places, after the rain of the night before had turned to snow, the water running from the branches of the trees had frozen into icicles, which often extended to the ground or into the drifted snow banks. To me, this was a new experience. It was the first real snow of any consequence I was ever in. The air was absolutely pure. Not a particle of dust or smoke or contamination of any kind vitiated it. The glistening rays of the morning sun made sparkling diamonds on every tree.

Walking was a difficult task, as the snow was soft and deep. As I took in the situation, and thought of the thousands of localities throughout the United States where the snow lies upon the ground for months at a time, I did not wonder at the fact that the population of Southern California was being added to by every train that came from the north or east.

After breakfast, my mining friend took charge of the mine. He blew down sections of ore bodies in various places. We had brought ore sacks with us. We partly crushed the loosened ore with hammers, and handling it so as to get a fair average, went to filling and sewing up the sacks.

In the meantime a number of the miners, with Follows and his animals, went to breaking a trail through the snow, up over the divide, then down the mountain to the edge of the snow line. In places the snow had drifted to a depth of four to six feet. One trip down and back with the mules, without loads on them, rendered the trail fairly passable for loaded animals. I think there were ten pack animals beside the saddle horses. We loaded the mules. I was determined that that ore should not be "monkeyed" with. Two of my men, one carrying blankets and provisions, went out with the first load. One of them stayed with the sacked ore deposited below the snow line, where a wagon was to come for it. The other man came back with the pack train, and as often as it went out loaded he went with it. My mining friend and I kept our eyes on the ore being sacked at the mine.

It was slow going. The mules were much distressed. By twelve o'clock it was so warm that I could walk around in the open air in my shirt sleeves. All that day we moved ore from four to six miles by pack train. That night one man slept with the ore that had been packed out.

It was awfully cold again that night, but Tuesday morning the sun's rays soon dispelled the chill of the atmosphere. By ten o'clock the last of the ore was on the mules and headed down grade.

Bidding the camp adieu, I started on foot for Shoemaker's, fourteen miles distant, to get teams to take out the ore and my men. I told Follows to deposit his last load and then hike back to Azusa, which he did. It was a long walk to Shoemaker's, but I made it in good time. I came back with two wagons and by nightfall we reached Shoemaker's with our ore. We stayed there that night, two men sleeping with the ore. Wednesday morning we were off bright and early for Palmdale. Our ore was loaded into a box car, and two men rode with it to Los Angeles. My mining friend and I returned on a passenger train.

Next day the ore reached the city. There were three tons and seventy pounds of it. It was in Los Angeles one week from the day I had started out for it. We took it to the Llewellyn Iron Works where they worked it up in a five-stamp mill, under the direction of the superintendent of the "Big Horn." It yielded the magnificent sum of one dollar and thirty-seven cents ($1.37) per ton.

I got hold of the returns and called a meeting. We assembled in Stephen M. White's office. I made my report and described my experience in getting the ore out. They were all in ecstasies. I was a hero. Then I told them the ore had been milled, and I had the returns with me. There was a look of expectancy on every face. I announced the result of the mill test. For a moment, you could have heard a pin head (not a whole pin) drop on a Turkish rug.

Jim Mellus was the first to break loose. He denounced me as a dunder-headed idiot. He swore I filled my sacks with porphyry. George Denis, who had indulged in daydreams of a life of leisure spent in his old New Orleans home, with oysters, terrapin, pompano and "bubble water" on his daily bill of fare, tried to smile, but the effort was a complete failure. Judge Ross, who had intended, I imagine, out of his dividends to buy all of the non-producing orange groves in Southern California, looked at me in blank astonishment. L. W. Blinn, who had figured on retiring from the lumber business, wore a "hold-me-before-I-faint" expression. Stephen M. White had no nerves, but he possessed a wonderful fund of humor. He looked around at the assembled stockholders, and then indulged in a good, long, hearty guffaw, which set the blood of the rest of the party in motion and prevented several deaths from heart failure.

Some one moved that the option for the purchase of the mine be abandoned; that work be shut down; that the supplies on hand be sold to the best advantage; that the debts be paid and the project abandoned. The motion carried.

Some other idiots, at a later date, took hold of the "Big Horn." It has been "monkeyed" with from time to time. A mill was built, which was afterwards destroyed by fire, but I have never heard of its having yet paid a dividend.

Later on, in revamping my affairs, I put my highly decorated "Big Horn" stock in an open grate fire. As I watched it being consumed, the picture of the gigantic quartz mill on the stock loomed up in immense proportions. As the flames twisted the paper, I thought I saw the pick of the sturdy miner, standing in the background, move, and I know that the great pile of bar bullion, pictured as standing near the mill, melted into thin air.

CHAPTER XXXI

MY CRIPPLED MULE. HOW HE COULD KICK.

IN THE good old days, some forty years ago, when I was living at the corner of Third and Broadway, I needed a pair of mules for orchard work at our Alhambra place. I told Dr. Cowper, a veterinarian, who lived on and owned, and whose children, if I am not mistaken, still own, the property upon which the Black Building now stands, to pick me up a pair.

A few days afterward he reported that he had been called up to the Newhall Ranch professionally, and while there had seen a pair of gentle mules which the Newhall people would deliver to my place for one hundred and sixty dollars. He said that the price asked was low, because one of the mules had been "hipped" when a colt, leaving him with one hip lower than the other, but that the injury did not affect him and he was the better mule of the two. I learned to my sorrow, later on, that the injury did not affect his kicking qualities or his sense of humor.

At that time a Chinaman, generally known as "Big Jim," but whose name was Chew Pack, was in charge of my place. He was a most admirable man, very handy and a good worker.

Jim had a wife, and three children were born to them while he worked for me. He afterward operated a truck business in Los Angeles, then bought a Chinese drug store, and finally got into the vegetable raising business on a large scale and accumulated quite a fortune.

Some years ago he bought for cash fifteen hundred acres of land somewhere in Manchuria, where, he said, the climate was just like that of Los Angeles. He took from America large quantities of deciduous trees and planted the most of this land to orchards. About the time his trees began to bear, a rebellion occurred in that part of the country, and he had to flee for his life. In 1922, my son found him in Shanghai, practicing medicine until he could go back to his ranch property.

The mules were sent down to the ranch and Jim began to work them. I used to go out there on Sundays and holidays. The first time I did so after the mules came, Jim appeared somewhat depressed. I asked him, "How are the mules?"

He answered, "One, him all light. Other one, all same fool boy, heap likee play." "Work him hard," I told him, "he will settle down."

The next time I went out the first thing Jim said to me was, "I think you better sell him one mule. He blake all."

Jim gyrated around, jumping into the air backward and forward, illustrating to me how this mule would perform every time he hitched him up. I tried to console him, but on every trip I made out there he would greet me with, "I think you better sell him mule. He blake all."

In June, we moved out to the ranch for the summer, as we usually did. The next day I wanted to go up to the Stoneman Canyon, a mile away, to see about the intake of a pipe line which supplied us with water. I told Jim we would go up there and I would drive that mule in my buggy.

"No, no, no," said Jim, "no do that! He blake all." I repeated that I would drive him. I ran out the buggy, a good two hundred and fifty dollar Gates of Bridgeport, Connecticut, buggy, which I had had but a couple of months. Jim, still protesting that we would have trouble, led out the mule with the harness on.

He stood quietly enough while I ran the buggy up and got him between the shafts. We hitched him up. Jim stood at his head, while I got into the buggy. I took up the reins, spoke to the mule and expected to start. He disdainfully looked around at me, his eyes wide open as if with astonishment, then stretched out his neck and broke the check rein.

I got out, took off the broken piece of leather, got a dog chain that was hanging on the barn, used it for a check rein, and put his head up again. Then I got into the buggy, spoke to the mule and touched him with the whip.

A pear tree stood off a few feet to one side. The mule made one leap and landed in the pear tree with his heels dangling pretty close to my face. I slid out sideways.

The first thing I saw was a pick standing against the barn. I took it up, knocked the handle out of it, and I waded into that mule and knocked him clear out of the pear tree. He lit on his feet and Jim grabbed him by the head. I got into the buggy and spoke to him and touched him with the whip. He made just one jump and again landed in the pear tree. I got out of the buggy and I went for him good and hard with that pick handle, at the same time cussing him, just as I used to hear teamsters cuss mules in the early days of California.

The next time I got into the buggy he concluded to go. I drove him out to the outer gate, from which a road led up to the canyon. Jim opened the gate for me. I drove through and stopped. I called to him, "Get in, Jim."

"No," he replied, "I likee walk."

It was a mile to the reservoir in the canyon, and he trotted along and got there about as soon as I did. I tied the mule to a young oak tree. Jim and I adjusted the intake pipe and I got into the buggy to drive home. I again invited Jim to get in, and "No, no, Mr. Graves," he answered, "I likee walk. You see. That mule pretty soon he blake all."

I started off. My mule struck a regular "Maud S." gait, and I was soon at the ranch. Another Chinaman saw me drive up and opened the gate for me. I drove around in front of the barn. This other Chinaman held the mule by the bit.

I got out, spoke kindly to the animal as I walked to his head, and when I reached the Chinaman I told him to unhitch the mule, that I would hold it. He started back to undo the traces.

Just then, His Muleship woke up, as if fired by electricity or dynamite. He began to kick, and he kept it up, while I hung onto his head. He got that buggy up into the air and simply demolished it. There was nothing left of it. Pieces of it filled the air. Some of it went up on top of the barn.

Finally, when there was nothing left but a portion of the shafts, he broke away from me, and with head and tail up, and swinging his head from side to side as a mule often does when he is feeling his oats, and running, he took out through the orchard. Round and round he went, kicking and bucking, until there was nothing but the bridle left on him. At last he came up on a dead run, stopped and snorted, looked around in proud defiance, stuck his head in the air, and hee-hawed in his best mule tenor interspersed occasionally with raucous guttural bass notes.

He was simply laughing at me. Then away he sailed again, and after a few circles he came back, lit stiff-legged, head and tail up, again stuck his nose in the air, and hee-hawed as he had before. Then he quietly walked into the barn.

Just then Jim got back from the canyon. He took off his hat, wiped his brow, looked around at the wreck and fairly roared at me, "Don't I tell you long time before, sell that mule! Don't I tell you long time before, he blake all! Now lookee! Good buggy all smash up! Good harness all bloke!"

There was a man named Gilbert hauling fertilizer into the orchard with a four-horse team, about that time, and he drove in with a load. I stopped him and told him that I had a mule I wanted him to put on his wheel team and leave his other animal for me to work.

We brought out the mule, put a heavy working chain harness on him, and hitched him up. He lunged around a few times, but there was nothing he could break, so he gave up the fight. I told Gilbert to shorten up his traces and let him pull the entire load, and to report to me in a couple of weeks.

At the end of that time, he came in one day when I was at home, with another load. "Why," he said, "this mule is just as quiet as he can possibly be. I worked him four days on a scraper, on a grading job. I think he will be all right now." I told him to drive him a few days longer.

At that time my friend, W. J. Brodrick, whom all the old-timers knew, was superintendent of the one-horse street car line which ran down Main Street. I met him at lunch one day and he said he wanted some good horses or mules for his car line. I told him I had one and would send it in to him.

He wanted to know what I wanted for the mule, and I told him to try him and if he was satisfactory he could pay me whatever he thought was right. I sent the mule in to the car barn, and lo and behold, he took to his job on a street car as if he had drawn one all his life! Going to the court house one day, I went down the east side of Main Street, and was going to cross over in front of a street car, and he saw me. He recognized me. He stopped in his tracks, stuck his nose up in the air and hee-hawed just as he did the day he kicked the buggy to pieces. He was again simply laughing at me.

Brodrick sent me a check for one hundred and fifty dollars for him and said that if I had any more like him to send them on. One day Jim came to me with a peculiar smile on his face and said: "Yesterday I go to town. I get on street car, go out Main Street see my flend washee house. Car start. I look out. I see pulling car him mule long time before here blake him buggy. Pretty soon car stop. I get out. I no likee that mule. I likee walk."

The Author and Mrs. Graves
Leaving Honolulu

CHAPTER XXXII

HONOLULU A THRIVING CITY. PINEAPPLE AND SUGAR CANE RAISING PRINCIPAL INDUSTRIES. STREETS AND ROADS EXCELLENT.

I VISITED Honolulu in June, 1929. On my return an account of my trip was published in the Los Angeles Daily Examiner. With some alterations and additions I here reproduce it as follows:

I have lived in California seventy-four years and, in a very short time, fifty-four years in Los Angeles, and I confess that, during all of that time, I have never visited those magic isles known as the Sandwich Islands until recently. These islands lie approximately three thousand miles due west from Cape Corrientes on the west coast of Mexico, which point is some hundred miles distant south of the southern extremity of Lower California. It is a singular thing that Honolulu, on the Island of Oahu, is nearer in mileage to San Francisco than to Los Angeles. This results from the fact that the California coast falls away to the east very rapidly from San Francisco to Los Angeles, the latter city being as far east as Reno, Nevada, the divorce mecca of the United States.

My wife and I left Los Angeles on the 29th day of June, on the good ship, the *City of Honolulu*, owned by the Los Angeles Steamship Company. We had a most enjoyable and restful trip, reaching Honolulu six days afterward. Nothing is too good to say of the *City of Honolulu* and its service. The table was simply excellent and every attention was paid to passengers. Various forms of amusement were provided to while away the time. As far as I was concerned, I was perfectly willing to sit in a steamer chair, breathe in the glorious atmosphere of the sea and look out upon the broad expanse of blue waters. We had nothing approaching rough weather during the trip and we could hardly feel the motion of the vessel. We had friends on the island who were advised of our coming, and they greeted us most warmly on arrival, decorating us with *leis*, until I looked like a prize heifer at a county or state fair.

The boundaries of the City of Honolulu proper are far flung. This results largely from the fact that, outside of the congested area, the lot holdings are of good size, and each one upon which a dwelling house is situated has its own collection of native fruit trees, which, to some extent, reduces the high cost of living. We stopped at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel, which is situated some distance from the business center of the city. World wide tourists declare that it is the best hotel they ever stopped at, and I can readily believe that this is so. The hotel cost in the neighborhood of five million dollars exclusive of furnishings, which are excellent. The service could not be beaten and the table is all that could be desired, in fact, it is too good for the health of its patrons. All of the help, including those in the dining room, bell boys, elevator boys, and even those who take care of the rooms, are either young Chinese or Filipinos. They are bright, quick, attentive and always on the job.

On riding through Honolulu I was immediately struck by the advances they have made in the building art. One one side of the main street leading through the city is the old palace of the royal regime, still in excellent condition, which was built in 1854. Within an hour after I arrived in Honolulu I attended the inauguration of Governor Judd. He was sworn in on the veranda of this old palace and delivered a very sensible inaugural address. The oath was administered to him by Chief Justice Perry of their supreme court. It seems the Territory has an official named High Sheriff, who, in this instance, was Mr. John C. Lane. He sat next to me at the inauguration, introduced himself and pointed out to me all the celebrities present. The services were very impressive. After the address there was a military salute of seventeen guns, then the Royal Hawaiian Band played the national Hawaiian air and the Star-Spangled Banner.

On the opposite side of this same street is the oldest building in Honolulu. It is a frame building, built in 1821, weatherboarded on the outside, and all of the material for it was brought around the Horn. I do not think Los Angeles can boast of a frame building of any such age, as at that remote period all of her buildings were of adobe. As I said before, the people of Honolulu are up to date in the building art. They are now finishing a magnificent new city hall. All of their public buildings are imposing and substantial. The day after the inauguration of Governor Judd, everything in the old palace, which is occupied by the territorial officials, was moved out, as the building was going to be thoroughly overhauled.

In the down-town business district there are many buildings which would compare favorably with those of any city in the United States, and there are bank buildings in Honolulu which are superior, in exterior and in interior finish, to any bank building in Los Angeles City. I was surprised at the magnificent mercantile establishments. Stores that would do credit to Broadway in our city abound, and they seem to be well stocked and well patronized.

The school buildings throughout the city would be a credit to any city in America, and they are very numerous. In addition to the regular school buildings there are buildings in which the Hawaiian children are compelled to go to school for a certain period in each year.

Every religious sect, I think, in the world, is represented in Honolulu, and all of them have imposing churches, charitable institutions and orphan asylums, which makes the number of those buildings quite large. There is a reform school for boys and also one for girls.

The streets of the city proper are all thoroughly well paved, being surfaced with asphaltum, all of which is taken from California, and all of the leading country roads are macadamized and surfaced with asphaltum. The cost, under the circumstances, is, of course, high. I was shown a road sixteen feet wide, leading to the Pali, which I was told cost eighty thousand dollars per mile to construct.

Within three hundred yards of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel is quite an extensive Chinese vegetable garden. Ditches of water run through it and the vegetables are irrigated by Chinamen with sprinkling pots, just as they were in California seventy years ago, and the plowing is done with water buffaloes. They are huge, cumbersome looking beasts, entirely black, with large horns. They seem to understand their business, are always fat, and quite tractable.

One is simply overpowered at the floral display. Trees as large as oak trees are in full blossom. I am not going to try to tell you the names of any of them, but when we got there one tree was just beginning to boom, (in many instances they line the sidewalks), and a few days afterward the tree was simply a mass of brilliant red. There are two other varieties of the same tree, one of which is called the Golden Shower, and the other one has the same sort of blossom as the red blossom except that it is pink. Flowers abound everywhere and roses seem to do especially well.

The hotel is approached by a circular drive coming up to the front door, and within that circle there is a tree called the Monkey-pod Umbrella Tree, not large in size, but I think it has a spread of top greater than that of any oak tree in California. The foliage is of a light green interspersed everywhere with a bright scarlet blossom. In the rear of the hotel is a magnificent garden in which are quite a number of very tall cocoanut trees. Arbors, covered with blooming creepers of various hues, make a very impressive picture.

It was my good fortune to see a native climb the tallest of these cocoanut trees. It was taller than the hotel and I think was at least one hundred feet high. He was in a bathing suit and barefooted. He took hold of the tree with his hands and walked right up it without any trouble. When he reached the top where the cocoanuts grew he looked like an ant, instead of a man. Near the top the tree was not over three inches in diameter, and after he had picked and thrown down such cocoanuts as he wanted, he took hold of the trunk of the tree where it was small, held himself out at right angles in every direction, and performed all sorts of acrobatic stunts. Then he came down on the underside of the tree. All the cocoanut trees seem to lean over and of course that is an assistance to the climber, but he

Royal Hawaiian Hotel, Honolulu, from the Sea Front

King Street at Fort Street, Honolulu

waived that assistance and came down, as I say, on the underside of the tree, a most remarkable feat.

There are splendid beaches on the island and bathing is a very popular pastime. The native swimmers, who act as teachers and as guards at the hotel grounds, are marvels of efficiency. They are wonderful as surf board riders. I saw one of them run a surf board a quarter of a mile out through the breakers, turn around and start shoreward. He first stood up, then reached down and took hold of the sides of the surf board with his hands, and finally stood on his head and rode in that manner through the breakers right up onto the dry sand. On another occasion the same swimmer took a man out with him, and when he turned around and stood up he hoisted this man to his shoulder. I saw him take little Ruth Armstrong, one of my grandchildren, five years of age, out on his surf board for a quarter of a mile, and when he came back he was standing up with the child on his shoulder.

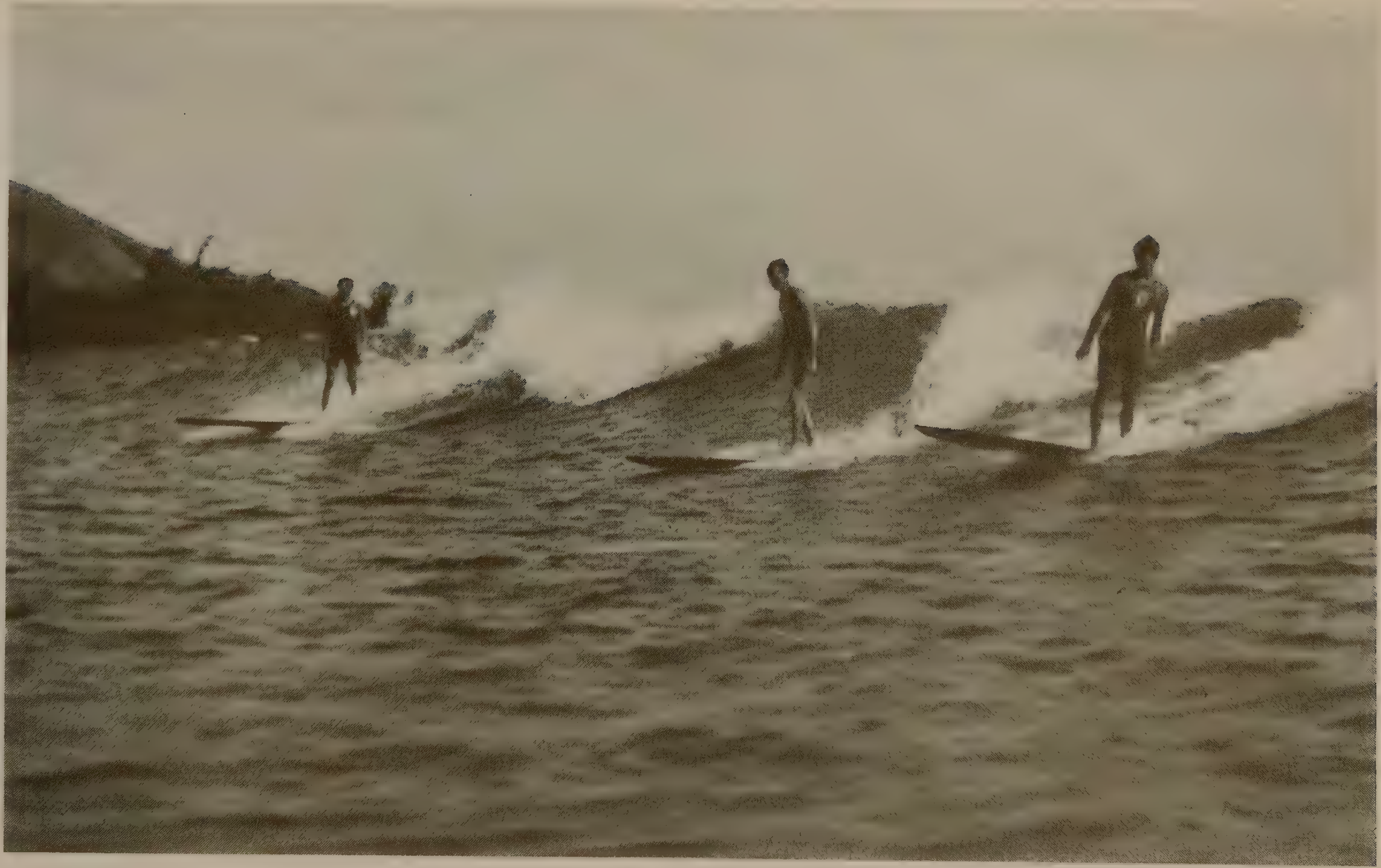
The native Hawaiians certainly enjoy sports. One Sunday afternoon, the professional swimmers, after they had been working all day, got out into the water and were just fooling around. A number of them stood in the water about up to their waists and pretended to be playing baseball. There were the pitcher and the catcher and the man with the bat, all going through the usual motions, and when the ball was supposed to have been struck the man who struck it started out and dove and swam to the next base, and they seemed to enjoy it immensely. One of them pretended to have a rod, made a cast into the ocean, held his rod, and pretty soon he pretended to have a bite and began to reel in, and one of his companions appeared out in the water, diving, just about as a big yellowtail would if he were hooked. The man who pretended to have the rod walked out reeling as he went. When he reached the supposed fish he took him by the hair, dragged him up to the beach and reached down and pretended to take the hook out of the fish's mouth. Then he took the victim by his two feet, stood him on his head and posed, while a companion on the shore, with a soapbox, pretended to take a photograph of the successful fisherman. They certainly know how to enjoy life and do it to the full.

Of course the two great agricultural industries of the Island of Oahu, upon which Honolulu is situated, are sugar cane growing and pineapple growing. In 1928, the income of the islands from sugar amounted to seventy-seven million dollars; from pineapples, thirty-five million dollars; while more than two million dollars worth of coffee was produced. There must also be quite a revenue from a tuna packing plant operated near Honolulu. The tourist crop, mark my words, will be the third big crop of the islands. When people find out that they can go there in summertime with the greatest comfort, the tourist trade will quadruple and then grow.

There are three pineapple canneries in the city. I visited all of them. The Dole is the largest. When I went in I presented my card to a young lady. She went out with it, and instead of sending the usual guide to show us around, the superintendent came and was very attentive to us. We went all through the cannery, but before leaving the reception room the young lady asked us if we would have a drink of pineapple juice. She drew it from a faucet, as we would water, and the container in which the pineapple juice was kept was not in sight, but it must have been surrounded by ice as the juice was deliciously cool and tasted better than any champagne that ever passed the lips of a man or woman.

There were four thousand employes in the cannery the day we were there. Women of every nationality were working side by side, all clad in white, heads covered, and wearing upon their hands rubber gloves, so that the meat of the pineapple is not touched by the human hand. Much of the work is done by machinery which has been invented by Americans in the business right on the island. A boy loads onto a moving conveyor pineapples from the lugs or boxes which they come in. This conveyor carries them to a machine which removes the hull and takes out a large round piece of pineapple meat, which looks for all the world like a two-pound roll of butter, such as one used to see upon the market in the old days. This roll drops upon a conveyor and girls standing on each side of it seize these rolls and cut off with a knife any little imperfections at the end. The pineapple then passes on to a machine which slices it, and the slices, still on the conveyor, pass to other help, who put them

Nahiawa Pineapple Fields Covering Thousands of Acres in Hawaiian Islands



Surf Riding at Waikiki Beach

in cans. Opposite each girl who is engaged in that employment is a tray on which to set her cans until it is full. A male attendant then sets the tray on two parallel strips about a foot from the floor. When his trays are piled as high as he can reach, a funny looking little automobile, with two projections in front, comes along, is slipped under the trays, a movement of the hand raises them off of the base upon which they sit, and they are whirled away to the place where the pineapples are cooked in the cans. Somewhere on the journey they are supplied with juice. After the cooking they pass on a container and the lids are sealed by machinery onto the cans, and they then pass on to a labeling department, all of which is done by machinery. This cannery will put up three million six hundred thousand cases of two dozen cans each, this season.

The Dole Pineapple Cannery has a record of putting up forty-one thousand cases of pineapple, each containing two dozen cans, in ten hours. The California Packing Company has a cannery which is separated from the Dole by the California Can Company, and cans roll in to both of the canneries from the can company, on automatic conveyors. The Dole grounds comprise twenty-six acres of which nineteen are covered by buildings. I would not attempt to say accurately how much sugar I saw piled up there, but it looked to me like the sacks covered an acre of ground and were twice as high from the floor as I am tall.

The same process is followed in the cannery of the California Packing Company and in that of Libby, McNeill & Libby, which is in the same neighborhood. The latter have six thousand acres of pineapples growing. The culture is carried on with the greatest care and at considerable expense. Pineapples grow without water and the sugar cane requires an immense amount of water, so the pineapples are grown where there is no water, even upon almost mountain sides. The land is thoroughly prepared with tractors. Then a strip, about three feet wide, is covered with mulch and then with tarred paper, even if it is a mile long. On each side of this strip is left an open space about three feet wide. The pineapple slips, taken from growing pineapples, are planted by iron instruments through this tarred paper, which holds the moisture while the slips are sprouting. On this prepared area, in some places I saw two and in some places three rows of pineapples, and the pineapples are set quite closely together. The open strips on each side of these rows are frequently throughly cultivated. Five thousand slips are planted to an acre. The first crop matures in from twelve to eighteen months from planting and each plant bears one pineapple. Then all the slips on the plant except two are taken off and planted somewhere else. In twelve months, each of these two bears a better pineapple than the first crop. A third crop is also made when the field is plowed up and replanted. Owing to a lack of rainfall, the pineapple crop of 1929 was exceedingly short. Merchants here tell me they could not get anything like the quantity they desired.

The pineapple is oval in shape. When it passes the first machine which takes off the hull and takes out the heart, as before related, there is considerable meat left sticking to the sides of the hull. These hulls pass on to another machine which takes the meat out in the shape of pulp, and it is made into pineapple jam. Formerly the hulls were thrown away or burned, but now they pass on to a drying machine, and after being dried are ground into a bran which is very valuable for stock feed. Science is gradually eliminating all waste from the pineapple product.

Sugar cane fields are thoroughly cultivated by tractor power, before planting, and are highly fertilized annually. Rows are laid off, about two feet apart, with an instrument like a shovel plow. Short sections of sugar cane are planted in the bottom of these rows. The ground is then thoroughly irrigated and the cane soon sprouts. It takes eighteen months to mature a crop from the time of planting. The sugar cane is enveloped from top to bottom with an enormous number of leaves which look like palm leaves. While the fields are green they look like one solid mass of greenery. Formerly, when the cane was ripe, these leaves were stripped off by hand, but one day some bright fellow said, "Why not burn them off?" So now, when a field is ready to be cut they strike a match to it and the leaves go like a flash of powder, leaving the blackened stalks. They say that the fire concentrates the sweetness in the stalk and is beneficial as it kills all sorts of bugs and insects, but the effect upon those who have to cut and carry the cane to the little cars that run on portable tracks, is serious. Both men and women are black from head to foot from contact with the burnt cane. Every field is equipped with portable tracks and small cars, and the cane, when cut, is laid up on them like cord wood. If the plantation is near a mill, the cars are transported to the mill by horse or mule power, but if at a long distance to the mill, these cars run off from the portable track onto a narrow gauge track and are carried some distance to the sugar mills, where the cane is converted into sugar. I did not have time, although some of the mills were running, to see the operation of sugar making.

Constant irrigation of the sugar cane occurs and immense sums of money have been spent on irrigation projects. Much of the water is obtained from wells drilled to a depth often of five or six hundred feet and frequently but a little distance removed from the ocean. The water is very soft and is as good for domestic purposes as any in the world. The amount of water necessary to produce sugar is enormous. In a pamphlet issued by the Sugar Growers' Association the almost unbelievable statement is made that it takes one million gallons of water to produce one ton of sugar.

Before reaching Schofield Barracks, a military reservation, we crossed a wonderful aqueduct carrying water. It appears to be at least six feet deep and four and one-half or five feet wide and is made of hewn stone laid up in cement. This aqueduct and a tunnel which runs under a mountain to a reservoir where rain water is collected, cost two million, seven hundred fifty thousand dollars, and furnishes water to a large cane-growing section.

Many of the plantations are operated under leases made many years ago at quite a low rental figure. As these leases expire they are renewed at rentals which would make a Los Angeles real estate boomer's hair stand on end. Illustrating the rental value of sugar lands, one of the old-time residents of Honolulu owned, on the Island of Oahu, a splendid plantation of eleven thousand acres. He leased it for a period of sixty years. Eleven years of the term had yet to run. He has been dead these many years and the property is now vested in his heirs. To secure a fifty-year extension, the lessees of the property are paying the present owners three hundred thousand dollars a year for the eleven years of the old lease yet to run, and then for fifty years additional, three hundred thousand dollars per year and three percent of the net profits. The returns must necessarily be large to support any such rental values.

Poi, a favoite dish of the natives, is made from the roots of a plant called taro. It is grown in great quantities and in standing water. I do not know how much it yields per acre, but I saw enough growing, it seemed to me, to feed poi to the population of the universe.

Banana trees are scattered here and there. Papaia grows everywhere and is pronounced by physicians to be one of the healthiest foods grown. It is eaten as we do our morning muskmelon. They use lemon juice with it and I found it more palatable by adding a little salt. The flesh is the exact color of a good ripe California muskmelon.

The mango is quite a delicious fruit, and when thoroughly ripe it has a lingering taste of a well-flavored California pear. They are very juicy and exceedingly rich. Avocados are produced also in great profusion.

There are quite a number of dairies on the island but, strange to say, not a pound of butter is produced there. All butter used is imported from New Zealand, Australia and California. Good forage on the island is scarce and all the milk and cream produced is used domestically and not converted into butter. I saw some alfalfa growing but it was not vigorous looking, like the many fields we have in California. The dairy stock is of the very best, being largely Guernseys, Holsteins and Jerseys.

All the beaches on the island present the same disgusting cigarette-smoking scenes of male and female semi-nudity as do the beaches of Southern California. To me it is all disgusting. Perhaps, however, I am too old and too old-fashioned to appreciate the psychology of the younger generation. I never saw anywhere on earth as much smoking among women, not the Hawaiian women, but among those who were visiting the island, as I saw there. Young girls, middle-aged women and old ladies seemed to vie with each other in the rapidity with which they could, respectively, consume a cigarette.

The drives throughout the island simply cannot be described—mountain drives where the roads are totally enclosed overhead with trees, flowers of every kind blooming on all sides. In the mountain regions there is what is called a one-day yellow lily, I think the most beautiful thing I ever saw. It blooms in the morning and is gone by night, when left in the open. Equally beautiful with this one-day lily is the night-blooming cereus, a beautiful white flower, as big as a quart measure. The yellow petals circling the inside of the flower simply cannot be described. They bloom at dark, and the minute the sun strikes them they are gone. There is a wall about three-quarters of a mile long, in Honolulu, covered with them, and one evening I think we saw ten thousand blooms upon it. The plant upon which it grows is a flat, narrow strip, about two inches wide, and looks exactly like cactus, but has no thorns upon it. It grows anywhere. Many of the mountain roads have retaining walls on the outside, and they are planting inside of the walls these night-blooming cereus plants, and the walls will soon be covered with blooms at night time. They bloom about every two weeks for several months in the year.

The so-called drive around the island, which is, to some extent a misnomer, as quite a large portion of the island is not embraced in it, is a very pleasurable one. It follows the western seashore of the island for many miles. Plantations of sugar-cane, bananas, and fields of pineapples line the way. High mountains, incapable of cultivation, are in the background. Rice fields are abundant, and where the water is shallow, artificial fish ponds have been made by building dikes out into the ocean. Fresh water is mingled with the ocean water, and mullet, especially, flourish in these fish ponds. Fishermen who have very heavy catches of fish which cannot be immediately disposed of, often deposit them in these ponds, and have the pleasure, later on, of again catching them.

Honolulu simply swarms with children. They are everywhere. There are many Chinese and Japanese stores, and if you go into one of them you will find the proprietor and his wife in charge, each of them with a child in their arms, and several playing on the floor. The birth rate is far in excess of the death rate, and I fear one of the problems in time will be a surplus population without anything to employ it; in fact, there is considerable unemployment now, while they are constantly importing workers for the sugar fields. I was told that many government employes only work half a day, so as to give others a chance to work the other half of the day. Every manufacturing line should be encouraged so that the things now imported could be made in Honolulu and occupation be provided for the growing population of the island.

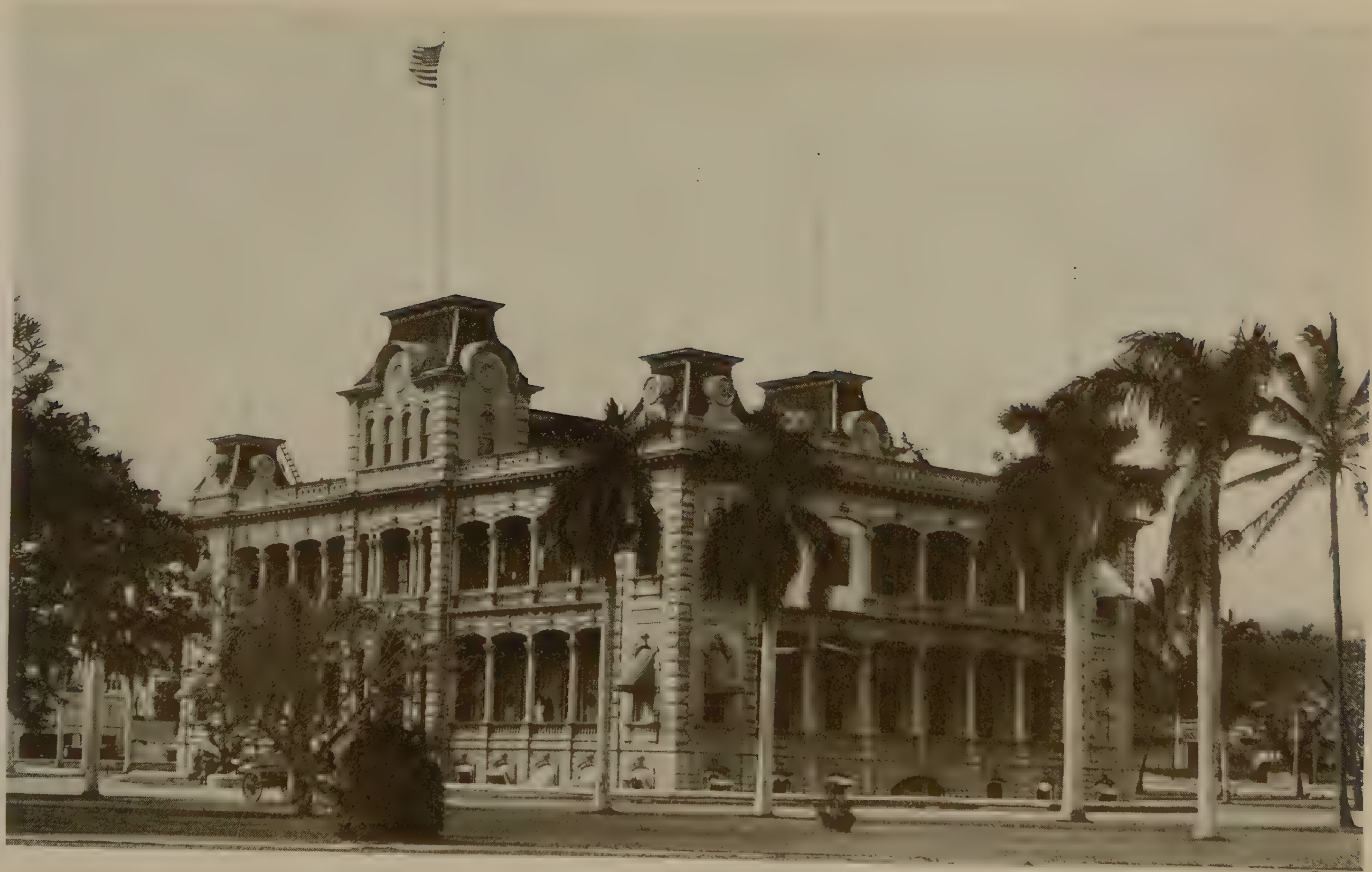
In the office of one of the large pineapple canning companies I saw two or three Chinese girls using typewriters from shorthand notes, others taking dictation in shorthand, and Chinese and Hawaiian young men and women working on account books. The manager of this packing house told me that these young people are quick to learn and are faithful and competent.

The Territory has a compulsory school law which compels all children of every nationality and class to go through the grade schools, and many of them then go through the high schools. As a result of the education of these children there is a superfluity of bookkeepers, stenographers, etc., and more laborers are gradually imported, to add to the population. Their children will also be educated out of the laboring class, so that you can readily see that Honolulu has its problems to solve as well as the rest of the world.

They have imported for experimental purposes trees from many sections of the world. The banyan tree grows wonderfully. I was shown one of which it was said that it was the only one on the island that had not been trimmed. It was a sight to behold. Sprouts start out everywhere from the limbs, reach downward until they come in contact with the earth, and immediately take root and grow, so that the ground is simply a mass of these upright connections between the tree and the ground. On one occasion I saw thousands of the Australian cedar, which, as far as the leaf is concerned, looks like the Iolanthus. It is the wood from which cigar boxes are made, and without doubt it can be grown commercially on much of Hawaiia's waste ground.

We visited Schofield Barracks, situated upon a military reservation of some seven thousand acres of land twenty-four miles

Honolulu Harbor



Royal Palace, Honolulu. Territorial Legislature Meets in the Original Throne Room from Honolulu and at an elevation of one thousand feet above that city, making the climate an ideal one. Soldiers there, who have been all over the world, say that the nights are the most refreshing they ever spent anywhere. The Schofield Barracks are simply amazing in size and have many reinforced concrete buildings, several stories in height. The streets are all laid out at right angles and paved. These barracks are the largest in the world and are capable of caring for sixty thousand men exclusive of the officers. I would not venture to say how many officers' cottages and quarters I saw, but they are very numerous, all vine-embowered and comfortable looking. Everything about the grounds is spick and span and it has a military atmosphere. One would know what it is without being told.

We were also entertained at lunch by Commander Causey, in charge of Pearl Harbor, and shown over this wonderful governmental proposition. All the ships there, of every description, were in first-class condition, and men trained to the minute. We saw submarines which have a record of actual performance of being sunk fifty feet below the surface, brought to the surface and sixteen deadly shots fired, and returned to a depth of fifty feet below the surface, all in the incredible space of four minutes.

The splendid forest of tanks built by our fellow-citizen, Mr. E. L. Doheny, at a cost of some twelve million dollars, and which, through petty political spite, the government has not paid for, loom up magnificently. I hardly think this great government can take possession of and use these tanks without paying for them, and yet Congress delayed for more than twenty years to reimburse the Southern Pacific Company for the money it spent in saving the Imperial Valley from utter destruction by floods, which work was done at the earnest request of President Roosevelt; and when they did pay the Company they cut its reasonable bill in two and then some.

Diamond Head, the first point of land to be seen when one approaches the Island of Oahu, is also thoroughly fortified; and with it, Pearl Harbor, and the infantry from Schofield Barracks in earnest cooperation, and assisted by the flying forces of the army and navy, all the powers of the world could not take the City of Honolulu.

Honolulu has a most complete street car system which seems to be well patronized. The population of the islands is about one hundred and ten thousand, one-third of which are Japanese; twenty per cent, Filipinos; fifteen to eighteen per cent, Chinese, and the balance are of all nationalities combined.

There are twenty-seven thousand licensed automobiles on the island and this number is being added to every day. I was reliably informed that sixty per cent of the machines being brought there are paid for in cash. The machines are of good quality, the automobile dealers' stores are well stocked, and sales are going on all the time. Everybody drives a car, that is, every nationality, Chinese, Filipinos, Hawaiians, Japanese and Americans. Most of the Hawaiians seem to be very kind to children and you will often pass a car driven by a Filipino, a Japanese or a Hawaiian, loaded with small children, and the youngsters seem to enjoy the outings thus obtained as much as our own children do here at home. But twenty-seven thousand cars for one hundred and ten thousand people seems to be a large number of automobiles. Our merchants should cultivate trade with the islands.

All the wit is not on this side of the water. I heard two very good stories, both of which were new to me, but which may be old chestnuts. In one instance, a young Catholic priest who had just been ordained and who was rather unsophisticated, was visited by a man who told him that he was a great sinner, that he had sinned against the laws of both God and man. He added, "I am a bootlegger." The young man did not know what a bootlegger was but said to the man, "I suppose you are sorry for what you have done, are penitent and are willing to do penance." "I am," replied the culprit. There was an older priest a couple of doors from the sanctuary occupied by this young priest, so he excused himself, went to the older priest and said: "Father Regan, there is a bootlegger in my office. What shall I give him?" Father Regan replied, "If it is good stuff give him ten dollars a quart. It is not worth a damn cent more."

The other story goes as follows: A native chauffeur was driving two highbrow Boston ladies through the country and they passed the Mormon Temple, which is some thirty miles from Honolulu, in the middle of a Mormon settlement. One of the ladies asked him what that building was. He replied, "That is the Mormon Temple." "What," said one of the ladies, "have they Mormons here?" "Oh, yes," replied the chauffeur. "And do they practice polygamy?" she ventured. The chauffeur, not understanding the meaning of the word and thinking she referred to their church services, said, "Yes, every Sunday and Wednesday night."

I thoroughly enjoyed every moment of my stay on the island and it was with great reluctance that I took the steamer for the return trip. The *City of Honolulu* did not sail again until the twenty-seventh, and it was imperative that I should be home before the first of August. So on the nineteenth we sailed on the *Malolo* of the Matson Line to San Francisco. This is also a splendid vessel and is said to have cost eight million dollars. We had a very enjoyable trip, marred a little by some time spent in docking. Twenty-four government inspectors were to have boarded the vessel at a certain time, but they were a half hour late, and we had to stand out in the cold and fog waiting for them. They inspected our baggage and sealed it.

When we were taking the steamer for the homeward trip we were literally loaded down with flowers, as shown by photograph reproduced herewith. We reached Los Angeles on the morning of the twenty-fifth, and notwithstanding the beauties of Honolulu, our own home town was inviting.

CHAPTER XXXIII

THE OLD ORDER PASSES AND IMPERCEPTIBLY THE NEW IS USHERED IN.

IN MY seventy-seven years upon this glorious earth of ours, I have seen the old-fashioned two-horse plow (one of which I, in my tender youth, followed for many weary hours), supplemented by the horse-drawn gang-plow, which in turn yielded to the motor-driven gang-plow. I have seen the hand scythe surrender to the horse-drawn mowing machine. I have seen the old-fashioned horse-power threshing machine yield to a motor-drawn machine which cut and threshed grain at the same time. The same development has occurred in every branch of industry other than farming. The tallow dip by which our mothers read to us in childhood gave way to the oil lamp and later to the electric light. The oxen-drawn freight wagons of my early days were succeeded by mule and horse-power, and these by steam railroads, and the latter are now being rivaled for both passenger and freight traffic by gasoline-propelled stages and trucks. The airplane now is even crowding the latter and it looks as if, in the future, the sky may be the means of transportation for both freight and passengers rather than the surface of the earth.

But of all the changes wrought in everything that affects the life and comfort of the human race, to my mind none of them is as marvelous as the radio. Just think of people in every city in the United States being in touch with Byrd in his expedition to the South Pole regions! If a dog is lost by him, we know it immediately. We not only receive information as to every step he is taking, of the condition of the atmosphere, the absence or presence of life in any form, but we send messages to him. Instead of long months of uncertainty as to what fate has overtaken him, we are informed each day of his activities. At the same time, he and the members of his party know what we at home are doing.

On Christmas Day, 1929, at my home in Alhambra, I listened to Christmas greetings from Berlin, relayed to us on this coast through the American Broadcasting Company. A German delivered Christmas greetings in the German language, perfectly enunciated. The same voice, in correct English with a slight German accent, repeated the greetings in the English language. Then for half an hour there was given a musical concert, with every note distinctly rendered. When they played the ''Blue Danube,'' the melody was so distinct, so captivating, that one could almost waltz sitting in his chair. As one adjunct of the radio, we have the talking movies. When we contemplate these things well may we ask, ''What next?''

The world is going through a period of evolution. Changes in the manner of doing things are constantly occurring. Mechanical inventions have revolutionized many industries, often to the detriment of the human element, that is to say: machines have eliminated human labor. The generation now coming to maturity was not brought up in the hard school of adversity. Our system of education is such that most of our high school graduates shun employment which calls for hard labor. They are all looking for an easy path to follow. It would be well enough for them to take notice of the fact that when depressions come on, labor which produces luxuries is first affected; so that, in choosing a career, it would be well enough for them to attach themselves to those things which are producing necessaries and which will always be necessaries. The chances of unemployment in such lines are much less than in those lines which produce only luxuries.

Mechanical inventions have cheapened cost of production and yet the consumer does not get the benefit thereof. Business combinations, trusts and monopolies, and high tariffs on imports, add to the prices of every commodity that the human family needs or purchases.

While we are making material progress, the morals of the nation are not improving. Crime seems to be increasing. The number of criminals multiplies. Our prisons are so full that the parole system is abused to make room for those recently convicted. Modern criminals do not seem to have any fear of the law. A mistaken leniency on the part of many judges has much to do with this. There are too many tramps who prefer temporary imprisonment to hard labor. Yet we are spending ever-increasing millions on educational facilities. Many teachers are tinged with Socialism, and the leaning to that destructive doctrine is perhaps unconsciously imparted to their pupils. You see on the streets boys going to or coming from school, many of them under fifteen years of age, smoking cigarettes. This is undoubtedly a baneful habit for either young or old. No cigarette smoker smokes in moderation. I am not informed as to the extent to which the habit affects the health of the smoker. You will notice that sudden deaths from heart disease seem to be unusually numerous, and I wonder whether the tobacco habit has anything to do with this alarmingly increasing disease. Our churches and cathedrals seem to multiply in both number and magnificence. They do not, however, seem to be able to lessen crime or improve morals. I fear that there are too many ministers who are all cant, which is so palpable to their congregations that their influence for good is curtailed thereby. On the other hand, there are thousands of ministers and priests whose influence is wholesome and regenerating. Nevertheless, we seem as a people to be straying away from those high standards of morality which are necessary for the happiness of the individual and the success of the nation. I fear that the automobile, encouraging all sorts of night excursions on the part of the young, the movies and the radio, all encourage free and easy habits of life and thought which are not for the best interests of society or the social state.

CHAPTER XXXIV

WE ARE NEVER TOO OLD TO LEARN.

AS STATED elsewhere in this book, in my youth some of our family, every summer, used to visit a brother of my mother, who lived at Quincy, in Plumas County, California, some ninety miles from Marysville. His name was James H. Haun, and to us he was "Uncle Jimmie." The maiden name of his wife was Martha Hurst, but he always called her "Patsy," and we children always called her "Aunt Patsy." As a youth I was much bothered in my mind as to how a woman could ever acquire the name of Patsy.

Some little time ago I was reading a book entitled, "An Autobiography of America," and in it there was a chapter devoted to Thomas Jefferson. It quoted a letter written by him, while in Paris, "To his daughter Martha," and the letter began, "My dear Patsy." The moment I read this I wondered if, in the Southern States, Patsy was a nickname for Martha. Both Uncle Jimmie Haun and Aunt Patsy came from Lexington, Kentucky, but their forebears were Virginians. Accordingly, I wrote to Mr. John M. Miller, Jr., President of the First and Merchants National Bank of Richmond, Virginia, asking him if this was so. He very courteously replied that he could not personally answer the question, but that he had written to several people who would know, and that when he heard from them he would inform me. I recently received a letter from him, dated January 23, 1930, in which he says:

"Miss Ellen Glasgow, the authoress, writes me that, so far as she is aware, the name 'Patsy' has always been used in Virginia as a diminutive of Martha. She thinks the form may have been first brought over from Ireland, but of this she is not perfectly sure.

"Dr. D. S. Freeman, Editor of *The News Leader*, and one of the best informed literary men in Virginia, I quote as follows: 'Your correspondent is right in saying that "Patsy" is a Virginia corruption of Martha. It is generally supposed that "Patsy" is derived from Patty, and that Patty is a childish form of Martha.'

"Mr. Standard, Secretary of the Virginia Historical Society, has the following to say: 'Patsy is a common substitute for Martha.'

"Miss Mary Johnston, the authoress, has the following to say: 'As to the name "Patsy" being used as a nickname for Martha, I have no positive knowledge, but I am inclined to think that in old times it was—though I do not know.' "

Mr. Miller further states that on talking to an aged colored woman from Jamaica, he asked her if in Jamaica "Patsy" was ever used for Martha. She said that it was, that she had an aunt named Martha and they always called her Patsy, and she had known of others. She said that she thought that the "old people" had used it long ago for a pet name, and that it was not given to Marys, or Sarahs, or anybody but Marthas.

I noticed in reading a "Life of George Washington" recently, that his stepdaughter was named Martha and was nicknamed Patsy.

Again I state, we are never too old to learn. For nearly seventy years this question has been bothering me, and I am glad to say that it is now settled.

My Aunt Patsy was an elderly lady and quite stout. Just before the Civil War their son, John H. Haun, went back to Kentucky to dispose of twenty-five or thirty slaves which they had left there when they came to California, hiring them out to some of their relatives. At that time, people were aware of the brewing storm and were not very anxious to buy slaves. The war broke out, her son entered the confederate army, was made a prisoner and was confined for twenty-eight months in Camp Chase. Aunt Patsy used to smoke a pipe, and on warm summer days she would sit by an open window. She was very talkative over her misfortunes, bewailing the loss of the slaves, and, of course, suffering great anguish over the fate of her son and other

Kentucky relatives. She did not know whether she would ever see him again, but after the war he returned to California, and died only a few years since. I am afraid that her sentiments toward our National government, if they had been reported to the authorities, would have landed her in jail also. While detailing her woes she would let her pipe go out and on lighting it would throw the burnt match out of the window, and I honestly believe that, one summer when I was there, there was a pile of burnt matches fully a foot high lying on the ground outside of her window. All the old ladies in Quincy would call on her, ostensibly to console her, but I think largely to hear her talk. On one occasion, when she was both lachrymose and belligerent, trying to console her I asked her if her son was not safer in Camp Chase than he would be in the army, and being shot at. She upbraided me and said that I had no pride of ancestry and did not appreciate the disgrace of "a Haun" being confined in a Yankee prison.

The doctrine that we are never too old to learn should apply to nations as well as individuals. At the present time we seem to be governed by over-confident theorists. Their visionary schemes for assistance to the people of foreign nations have got away with their better judgment. At present they are urging our country to join the League of Nations and to become a member of the World Court and join in the international bank. These were the pet dreams of the late Woodrow Wilson. The masses of the American people, even many of the leaders of his own party, fortunately disagreed with him. A majority of Congress, as at present constituted, is against these propositions. They have taken to heart the farewell message of President Washington wherein he advised Americans to avoid all entangling alliances with foreign powers.

If we attend to our own affairs, including prohibition, we will have our hands full. We should treat all foreign nations fairly, deal with them in good faith, demand from them proper treatment of our citizens sojourning at any time with them, and give their citizens sojourning with us the same treatment. We should foster trade relationship with all the world, taking from its various nations their commodities which we do not produce and selling them our surplusage of agricultural products and of our manufacturing industries. But at no time and under no circumstances should we participate in their dissensions, which we would be compelled to do were we to become a member of the League of Nations or the World Court.

In this country, fortunately, in theory at least, the majority rules. I am satisfied that if a national referendum were taken, all of these propositions would be rejected. In any international question which would come before the League of Nations or the World Court, America would be in a hopeless minority. The safeguards suggested that we adopt as a condition of joining these ventures, could easily be broken down in a case of emergency. All will remember that the Kaiser and the German nation, after violating the neutrality of Belgium, in face of a solemn treaty not to do so, instantly dubbed the treaty "a scrap of paper." Our reservations could easily be treated in the same manner.

GOODYEAR
NC-8-A

The Goodyear Blimp in Which the Author Made a Trip

The Author After His Trip

CHAPTER XXXV

MY FIRST AIR RIDE. THE GOODYEAR BLIMP "VOLUNTEER." A WONDERFUL EXPERIENCE.

FIFTY-FIVE years ago, I traveled over portions of Los Angeles County on horseback. Subsequently, I visited other portions of it in a buggy or light wagon. When automobiles came into use, I ventured into every accessible corner of the county in a machine. I enjoyed all of these excursions. The country was comparatively unsettled in those days, the landscapes were unobstructed by buildings and a natural wildness gave them charm. On Saturday, February 8, 1930, I made my first journey in the air, at the invitation of Mr. John W. Mapel, President of the Goodyear Tire & Rubber Company of California, who sent Mr. Quinn, in an automobile, to the bank for me. I went with the latter to the Goodyear Works, on Florence Avenue in Los Angeles City.

There I found the "Volunteer," a blimp, which is an airship of the balloon type, in the hangar. It is one hundred and twenty-eight feet long, thirty-seven feet in diameter, and is equipped with two seventy horse-power Ryan-Siemans motors. The balloon portion of the blimp is covered with heavy rubberized linen cloth, painted white. It was anchored in the hangar by ropes and was also weighted down by canvas sacks containing some heavy material. It was quite interesting to see it tuned up for flight. The motors were started to warm them up. When they were ready to take the blimp out of the hangar, a dozen men held onto the anchor ropes, which were untied from their fastenings, and the blimp, slowly and with apparent ease, was led from the hangar to a position a couple of hundred yards from the hangar. It was held down until the pilot and his assistant took their seats and I stepped into the cabin, which was a couple of feet from the ground and reached by a ladder with two steps on it. Then, some of the weighted bags were removed, ropes were cast off, the motors started, and we took to the air as gracefully as a canvasback duck leaves the water. There was no jar or swaying motion, hardly a sensation of moving. The motors, while outside of the cabin, are necessarily quite noisy. When sufficient altitude had been gained, we swung slowly to the right.

As we left the ground I recalled the fact that right there on Florence Avenue, then unimproved open country, some fifty years ago, I chased jackrabbits with a greyhound. One occasion especially came to my mind. Mrs. Graves was with me in a buggy. She held in her arms our eldest daughter, now Mrs. H. F. Stewart. A hound got up a jackrabbit. Away we started in pursuit. To better see the race, I stood up on the buggy seat and drove that horse at the full running speed over fields and ditches. Why we did not all get our necks broken is still a mystery to me. Soon the hound caught the rabbit and the race was over.

When we got into the air it was quite foggy and a clear vision could not be had. The first thing that struck me was the irregularity of the streets in that section of the city. They run in all directions. There are but few streets that run at right angles to each other. The dwelling houses all looked squat and low, automobiles looked like ants, and human beings like fleas when seen on a white cloth.

We swung off to the right, across the Los Angeles River bed, out past the County Hospital with its new skyscraper buildings looming up dimly through the fog. Then we crossed over what was formerly known as the Franklin Farm, some two hundred and fifty acres adjoining and south of the Southern Pacific Railroad right-of-way, just where it turns north to enter the San Gabriel valley. This property was acquired by Hellman, Haas & Company on foreclosure proceedings back in the 1870's. One day Mr. Abe Haas of that firm said to me, "We are going to plant these two hundred and fifty acres to deciduous fruit trees, build a small cannery and put our own fruits into the trade. What do you think about it?" I answered, "Abe, plant one hundred acres, instead of two hundred and fifty." "Why?" he asked.

"Because," I replied, "the grocery business will not support more than one hundred acres." They planted most of the tract, which was black, heavy adobe soil, and had no irrigation water. In due time all of the trees died. When Mr. Haas removed from Los Angeles to San Francisco, his friends gave him a farewell banquet at the California Club. I was one of the speakers, and during my remarks I told the story of Hellman, Haas & Company's venture into the fruit-raising business, and that I had advised Mr. Haas to plant one hundred instead of two hundred and fifty acres, because of the reason above stated. Thereupon Mr. Haas arose and said, "Mr. Graves never told a greater truth in his life than when he said the grocery business would not support more than one hundred acres." Haas, Baruch & Company, successor to Hellman, Haas & Company, sold this land, I do not know for what price, but if they owned it today it would bring them not less than ten thousand dollars an acre. Much of it is occupied by heavy manufacturing plants.

Beyond the Franklin Farm we passed the spot where for years Simon Maier maintained a slaughterhouse and supplied fully one-half of the population of Los Angeles City with beef, mutton and pork. On beyond is the Sister's Convent, which started with one building and now has quite a colony of colleges.

To the right, was the Midwick Country Club, with its fine club house, tennis courts and polo grounds. A little farther on we swung off to the left, over areas of land, now thickly populated, which I had known, when devoid of settlement, as the western portion of Alhambra. Away to the right we saw the ancient town of San Gabriel, founded by the Mission Fathers in 1771, ten years before the City of Los Angeles was founded. Dimly through the fog we could see the ancient church and other buildings. Beside the church San Gabriel is distinguished by the fact that the dream of John McGroarty came true, and he built the mission playhouse, not far from the old mission, in which its three thousandth performance of The Mission Play has been given. It is hardly conceivable that in ancient days the town of San Gabriel received its supply of water for domestic purposes through an open zanja from springs on the Shorb place, just east of the Huntington Library, fully a mile away.

It was still quite foggy. We proceeded westerly and were following Huntington Drive, upon which the cars of the Pacific Electric Railway Company run. The street was lined with automobiles and an occasional electric car, all of which looked so small when viewed from our elevation. Suddenly I recognized the roof of my reservoir, north of Huntington Drive and but a short distance from my home. We came down quite low, swinging a couple of times over the house and grounds. My wife and the maids were all out, waving at us, and we returned their salutations. (Our cook is quite a large colored woman and she asked me when I returned home if I saw her waving at me. "Saw you," I replied, "why, I heard your feet flopping on the sidewalk when you ran around the house!") Our orange orchard, laid out with mathematical precision, presented a different appearance from the air than any view I ever had of it. Two mules, in a corral by the barn, got intensely excited at the appearance of the blimp. They ran around the corral, with heads and tails up, and I imagined that they were snorting in astonishment, but of course we could not hear them on account of the noise of the motors. They probably thought the blimp was an extraordinary kind of horsefly.

Beyond us was San Marino, a magnificent city of but a few years' growth, containing many beautiful new residences of imposing appearance. The Raymond and Huntington Hotels were on our left. I could make out the canyons known as the Kewen and Stoneman Canyons, both of which in the old days carried large running streams of water throughout the year. They are now dry. Pumping wells have dried them up. In 1900, I drilled wells in Tract number thirty-four, lying between Los Robles and Oakland avenues and just north of the old Stoneman property, in which the water rose, at the time the wells were drilled, to within ten feet of the surface. Today, in these same wells, it is one hundred and fifteen feet from the surface to the water, and the water level is still receding. In those old days the Arroyo Seco carried a very nice stream of water even in midsummer. There is none there now.

Proceeding easterly, we crossed a paved street running east and west, formerly an unimproved country road, separating the

Titus place from the L. J. Rose far-famed "Sunny Slope." Both of these properties are now subdivided and are being gradually built up.

We swung off over Pasadena and its skyscrapers and its myriads of moving automobiles. Between Colorado Street and the mountains, in the seventies, all of this section, and much of the other portions of Pasadena now thickly settled, were covered with sagebrush. Even in my time, when we had severe winter storms in the mountains, the Altadena and Flintridge country would be alive with deer, driven from the high grounds by cold weather. The intensive settlement of all of California is working a great hardship upon wild animal life. All of our canyons, to which they formerly migrated to escape the winter storms, are being occupied by summer homes, in the higher levels, and permanent homes in the lower levels, and the winter foraging grounds for deer and other animals are gone.

The fog did not lift, and we soon started on the return flight, passing over Bairdstown and a portion of East Los Angeles. Whenever the sun was strong enough, I noticed near the ground, on the opposite side from the sun, a black shadow, looking like smoke from a locomotive. On asking the pilot what it was, he said it was our shadow. It was very close to the ground and of course moved right along with us.

We passed to the right of the Los Angeles City Hall, whose tower was barely visible through the fog. All the tall buildings of the city stood out clearly enough to disclose their immense size. What struck me as a remarkable sight was the parked automobiles, as thickly as they could possibly stand, in these out-of-door garages into which many vacant lots have been converted in the down-town district. It is quite a distance from the City Hall to Florence Avenue, where the Goodyear hangar is located. It is hard to realize that even fifty years ago all of the section of the city we were flying over, from Macy Street in the direction of Florence Avenue, was occupied by vineyards and orchards. Most of it is now occupied in some manner by buildings, and even for miles beyond Florence Avenue this occupation continues.

Then, from Main Street west, out Hollywood way, buildings extend some sixteen miles to the Pacific Ocean, and from Santa Monica to Long Beach, some forty miles away, there is a continuous beach city. When we contemplate these things from the air, we can better form an idea of the size of Los Angeles. One cannot take in the immensity of our city and its ever-expanding growth, unless he sees it from above. I desire to make this trip some bright sunny day, when one can readily see from ten to twenty miles in every direction. The fog was the only thing that marred this, my first journey into the air.

When one is gliding, almost without motion, through the atmosphere, at several hundred feet from the ground, he cannot help but think that it was only in 1909 that the Wright Brothers made their first airplane flight. The World War broke out in 1914, and in a couple of years the ingenuity of man had perfected fighting planes, built for one person, and in 1916, Germany was bombarding London from the air, creating havoc and consternation. These intrepid air pilots, who took their lives in their hands every time they went out to do battle with their foes up there in the blue sky of heaven, armed with machine guns, maneuvering for position, and solemnly intent upon the destruction of their equally intrepid antagonists, equaled in heroism any of the warriors of the far-distant past. Frequently, one of the planes engaged would be destroyed and the pilot hurled to a frightful death. In some cases, attacker and attacked each lost the battle and went to a simultaneous death. The world has never produced anything more remarkable than the airplanes which engaged in these deadly combats.

CHAPTER XXXVI

WHERE ARE WE AT, AND WHAT ARE WE COMING TO?

THE WORLD is in a state of flux, change, transformation. The so-called backward nations are waking up. Labor everywhere is demanding a larger share of the goods which it produces. Demagogues, who are not laborers, are assisting them and urging them on.

India is seeking freedom from British rule. The present uprising there, with that end in view, is the most serious one which has yet threatened the British Empire. The present movement will fail. Revolutions cannot be accomplished by peaceful means. If India ever gets strong enough so that she can build up a fighting machine from her native population powerful enough to overpower the British forces within her domains, and defeat any armies that England may send against her, she will win her freedom. Whether she is capable of self-government, after winning it, is another proposition.

The Soviet hordes of Russia are looking with longing eyes upon India as the promised land. The situation in Russia is beyond description. Communism cannot succeed, even if it had not determined on a war against all religions. That warfare will sound its death-knell. The great masses of Russians, no matter what their faults, are deeply religious. They are not going to stand by and see their churches destroyed, their icons and sacred relics melted up into metal for making cannon. When they realize what the Soviet government is doing to their religious beliefs and most sacred traditions, they will rise up in their wrath and Sovietism will be destroyed.

The Russian communists, with unparalleled audacity, are sending proselytes into every nation in the world. Mexico promptly broke off relations with the Soviet government as the result of its effort to corrupt the Mexican mind. Mexico, which has recently engaged in a war against the Catholic Church, finds that she makes no progress by doing so. She will learn that she will need the influence of the Church to overcome Communism and Sovietism.

France and Italy are snarling at each other, giving the impression to the world that if they have no grievances justifying war, they will in time manufacture them.

The staid old British Empire is having plenty of trouble. She sees with dismay her trade declining. She sees discontent in all her colonies. She is inflicted with serious labor conditions. Communism seems to be getting a firm foothold in her dominions. Doles to the unemployed have vastly increased her serious tax burdens. It is only a question of time when the vast accumulations of her centuries of prosperity will be dissipated by taxation.

The war debt of Germany, France, Great Britain and even Italy, is appalling. One of Germany's brightest geniuses says that it is folly to think that the German nation can ever discharge the debt which the Reparations Commission has fixed as the amount she must contribute to the greatest financial obligation of all times.

I do not suppose that any of our people, in their hearts, think that the debts fixed by the commission will ever be discharged. The policy of our statesmen is, probably, to take all they can get, and in time, join in another reparation commission, which will still further pare down the debt due us. I have always believed that it would have been better policy for all concerned, at the end of the war to have wiped the slate clean and let each of the stricken nations devote its energies to rehabilitation.

On the other side of the Pacific, Japan does not know which way to turn to care for her surplus population, which is annually growing larger. While many thousands of Japanese are settling in Manchuria, that outlet is a mere drop in the bucket. While vast numbers of Chinese are starving to death, many thousands are being killed in local revolutions. Birth control should be universally urged and practiced in Japan, China, the Philippines and India.

Our wards in the Philippines are getting quite cocky and demanding independence with all the rights of self-government. Should we grant their demands, and withdraw entirely from the islands, the Filipinos would soon indulge in local warfare among themselves, and then suddenly be grabbed up by some foreign power, probably Japan.

Coming to America, we see vast fortunes being accumulated, many of them by high-tariff special privileges and through sustained monopolies, being piled up in figures that have never been equaled anywhere in the world. The price of everything we eat, drink and otherwise consume has approached most astonishing figures. The demands of organized labor for constantly increased wages and lessened hours of employment, have been met by organized industries, by high tariffs and higher prices on their output. As a consequence, everything that labor, and, as far as that is concerned, that everyone else consumes, costs enough over former prices to consume the additional wages that organized labor has succeeded in wringing from the organized industries. The only people who really suffer from this condition are the tillers of the soil. Everything they buy costs more than formerly and things they produce sell for less. Supply and demand, of course, affect the price of farm products. If agriculture insists on producing more than our people, and the rest of the world with whom we have commercial relations, can possibly consume, low prices must follow. Our government has entered upon a communistic scheme of taking millions of dollars out of the public treasury and turning them over to certain of our farming industries. In doing this it is only doing what it has for years, through our tariff laws, granted to organized industries. In the latter case, the government has simply authorized the organized industries to collect additional millions from the general public through tariff exactions, instead of giving them millions out of the public treasury, as it has done to the agriculturists.

Loaning money on wheat and cotton at figures exceeding the market price of these commodities, and buying millions of tons of wheat at a price for which it could not be sold when it reaches London with freight paid, will result in serious financial loss to American taxpayers. Russia, Canada and the Argentine are at present supplying the demands of the wheat buyers of the world, while the United States is piling up surplus tonnage which cannot possibly be disposed of before our spring crop of wheat matures.

We are making vast strides in the arts and sciences. We have developed the motion picture business as no other nation has. Vast fortunes, simply staggering to the ordinary citizen, have been accumulated by motion picture actors and actresses, and the promoters of the movies. Fortunately, they all spend their accumulations with lavish hands, helping the building trades and common and skilled labor.

The radio, to my mind the greatest invention of all times, is now seriously occupying our attention. The airplane is the latest fad taken up by American capital. Already, regular air mail and passenger service have been established in many sections, these seriously cutting into railroad receipts. Time and space are thereby annihilated. Vast improvements are constantly being made in airplanes, and in time they will probably, as passenger carriers, be as safe as our railroads.

Five million automobiles, it is reported, were manufactured in the United States in 1929. As one, during these glorious spring days, motors over the many perfect roads of Southern California, he must come to the conclusion that most of these five million cars were sold in Southern California. One Sunday recently, in twelve hours thirty-six thousand automobiles, going and coming, passed through Beaumont, in Riverside County. That was at the rate of three thousand cars an hour. All of these cars were destined for the day's outing at the various desert resorts in and around Palm Springs. All of the other roads in the county were lined with countless thousands of cars, all moving and solely on pleasure bent.

As far as material progress is concerned, America has nothing to complain of and much to be proud of. Politically, she has retrograded. None of the present members of the United States Senate will compare in character or ability with the men who adorned that body during the last quarter of the last century.

Joe Grundy appears to be a fit successor to Mark Hanna. The Senate, speaking as a mouthpiece of organized industry, and after months of trading and log-rolling for rates, produced a tariff bill which will still further boost the high prices of all commodities in general use.

Economy in public expenditures is no longer thought of, much less practiced. It has just been brought to light that, throughout the South, public offices, under the United States Government, have been bought and sold like common merchandise. The practice probably prevails in other sections of the nation but has not yet been exposed. Remember that every dollar that any officeholder pays to secure his office is going to be recouped by him, and by dishonest means. A disgraceful feature of the present situation is the exposure of the president of the Republican national committee, who deposited in his own name with a brokerage firm in New York, thirty-six thousand dollars which he had received as a contribution to the Republican Campaign fund, from a source which it would not have done to disclose.

Corruption prevails on all sides. You read in your morning paper every day of some trusted public official going wrong. If this thing keeps up, when an honest citizen passes anyone whom he knows fills a public office, he will be tempted to hold his nose. Of course there are honest men in office, but pretty soon all of the honest ones will have to be able to prove their honesty before it will be admitted.

Scandals of every kind have been particularly numerous among officials on the Pacific Coast. Many of the officials of Alameda County have been compelled to resign and face prosecution for various acts of thievery committed in connection with street work. The people of San Francisco are so used to being robbed by their public officials that they no longer even complain. A new field of exploitation has been opened up in San Francisco by the city's acquisition of the properties of the Spring Valley Water Company. Look out for multiplication of officeholders, increased pay, jobbery of every kind and a raise in water rates. We will hear from all of these abuses in the next six months.

In Los Angeles County, we have recently sent the district attorney of the county to San Quentin for accepting bribes in the notorious Julian Petroleum scandal. One of his deputies was also convicted and sentenced to San Quentin but has been granted a new trial. Each day discloses new infamies in connection with this basely conceived robbery of the credulous idiots who wanted to get rich out of a stock which the slightest reflection and consideration of the men handling the deal would have shown them was unworthy of support.

In the meantime, the State of California, its counties and cities, are spending the taxpayers' money on public improvements on a scale never before equaled anywhere. I, for one, cannot believe that this money is being honestly expended. I am satisfied that there are rake-offs in unexpected places and in unexpected ways, and unless I am mistaken, these rake-offs will run into millions. To keep up the pace we are going, states, counties and cities are constantly piling up indebtedness, represented by interest bearing bonds, after calling on the property holders for millions of dollars by special assessments. The general public has become so callous to these conditions that every new disclosure of political dishonesty is hardly noticed.

Prohibition disturbs the nation. It has not, up to the present time, been enforced, and thousands of the best minds in the country do not believe that it ever can be enforced, any more than can the laws against adultery.

Reviewing our present condition, the failure of law enforcement, the prevalence of crime, the corruption known to exist among public officials, well may we ask—Where are we at, and what are we coming to?

Our South American neighbors seem to be in a state of comparative peace and are making progress. Brazil, just as we are doing in wheat, took a flyer in coffee, on account of overproduction, and got her fingers badly burned. The Argentine has developed as a worthy rival of America as a wheat growing section. She recently sent to California some of her noted polo players, who brought their ponies with them, and who have ignominiously defeated, time and again, the best players the Pacific Coast could produce.

Mexico faces one revolution after another. This thing will go on, unless she develops another "Diaz," until, in her helplessness, she will beg the United States to take her over and bring order out of chaos. When that happens, you will see a development in Mexico only equaled by that of California during the past seventy-five years.

As before stated in this volume, we cannot expect honesty in government as long as the amount of money is spent on elections that we are spending at the present time, nor do I believe that this nation can survive if this abuse continues. If it continues, it will grow in volume and intensity.

There never was a time when the American people should more closely follow the advice of George Washington and avoid all foreign entanglements. With Prohibition on our hands, the obligation to protect American interests in Mexico, and with the Philippines, the Sandwich Islands, Cuba and Haiti to look after, we have our hands full. Above all things, we must avoid becoming a party to the League of Nations, the World Court or the bank for international settlements.

If I read the signs aright, vast banking interests in New York are going to unload the German reparation bonds on American investors. Of course the banks will make millions out of the transaction as commissions, but the purchasers of those bonds, after holding them for years and not receiving any interest for a large portion of the time, will then be offered about ten cents on the dollar for them by the same interests which sold the bonds to them.

Hurrah for Ruth Hannah McCormick! I hope she goes to the United States Senate. Her distinguished father, Mark Hanna, kept President William McKinley from coming out openly for free silver. If his distinguished daughter assists in keeping the United States from joining the World Court, she will render as great a service to the people of this country as did her father. President Hoover is going to use all the power of the great office he occupies, with its promises of patronage, to force the American people into the World Court. I do not believe it is possible for him to succeed. Our national traditions will be adhered to. The advice of Washington and other American patriots will be remembered and followed.

Photo by Stephen H. Willard

SAND HILLS

Furnace Creek Inn

Photo by Stephen H. Willard

CHAPTER XXXVII

DEATH VALLEY. COMPLETE DESOLATION AND YET ATTRACTIVE.

ON THURSDAY, April 3, 1930, accompanied by Mrs. Graves, my daughter, Mrs. H. F. Stewart, and granddaughter, Miss Alice Stewart, and chauffeur, I left my home in Alhambra for Death Valley via Lone Pine. We went by way of Pasadena, over the bridge at the dam, through Flintridge, the Crescenta Cañada country and Sunland, to San Fernando. It was a beautiful cool morning and the air was pleasant and invigorating. My aneroid showed an elevation of twenty-two hundred feet before we reached San Fernando, but was considerably lower at that point. Quite a good deal of improvement was shown along the route, in both buildings and planting, up to San Fernando.

We soon reached the San Fernando tunnel. The State Highway Commission is doing a large amount of work both west and north of the present tunnel. I have read somewhere that a new tunnel, parallel to the old one, is to be drilled through the ridge, but from the work I saw going on, it looked as if the new road would be through a cut with gradual approaches to it from each side. Since I had been over this road many oil wells have been drilled just this side of Newhall. From the size of one new derrick near the road, some company is preparing to put down a deep well. Good luck to it!

Beyond Newhall we entered Mint Canyon, through which the road has been relocated and very much improved. We passed the grounds of the Baker rodeo outfit, into which Hoot Gibson, the movie magnate, has recently bought an interest at the reported price of two hundred and fifty thousand dollars. Not far beyond the rodeo grounds was a sign announcing, "Nadeau's 1400-Acre Deer Farm." I believe he recently brought in quite an importation of elk. We were using a seven-passenger Cadillac touring car, which performed marvelously during the entire trip. We soon passed through Palmdale and later Lancaster, which shows considerable improvement in business and in general appearance. The Antelope Valley did not show the improvement which I expected to see. The large amounts of alfalfa brought from the valley to Los Angeles are not grown near the highway. Of course there are some alfalfa fields along the highway, but there is much uncultivated land there also, still given up to Joshua trees. On the right-hand side of the highway, some distance from it, there were tall trees and many farmhouses in evidence. I imagine that much alfalfa is produced in that region.

We reached Mojave at about eleven o'clock. The old freight house, station offices and eating house looked just as they did when I first saw them in 1876. I never think of that building without the following incident coming to my mind. I was talking to General George H. Stoneman, then Governor of the State, in the lobby of the Palace Hotel. Mr. Charles Crocker, of the Southern Pacific, came along. We both knew him and we all shook hands and stood talking. Finally Crocker looked Stoneman over, slapped him on the stomach and said:

"How the devil do you keep so thin? Look at me."

Stoneman replied, "Easiest thing in the world."

"What is it?" said Crocker.

"Why, you travel up and down your road twice a month, and take a meal at the Mojave eating house, and you will be thin enough."

The meals served there at that time, I remember, were absolutely vile.

The town has grown some. The railroad has built large oil tanks for the storage of fuel oil, and we saw many large freight engines standing on the track. These, I suppose, are used in assisting transportation over the Tehachapi Mountains.

The road was good all the way to Lone Pine. Some distance out of Mojave we began to see evidence of the Los Angeles aqueduct. We could see a line of yellow earth, where the great iron pipe, carrying its precious fluid to Los Angeles, is buried, in a straight line, for miles and miles. After a time we could see the pipe coming down the side of a canyon and disappearing in a tunnel through a shoulder of the mountain range. As we advanced, the line of the aqueduct appeared higher and higher up in the mountains. There are many more tunnels on the line than I had any idea of. I suppose, but do not know it to be a fact, that these tunnels are lined with cement and pipe dispensed with through them. The cost of tunnels would, to some slight extent, be offset by the price of pipe saved.

As I studied this stupendous work I could not help but think of brave old Bill Mulholland, who conceived the idea of bringing water from Owens River Valley to our city. He was at first derided as a lunatic, but his initiative finally prevailed. He planned the work, laid out the route, superintended its construction, and you can rest assured that there was neither graft nor misappropriation of funds in his department. This vast accomplishment will ever remain a lasting monument to his vision, indomitable will, foresight, engineering ability and genius. Long after he has passed away, future generations here should be taught to revere his memory as all the people of the United States revere the memory of Washington and Lincoln.

We had brought our lunch with us, and at about one o'clock we halted and spent half an hour eating it. We reached Lone Pine at 3:30 p.m., having run the distance of two hundred and nineteen miles at the rate of forty miles an hour. We took rooms at the Dow Hotel. It does not run a dining room. We got very good meals, however, at a small and neat café across the street from the hotel.

To understand the topography of the country, I will say a few words as to the mountain ranges. The Southern Sierra Range, in which Mt. Whitney is located, lies west of Owens Lake and of Lone Pine. Across the lake and parallel to the Southern Sierra, is what is called the White Mountain Range. East of it, and parallel to it, is the Panamint Range, which is the west boundary of Death Valley. Crossing Death Valley, the next range, running north and south, is the Funeral Range. It terminates on the north at the Grapevine Range, which crosses the country from east to west. The Funeral Range terminates at Furnace Creek Canyon. From Furnace Creek Canyon south to Ibex Mountain, the Black Mountain Range forms the east boundary of Death Valley. Furnace Creek Canyon contains quite a number of springs which have been collected together and furnish the water for the use of the Furnace Creek Inn and Furnace Creek Ranch.

Ryan, a Pacific Coast Borax Company city, of good appearance and which has an excellent hotel, and where the company has extensive borax mines, is in the Funeral Range and is connected with Death Valley Junction by a narrow-gauge railroad. An auto stage takes passengers to Furnace Creek Inn from that point. Those desiring to visit the Inn by rail can do so from Los Angeles, or San Bernardino, or any point east, and this narrow-gauge road from Death Valley Junction to Ryan, and a good fourteen-mile stage ride from Ryan to the Inn.

The White Mountain and Panamint ranges contain vast areas of rock formation and are mineralized. All of the mountain ranges east of Death Valley are frequently included in the term "Armagosa Range." One branch of the Armagosa River flows into the lower end of Death Valley.

The mountains in the Southern Sierra Range, for many miles, were covered with snow. Under the glare of the afternoon sun, the snow did not look as deep or heavy as it did next morning with the rising sun shining directly on it. Mt. Whitney, in all its majesty, was more heavily covered than any of the other peaks. From Lone Pine there are two jagged peaks near Whitney which look to be taller than Whitney. As experienced a mountaineer as Clarence King, was fooled by one of them. He ascended it, thinking it was Whitney. After coming down and learning of his mistake, he courageously went back and ascended to the top of Whitney proper. Next day, when we got some distance from Lone Pine, we could clearly see that Whitney surpassed all the other peaks in the range in elevation.

At four o'clock that afternoon, some twenty movie actors, part of Hoot Gibson's organization, came in from work on location. They were all rigged out as cowboys, with leather chaps, clanking spurs, huge sombreros, revolver on right hip, cowboy boots with decorated tops, and in the ragged and picturesque attire of cowboys actively engaged in their work. One of them was disguised as an Indian and another as an old Mexican vaquero. In both cases, their make-up was perfect. They seemed to be a happy, good-natured crowd. There were some women actors among them. What part they played in the performance I have no idea.

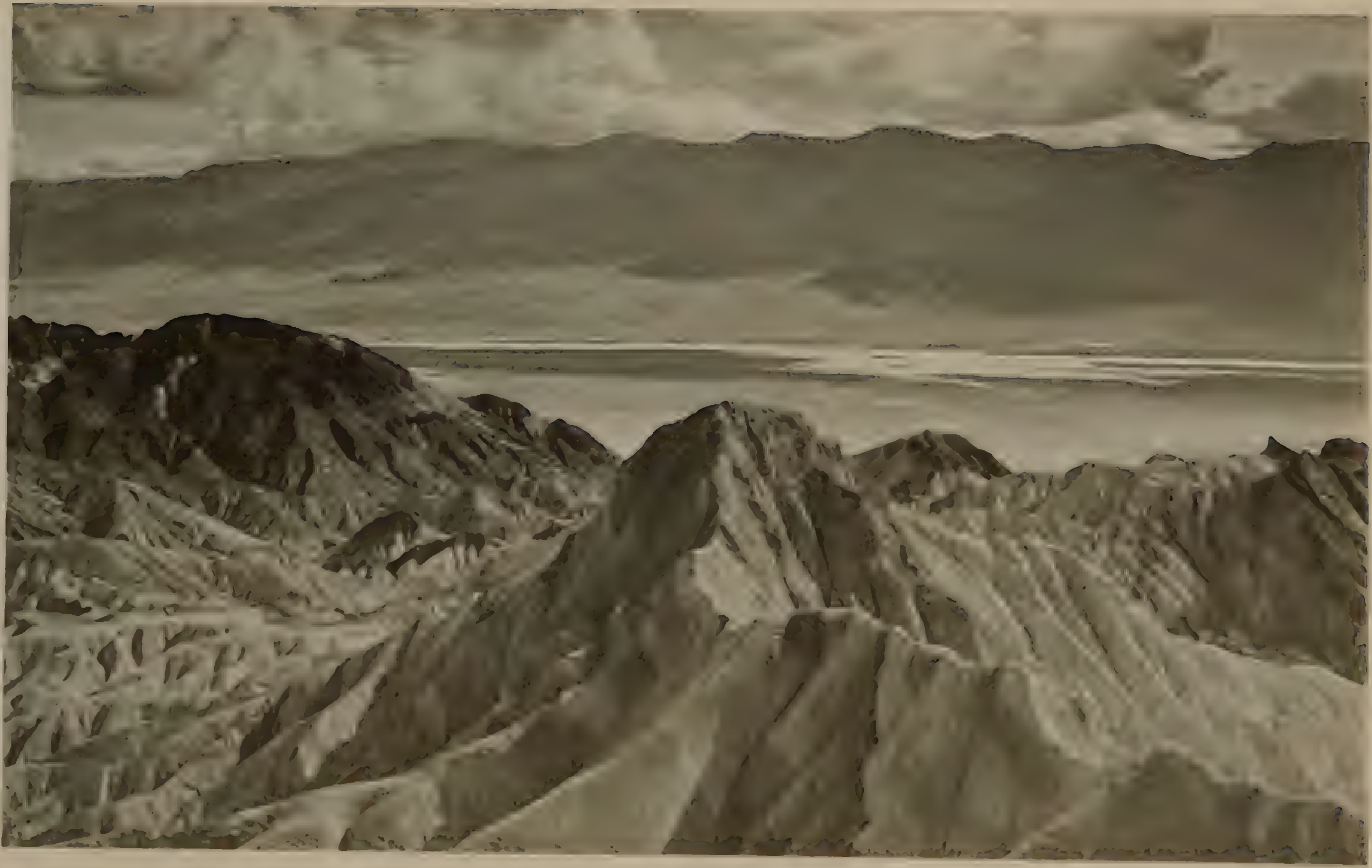
After a good night's rest, at eight o'clock next morning, as the movie people were going to work, we took the road for Death Valley. We went south on the main highway two miles, then turned to the left. We had come up on the west side of Owens Lake. We crossed the valley, leaving the Southern Sierra Range behind us, and ran along the east side of the lake, at the foot of the White Mountain Range. Before we got to Darwin, on the side of the mountain, with an elevation of forty-seven hundred feet, we passed a dozen or more very large plants with rock crushers and various buildings and machinery. Most of them were near the foot of the White Mountain Range and each of them had a narrow-gauge railroad running to the mountains where quarries of a white looking rock had been opened. They were taking this rock to their crushers. I imagine that all of this is borax ore, from which, by some process or other, after crushing, the borax is extracted. Two large plants, with many dwellings for working men, were on our right, between us and the lake. On one of them was a sign which, as I read it, was either the "Snow" or "Crow" Talc Company. The other bore a large sign, "National Soda Products Company." The latter company takes its material from the body of Owens Lake and extracts soda and soda products and much fertilizer therefrom. At the Talc factory there was a dump of broken rock left after extracting the talc, several hundred yards long, ten or fifteen feet high and quite wide, showing that it had handled a huge tonnage of the original material.

A few miles further on we saw a sign which said, "This road leads to the Talc Mine," and I suppose talc is conveyed from it to this plant. Both of these plants, and everything around them, were covered with a fine white powder. Just before reaching

Darwin, which consists of a neat looking schoolhouse, a few stores and several dwellings, we saw on our left, up on the side of the mountains, a hotel large enough for a seaside resort, and many other buildings. A sign by the road leading up to it read, "American Metals Company." I was much surprised to learn that these buildings were built away back in the seventies, by the owners of the old Cerro Gordo Mine. The mine itself is located nine miles from the buildings and at an elevation of nine thousand feet. From this mine, Remi Nadeau, who built the Nadeau Hotel at First and Spring streets, hauled ore, by mule teams, to a point called Keeler, on the east side of Owens Lake. The lake, at that time, and up to the time the aqueduct was built, was a very large body of water. This ore was transported across the lake on barges to Olanche, was then again loaded onto Nadeau's wagons and hauled to Caliente, by way of Mojave, over the Tehachapi Mountains, and loaded onto the Southern Pacific cars, and sent to the Selby Smelting Works in San Francisco. The ore from this mine must have been marvelously rich to stand the expense of transportation. The mine produced silver, lead and zinc, but in those days they paid no attention to the zinc and handled only the silver and lead. During the war, someone leased the plant and made a great fortune out of the zinc which was on the dump as refuse. Silver, lead and zinc are now so cheap that it does not pay to operate the mine. The American Metals Company is, however, doing an immense amount of work in both the White Mountain and Panamint ranges. They have there the longest aerial tramway for carrying ore in buckets, across canyons, up mountains and down, that there is in the world. Later on, in our journey, we passed under this tramway several times, and saw much evidence of active work going on.

At Darwin a man gave us a sample of pure talc and of silver and copper ores. The talc is of a greenish color and is very hard. He told us that when we had traveled six miles we would see a sign reading "Darwin Falls One Mile," and that we should not fail to go to see the falls as they were one of the curiosities of this section. At the end of six miles we found the sign, in crossing Darwin Wash, which originates in the White Mountain

Mount Whitney Range



Furnace Creek Hills from Zabriskie Point, Death Valley

Photo by Stephen H. Willard

Range and meanders through the Panamint Range. At this point the wash circled back into the mountains that we had just traversed and in an opposite direction from the way we were going. Accordingly, we followed auto tracks in this canyon for a mile and a half and did not find any falls. Our way was halted at that point by willow trees hanging down over the auto tracks and under which our machine could not go. So we retraced our steps and proceeded on our way. Miles farther on we again came into Darwin Wash and there was a sign pointing upstream saying, "Darwin Falls One-quarter Mile. Water at all seasons of the year." There was not a drop of water in the wash at this point, and if there was any water in the falls it had soaked into the ground in the quarter of a mile that it had to travel to reach this point. By this time we had lost interest in Darwin Falls and failed to accept the invitation to visit it.

Both the White Mountain and Panamint Ranges are utterly destitute of timber. Occasionally, far down some canyon, we would see a mesquite bush or willow tree, indicating the presence of a few drops of water. These mountains are exceedingly rugged. Rain never falls in this section. When water comes it is in the shape of cloud-bursts, and everything movable on these mountains, which attain a height, in some places, of eight thousand five hundred feet, is carried into the valleys below. The fans at the mouths of the various canyons are of enormous size. Many of the readers of this book have probably seen the fan at the mouth of Chino Canyon, just this side of Palm Springs. I assure you, it is a mere infant compared with those we met with. The mountains seem twisted and torn, canyons form from every direction and run into each other.

Darwin, as stated, is four thousand seven hundred feet high. The summit of the pass, over the White Mountain Range, through which we traveled, is about five thousand two hundred feet. Of course much water falling on this range flows down the east side thereof, joining the waters from the Panamint Range. One of these terrible cloud-bursts sweeps all loose material off of the mountains. By the time another one comes, which is generally a year or two afterward, climatic conditions have loosened up the soil, which is largely of a clay formation, so that there is plenty of material to again wash down into the valleys. While these mountains seem utterly destitute of vegetation, mountain sheep are found there in considerable numbers. Such grasses as grow there are extremely nutritious, and animals do not need as much of this feed as they do in other locations.

After passing the summit of the White Mountain Range at five thousand two hundred feet, we gradually dropped down into a narrow valley separating the White Mountain from the Panamint Range, to an elevation of not over one thousand feet. We then began to ascend the Panamint Range, then through Townsend Pass, and finally reached an elevation of four thousand two hundred feet. Shortly after, we started down a grade which was at least fifteen or twenty miles long with an average grade of five per cent. It was all right going down, but coming up that grade is some task. Some machines we met were boiling, some of them borrowed water from us, and they had the hoods tied up on top so as to give the engine all possible air. This grade should be taken slowly in second gear.

There was no change in the appearance of the country up to this point. The same terribly broken ridges, canyons twisted and intermingled, and utter barrenness prevailed everywhere. One might truthfully say that while it was all utter desolation, yet it was marvelously beautiful.

Up to this point we had not seen a single living thing of any kind except a man or two at the mines, (not even a bird, lizard or snake), and also except, I should say, one two-year-old black burro, who had sense enough to be dreaming the day away in the shade of a high bluff. As far as animal or bird life was concerned, the country was absolutely dead.

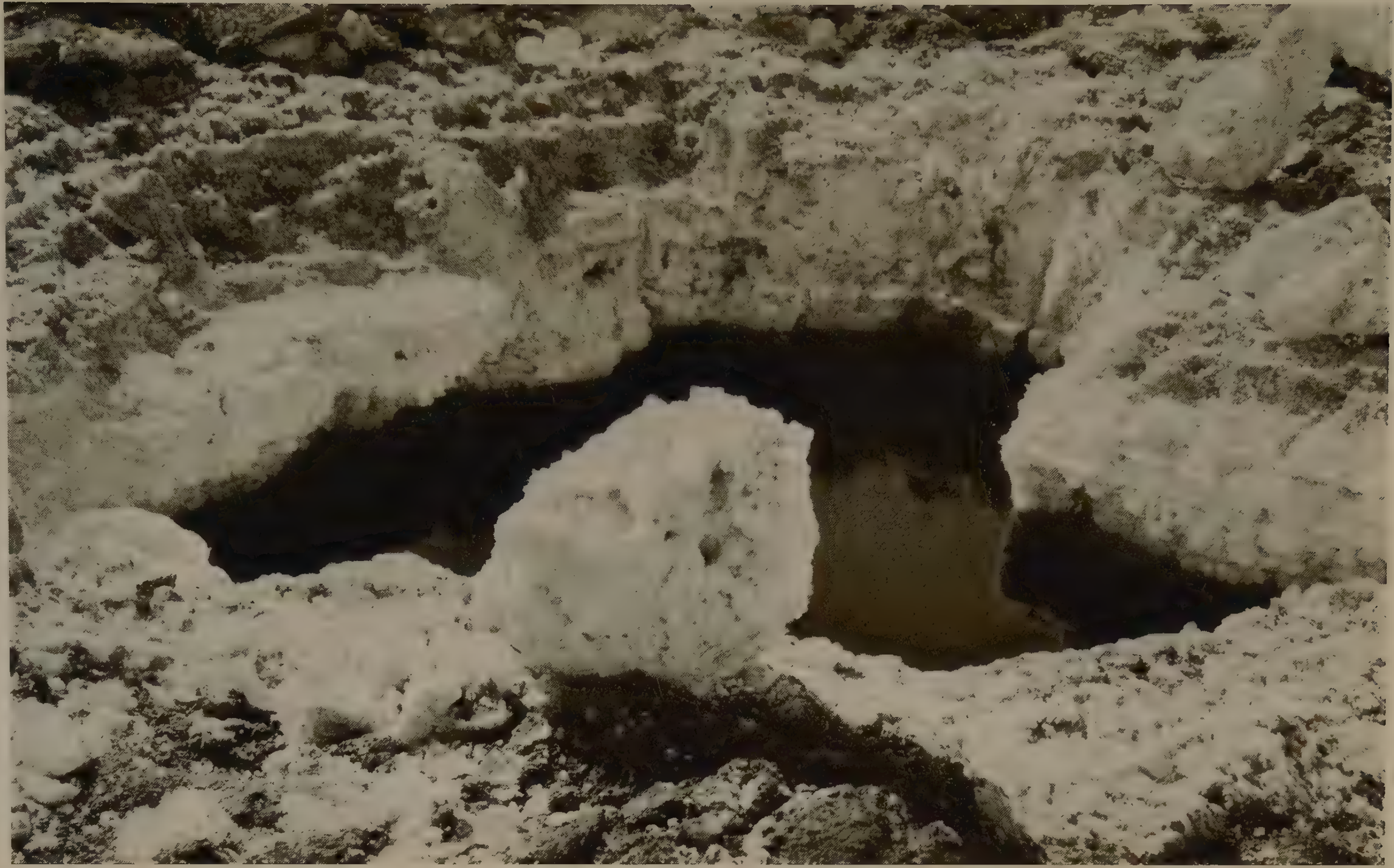
Near the foot of this long grade there is a settlement called Bungalow City, consisting of one very good-looking cement building and a number of bungalows, also an oil filling station. The road from Bungalow City proceeded still down-hill to what appeared to be a sand wash, and from our position the road then seemed to ascend the opposite mountain rather rapidly; but when we had reached the bottom of the grade and had crossed the sand wash, this grade which had seemed so steep to us we found quite easy, and after proceeding on it a little way we circled around and crossed the east side of a ridge and then dropped into what is Death Valley proper. And right here let me state that many claim that this ridge is the northern boundary of Death Valley, which is forty miles long with an average width of eight miles. Its southern end terminates at a point called The Narrows. Some distance above this ridge, which marks the north end of Round Valley, is an east and west range called the Grapevine Range, and in Grapevine Canyon the notorious fraud, who assumed the name of Death Valley Scotty, has spent for some moneyed man in the East enormous sums of money in building operations which are not yet completed. Those familiar with the country say that Scotty has no right to claim the name of Death Valley Scotty, that he is not in Death Valley. North of this ridge are several valleys, one very large one called Round Valley, but after the misinformation spread by him as to the source of the money he has been spending, the mere fact that he has assumed a name to which he is not entitled, does not cut much figure.

No human being can describe the mountains which we had just come through. They are rugged, broken up, cut up into deep valleys and canyons, all denuded of loose material. No hundred yards of any part of them looks like any other hundred yards, and yet all of it is alike. It is astonishing how a change of position affects the view. You look at some section of the range, and then move a couple of hundred yards and look at it again and it has assumed an entirely different aspect. The way the sun's rays fall on it affects it.

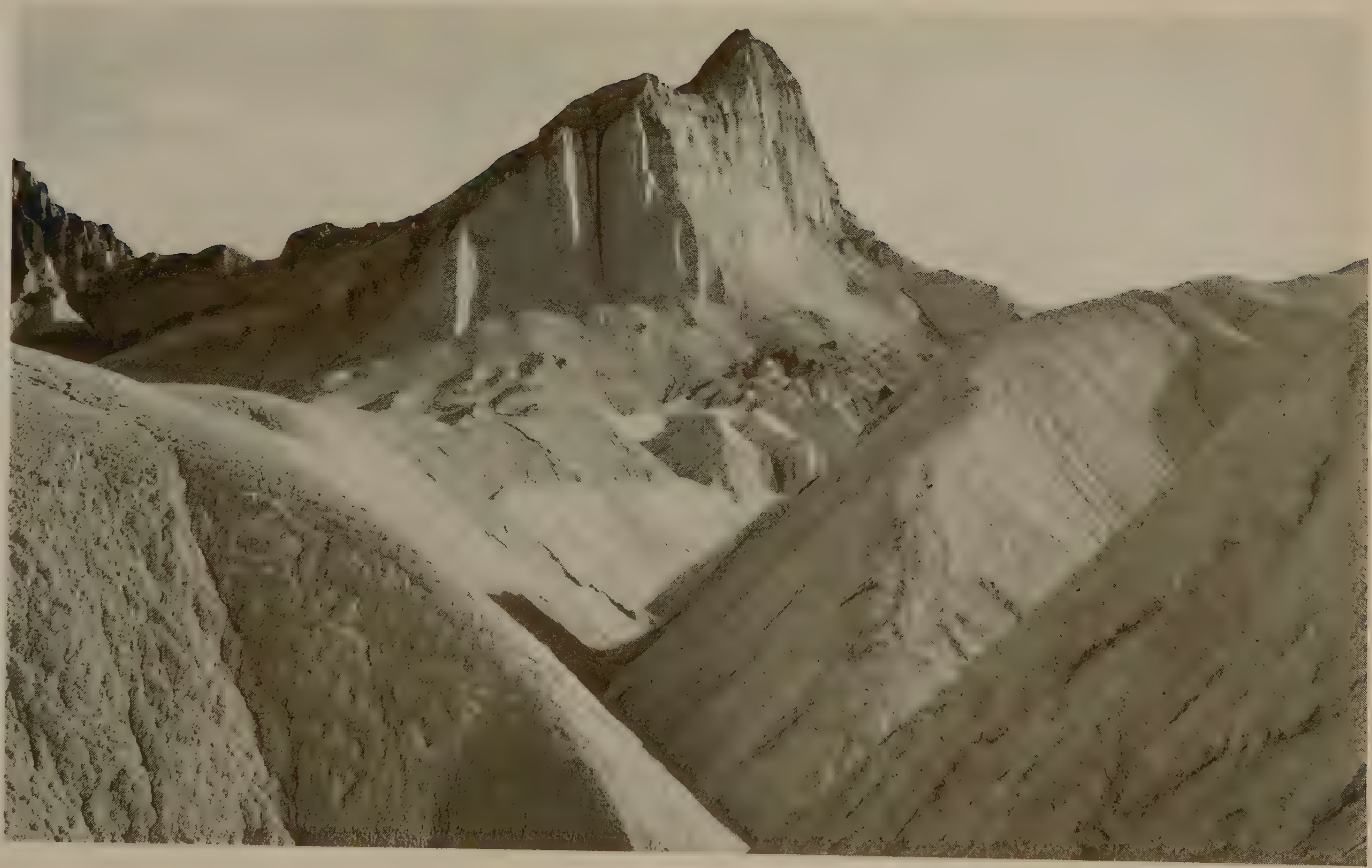
The base of both ranges, the White and Panamint, is evidently volcanic. For ten miles you will see a huge mass of black volcanic rock apparently as smooth as glass. Just above this black mass, in a line as straight as if a surveyor had run it, will be a streak of white clay. At a distance it looks to be six inches thick, but I suppose it is hundreds of feet. Above this white streak, and looking as if it had been laid down by a plasterer, will be a streak of yellow clay, and above this a composition of clays which looks like iron rust; and in many cases, above all of these will be another long streak of lava, and above the lava more clay, and still on, clear to the top of the mountain, no matter how high it may be. There certainly has been some gigantic upheaval here which has simply turned the inside of the earth upside down. John McGroarty and Harry Carr combined could not write a description of this country which would fully portray its actual appearance. These same formations prevail in all the mountains of this section.

After crossing the ridge above spoken of, we ran along a very good desert road on the eastern edge of Death Valley, and finally came to Furnace Creek Ranch, and a mile beyond, in the mouth of Furnace Creek Canyon, sat the Furnace Creek Inn. Built of adobe brick, manufactured on the ground, cemented together with a clay composition which seemed to carry cement binding powers, and then plastered over with the same material, the hotel looks like one of our modern stucco buildings. It covers considerable area. Both the Furnace Creek Ranch and the Inn are owned by the Pacific Coast Borax Company, and I was informed that over three-quarters of a million dollars had been spent on the Inn. It is exceedingly well furnished and well conducted, everything about it cleanly, beds perfect and table as good as you will find in any hotel in Los Angeles, notwithstanding its distance from our markets. The large, well arranged dining room is well furnished and in excellent taste. Instead of flowers, each table had an ornamental flowerpot holding about one quart of earth, in which was planted a dwarf cactus. Some of these were exquisitely beautiful, and were of varying hues. The idea is certainly a unique one.

A mile back of the hotel, in Furnace Creek Canyon, are forty-two springs, which have been gathered together, and they produce one hundred and sixty inches of water, which heretofore was conveyed down to the Furnace Creek Ranch in a rock-lined ditch. Part of this water is carried in a pipe line to the hotel and there runs an electric light plant, an ice-making plant, and of course furnishes the house and grounds with water. The water, strange to say, is of excellent quality. After going through the electric light and ice plants, the water, carried in a pipe line, flows into quite a large swimming pool, and from it again flows out into the ditch which runs to the Furnace Creek Ranch. At the ranch there are some beautiful looking alfalfa fields and



Salt Pools near Furnace Creek Inn



MANLEY'S BEACON FROM GOLDEN CANYON

Photo by Stephen H. Willard

quite an orchard of date palms has been planted, which are now bearing and producing a good quality of dates. This ranch simply shows what the whole country could do if it had water. If I am not mistaken, it was Mark Twain who said that all Hell needed was population and water. If he had traveled through this country that idea of his would have been confirmed.

The front porch of Furnace Creek Inn is on sea-level. To describe the beauty of the sunsets, sunrises, and the effect of the sun's lights and shadows all day long, is beyond my powers. That evening, as the sun was going down, the base of the Funeral Range back of the hotel was first in shadow, and bore purple hues which are simply indescribable; and as the sun dropped lower and lower, all the lights thereof on the Funeral Range disappeared and the purple coloring ascended to the summit of the range. In the morning this situation was reversed. As the sun came up over the Funeral Range it lighted up the peaks of the Panamint Range, leaving everything below the line of light a beautiful purple, accentuated in darkness in places where lava deposits predominated. As the sun rose, this purple gradually disappeared, but even when the sun was at its height, there were always places in the valley in shadow and this purple or opal haze lingered there.

Mr. John Mills, who was born at Grass Valley, California, and who has lived in Death Valley thirty-two years, gave me much information about the valley. He is the caretaker at the Furnace Creek Inn and stays there all summer while the Inn is closed. He says that at that season of the year mountain sheep come down from the high peaks near-by to the springs at the head of Furnace Creek from which the Inn gets its water supply, and that they generally appear early in the morning. The chances are that they water at these springs at night during the rest of the year.

We enjoyed a good night's rest, and after breakfast next morning we proceeded to inspect some of the curiosities in the valley. Not far from the hotel a canyon opens into the valley, called Golden Canyon. The entrance is quite wide, but after proceeding a little way it narrows so that people sitting in a machine, one on each side, can touch the sides of the canyon with their hands. The formation is yellow clay and rises several hundred feet straight up in the air. After proceeding two miles up the canyon, we could go no farther. Beyond us, to the east, was a range rising hundreds of feet, which looked for all the world like red sandstone, of which many buildings in Los Angeles are built. This range, at that point, seemed to be solid from base to summit, but a little to the right, while solid at the base, it was split up into pinnacles, and it brought to my mind a picture of those architectural monstrosities, forty or fifty stories high, which are being built in New York, and which, after two or three stories, are gradually drawn in, until the top story looks like a flag pole. In any direction we looked, we could imagine we were gazing upon castles and battlements.

Coming out of the canyon, just south of the south wall there is a sheer mountain, rising up several hundred feet, called the Dripping Blood Mountain. It is so red that you would say to yourself that if you touched it your hand would be covered with blood. It is the most astonishing phenomenon that I ever saw. This, I understand, is also a clay conglomerate.

From this point we proceeded down the valley several miles to the salt pools. Here there are probably twenty thousand acres of land which look as if the devil had plowed them with the biggest tractor and the biggest plow that could possibly be manufactured, and had then left them without smoothing with either disk or harrow. This rough, plowed looking ground is as hard as iron and the top of it is everywhere covered with salt. Signs designate it as "The Devil's Golf Grounds." The ground looked as though it had been recently snowed upon. Sometime, this land was thrown up by chemical and climatic action. A road has been built across this rough mass, while the track was smooth it was very irregular, and we traversed it at the rate of five miles an hour, and then thought we were going too fast.

Reaching the western edge of this wonderful piece of ground we came to a space over two miles long and a mile wide, as level as a billiard table, as hard as iron, and without a sprig of vegetation on it. The road ran across this and we traveled the mile over it at the rate of sixty-five miles an hour. It would make a splendid place for automobile racing.

In this broken ground that we had just come over were numerous salt pools, some of them ten or fifteen feet across and probably twenty feet deep, in which the water was as clear as crystal. You could see salt crystals flowing in from side channels and they would accumulate in huge lumps, and the brine was so strong that these salt lumps would float on top. The salt is as white as snow and I understand that analysis of it shows that it is free from any other mineral substance. The salt pools are located three hundred and ten feet below sea-level. To fully realize what that means, were a tunnel run from that point to the Pacific Ocean it would enter the ocean three hundred and ten feet below the surface, and if water flowed back through the tunnel it would fill the valley up three hundred and ten feet deep. As the front porch of the Furnace Creek Inn is on sea-level, the water would come just up to the porch.

We then went on down the valley to a place called the Old Borax Works. Here was quite a depression in the soil, with coarse grasses and some willows growing around it, in which the borax water is so strong that if you put your hand in it and then let it dry, you could brush off the borax. At this point there was an immense iron kettle, walled up with rock, with a pipe at one end for a vent, and a fire space under the kettle. I was told that this kettle would be filled with water and heated until it had evaporated, and that the residuum in the kettle would be borax. This process has long been abandoned.

The temperature at that time was ninety-six degrees and the atmosphere was so dry that we did not suffer any more from the heat than we would from a temperature of seventy degrees in Los Angeles City.

We took with us into the valley a book written by William Lewis Manly. In 1849, when quite a young man, he left the Middle West with an emigrant train for California. Many emigrants got to Salt Lake late in the year, I think it was November, and they learned that snow had already fallen in the Sierra Nevadas, so that it would be impossible to cross them. A Mormon named Hunt told them of the southern route and for ten dollars a wagon agreed to conduct them to Los Angeles. Hundreds of wagons started out, but dissensions arose and they split up into various bands, some going one way and some another. The party that Manly was with, in which there were two women and four little children, reached Furnace Creek, where the Furnace Creek Ranch now is. Their sufferings were almost indescribable. Mind you, they were traveling with ox teams. Sometimes they went as long as three days without water except a few drops which they had saved for the children. Of course their animals got poor. They proceeded across Death Valley and some distance down on the west side of it they came to quite a volume of pretty good water. Their supplies were getting low and Manly and another man agreed to go ahead on foot to see if they could not reach civilization and come back with supplies. There were enough provisions on hand to take care of the party while they were gone. These two men endured indescribable hardships. The provisions they took with them gave out. On the Mojave Desert they came to a spring of moderately good water, and that afternoon they killed one quail, a hawk and a crow. They cleaned these birds, put them into a little kettle they had with them, and cooked them. Manly said the quail was delicious, the hawk edible, but the crow was a holy terror. The next day they got a jackrabbit or two. They finally reached Elizabeth Lake and then the Newhall Ranch, where there were thousands of cattle, and they deliberately shot a two-year-old and ate the meat raw. The Mexican family on the ranch treated them handsomely. They had a little money and they bought a small mule and two horses from the Mexicans, who gave them flour, rice, beans, and bacon and ample supplies to bring their party through. They packed these on their animals and went back. Before they got to Death Valley both horses gave out and they had to leave them, but the little mule stayed with them and took the provisions into camp. They then told their party that the wagons must be abandoned and nearly everything they had in them. They took the canvas covers of the wagons and made panniers, which they put on a gentle old ox and in which they put the four children, and a man led the ox. Other panniers were made. The two women attempted to ride the oxen, were thrown off, and they walked the rest of the way to Los Angeles, and when they got to Newhall the only dress that each of them had was worn

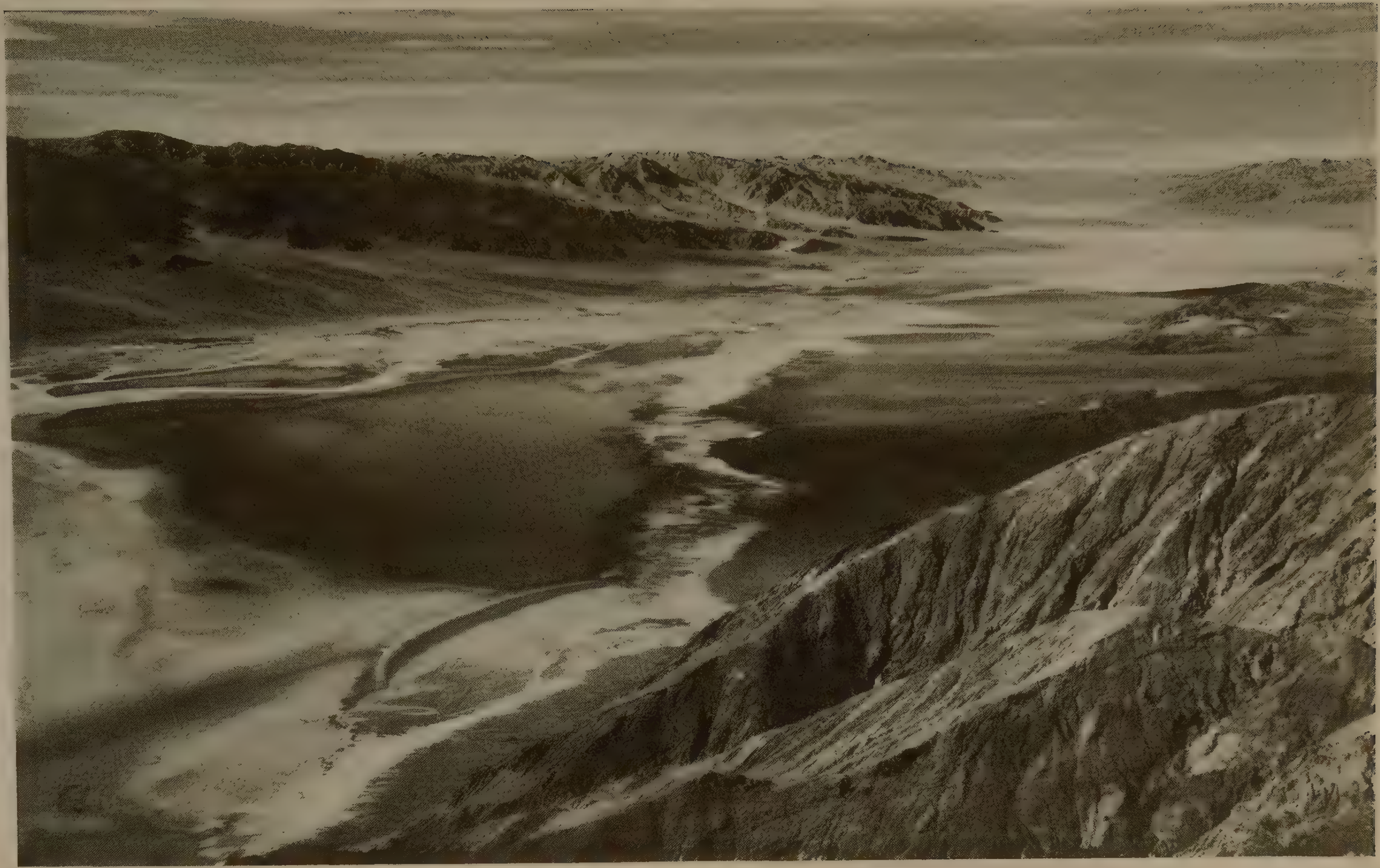


Photo by Stephen H. Willard.

Death Valley from Dante's View

Entrance Superstition Canyon

off above the knees. They finally got to Los Angeles. To fully realize the hardships that this party went through, one must read the book.

Contrasting the mode of travel of these people, by ox team, with that of excursionists of the present day, riding through the same country in high-powered cars at the rate of two hundred or two hundred and fifty miles a day, and being able to stop at such an inn as the Furnace Creek Inn, with all the comforts of a modern hotel, one realizes the advancement that has been made in the seventy years which have elapsed since Manly's party passed Furnace Creek.

On Saturday, April 6th, a small airplane appeared in the sky, near the Furnace Creek Inn. It sighted the landing field, circled around once, and made a perfect landing. A young man and his wife were in it. They had come from Los Angeles in two hours and seventeen minutes. The plane was still there when we left Sunday morning.

That afternoon, after returning to the Inn, we again enjoyed one of those glorious sunsets, and marveled at the coloring which prevailed throughout the valley. The sunrise on Sunday morning was as beautiful as it was the day before. At about eight o'clock Sunday morning we started on the return trip, coming by Barstow. We went out of our way six miles and ascended a mountain called Dante's View, which is five thousand feet high. It is on the east side of Death Valley, and the drop to the valley is almost perpendicular. What are called the Salt Pools were almost directly under us, but as the mountain is five thousand feet high and the valley at this point is three hundred and ten feet below sea-level, the drop from the top of the mountain is five thousand three hundred and ten feet. The distance is so great that irregular land at the Salt Pools looked as smooth as glass, as did the whole valley, all salt encrusted. From this point we got a magnificent view of all of Death Valley, of the Panamint Range, and could see just above them the top of Mt. Whitney, miles away.

Leaving Dante's View, we proceeded south, on a very good desert road, and passed through a country of heavy sagebrush with considerable grass growing in it. I have seen just such a country in Nevada used as cattle pasturage. Undoubtedly cattle would do well in this section if there was any water, but grazing stock cannot go ten or fifteen miles, twice a day, to a little spring which would not afford water for any number of cattle.

At 11:30 a.m. we reached Shoshone, a considerable settlement, under willow trees, of miners employed by the Pacific Coast Borax Company. At Ryan, on the west slope of the Armagosa Range, some miles north of Shoshone, the Pacific Coast Borax Company is carrying on very extensive mining operations for borax ore. It has at this point quite a mining camp and has sunk innumerable shafts and tunnels. A branch from their railroad runs from Shoshone up a canyon in which these people are mining, extracting borax ore from shafts and tunnels. Here we had luncheon at an eating house conducted by a woman for the benefit of the miners. From Shoshone we proceeded south, across what is called Ibex Pass, with Ibex Mountain on our right, in which, as before stated, the Funeral Range terminates.

We then proceeded, still southerly, temperature one hundred degrees but not disagreeable. Here, again, is a twenty or thirty mile stretch of road, descending, with a grade of five and six per cent, just such a grade as we came down through the Panamint Mountains. On account of these grades, I would advise anybody to go in by Lone Pine, because it is easier to descend one of these long stretches of road than it is to ascend it. Going in by Barstow one would have this twenty-five mile climb in a five per cent grade, which would be very wearing on a machine, and going out by Lone Pine one would have the same length of road with the same grade to ascend.

At Baker we took on water and gas and everybody had an ice cream cone. From there to Barstow, a distance of sixty-eight miles over a good oiled road, we traveled at the rate of fifty miles an hour. We left Barstow at four o'clock. Up to this time there had been but little travel on the road, but when we reached the Cajon Pass the number of automobiles put us in mind of attempting to make speed on Spring Street.

We soon reached the San Bernardino Valley and were on our way home. From this point on, it being late in the evening, we were simply smothered with the odor of the orange blossoms.

The bloom everywhere is exceedingly heavy, so heavy that I fear that next year the crop will be light. My experience as an orange grower leads me to believe that when the bloom is too heavy the crop is light.

When we reached Monrovia we were greeted with a sunset so beautiful that one was tempted to upbraid himself for going anywhere in search of beauty. There were a few scattering clouds above the horizon. The declining sun lit them up with colors of rare beauty. The open spot above the clouds was a bright opal and very beautiful. Then, as the sun was about to disappear, it looked like a great golden ball, about ten times the size of the sun as we ordinarily see it, and as it entirely disappeared below the horizon, it left the clouds most brilliantly illuminated.

I cannot close this article without paying tribute to the automobile. It has revolutionized all methods of travel. I predict that in a few years a good road will be built all the way from Baker and from Lone Pine to the Furnace Creek Inn, and when it is, the amount of travel to that point will be such that the people will be unable to find accommodation.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

CONCLUSION

I GLANCE over the preceding pages of this volume with mingled feelings of pleasure and regret. With pleasure, when I recall all the joys of my boyhood and youth, the trials of my earlier manhood, the accomplishments of my more mature years, and the fortunate condition (notwithstanding my past misfortunes), in which my advancing years now find me. I could not, with reason, ask for more blessings than have been bestowed upon me, foremost among which was my happy marriage to one who has always been not only a companion but more than a helpmeet and a wise adviser. Our children have brought us contentment and happiness and we rejoice in the good names which they all enjoy. Ten grandchildren are growing up around us, some already approaching manhood and womanhood, and they all give evidence of being of the right stock, and possessed of that stamina and character which make for good law-abiding men and women.

Yet, regrets, sincere and lasting, come to me when I review in memory the good friends and kind and loyal companions of my earlier days who have, in advance of me, been called to their eternal reward. Those who die young miss many bereavements. Those of us who linger even beyond the "three score years and ten" so often alluded to, necessarily are subjected to the grief of parting with those to whom longevity was denied.

Be my remaining years few or many, they will always be filled with blessed memories and sorrowful regrets.

I have faith in Southern California, and especially in the future of Los Angeles County. Here, not in my time but in the time to come, will be assembled a population as dense as that which exists in any civilized nation of the globe. We will have room for more people for centuries to come. We have already established churches, religious institutions, colleges and universities, schools of art and foundations for scientific research. These will be multiplied in number and brought to a high degree of perfection, and will be a benefit to all the peoples of the world. To the past I bid an affectionate farewell. To the future, I wish success, happiness and contentment for all of the inhabitants of our great Republic and the countless generations who are to come after us. These things can only come to us by a strict observance of the laws of both God and man; by our doing equal justice to every citizen, no matter how humble; by conserving our enormous resources; by practicing a reasonable degree of thrift and economy, which will not only add to our material comforts but to our physical well-being. These things, with the advancing wisdom of the coming generations, I feel satisfied will be achieved.

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